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ARE AMERICANS A TIMID PEOPLE?

By AGNES REPPLIER

AS the hare is timid — no! They have made good their fighting record in war. They have proved themselves over and over again to be tranquilly courageous in moments of acute peril. They have faced “their duty and their death” as composedly as Englishmen; and nobler comparison there is none. The sinking of the *Titanic* offered but one opportunity out of many for the display of a quality which is apt to be described in superlatives; but which is, nevertheless, an inherent principle of manhood. The protective instinct is strong in the native American. He does not prate about the sacredness of human life, because he knows, consciously or unconsciously, that the most sacred thing in life is the will to surrender it unflinchingly.

Of what, then, are Americans afraid, and what form does their timidity take? Mr. Harold Stearns puts the case coarsely and strongly when he affirms that our moral code resolves itself into fear of what people may say. With a profound and bitter distaste for things as they are, he bids us beware lest we confuse “the reformistic tendencies of our national life — Pollyanna optimism, prohibition, blue laws, clericalism, home and foreign missions, exaggerated reverence for women, with anything a civilized man can legiti-

mately call moral idealism. . . . These manifestations are the fine flower of timidity, and fear, and ignorance."

Mr. Stearns is a robust writer. His antagonists, if he has any, need never fear the sharp thrust of an understatement. He recognizes the tyranny of opinion in the United States; but he does not do full justice to its serio-comic aspects, to the part it plays in trivial as well as in august affairs, to the nervousness of our regard, to the absurdities of our subordination. There are successful newspapers and periodicals whose editors and contributors walk a chalked path, shunning facts, ignoring issues, avoiding the two things which spell life for all of us — men and customs — and triumphantly presenting a non-existent world to unobservant readers. Henry Adams said that the magazine-made female has not a feature that would have been recognized by Adam; but our first father's experience, while intimate and conclusive, was necessarily narrow. We have evolved a magazine-made universe, unfamiliar to the eyes of the earth-dweller, and unrelated to his soul.

When this country was pronounced to be too democratic for liberty, the epigram came as close to the truth as epigrams are ever permitted to come. Democracies have been systematically praised because we stand committed to democratic tenets, and have no desire to foul our own roost. It is granted that equality, rather than freedom, is their animating principle. It is granted also that they are sometimes unfortunate in their representatives; that their legislative bodies are neither intelligent nor disinterested, and that their public service is apt to be distinguished for its incapacity. But with so much vigor and proficiency manifested every day in private ventures, we feel they can afford a fair share of departmental incompetence. The tremendous reserves of will and manhood, the incredible insufficiency of direction, which Mr. Wells remarked in democratic England when confronted by an overwhelming crisis, were equally apparent in the United States. It would seem as though a

high average of individual force and intelligence failed to offer material for leadership.

The English, however, unlike Americans, refuse to survey with unconcern the spectacle of chaotic officialdom. They are a fault-finding people, and have expressed their dissatisfaction since the days of King John and the Magna Charta. They were no more encouraged to find fault than were other European commonalties that kept silence, or spoke in whispers. The Plantagenets were a high-handed race. The hot-tempered Tudors resented any opinions their subjects might form. Elizabeth had no more loyal servant than the unlucky John Stubbs, who lost his right hand for the doubtful pleasure of writing the "Gaping Gulf." Any other woman would have been touched when the culprit, raising his hat with his left hand which had been mercifully spared, cried aloud, "God save the Queen!" Not so the great Elizabeth. Stubbs had expressed his views upon her proposed marriage to the Duke of Anjou, and it was no business of his to have views, much less to give them utterance; while his intimation that, at forty-six, she was unlikely to bear children was the most unpardonable truth he could have spoken.

The Stuarts, with the exception of the second Charles, were as resentful of candor as were the Tudors. "I hope," said James the First to his Commons, "that I shall hear no more about liberty of speech." The Hanoverians heartily disliked British frankness because they heartily disliked their unruly British subjects. George the Third had all Elizabeth's irascibility without her power to indulge it. And Victoria was not much behind either of them — witness her indignation at the Greville Memoirs, "an insult to royalty," and her regret that the publishers were not open to prosecution.

It was no use. Nothing could keep the Englishman from speaking his mind. With him it was not only "What is there that a man dare not do?" but "What is there that a man dare not say?" Many a time he paid more for the privilege

than it was worth; but he handed it down to his sons, who took care that it was not lost through disuse. When Sorbière visited England in 1663, he was amazed to find the "common people" discussing public affairs in taverns and inns, recalling the glories as well as the discomforts of Cromwell's day, and grumbling over the taxes. "They do not forbear saying what they think of the king himself." In the *Memoirs* of the publisher, John Murray, there is an amusing letter from the Persian envoy, Mirza Abul Hassan, dated 1824, and expressing his opinion of a government which permitted such unrestrained liberty. Englishmen "do what they like, say what like, write in newspaper what like," comments the Oriental with bewildered but affectionate contempt. "How far do you think it safe to go in defying your sovereign?" asked Madame de Pompadour of John Wilkes, when that notorious plain-speaker had taken refuge in Paris from his incensed king and exasperated creditors. "That, Madame," said the member from Aylesbury, "is what I am trying to find out."

In our day the indifference of the British government to what used to be called "treasonable utterances" has in it a galling element of contempt. Not that the utterances are invariably contemptible. Far from it. Blighting truths as well as extravagant senilities may still be heard in Hyde Park and Trafalgar Square. But the orators might be addressing their audiences in classic Greek for any token the London bobby gives of listening or comprehending. "Words are the daughters of earth; deeds are the sons of Heaven." The bobby has never heard this grandiloquent definition; but he divides them as clearly in his own mind into hot air and disorderly conduct, and he takes his measures accordingly.

In the United States, as in all countries which enjoy a representative government, censure and praise run in familiar grooves. The party which is out sees nothing but graft and incapacity in the party which is in; and the party which is in sees nothing but greed and animosity in the party which is out. This antagonism is duly reflected by the press:

and the job of arriving at a correct conclusion is left to the future historian. As an instance of the fashion in which history can be sidetracked by politics, the reader is referred to the portraits of Andrew Jackson as drawn by Mr. Beveridge in his "Life of John Marshall," and by Mr. Bowers in his "Party Battles of the Jackson Period."

The first lesson taught us by the great war was that we got nowhere in political leading-strings, and that none of our accustomed formulas covered this strange upheaval. It was like trying to make a correct survey of land which was being daily cracked by earthquakes. Our national timidity entrenched itself behind a wilful disregard of facts. It was content to view the conflict as a catastrophe for which nobody, or everybody, was to blame. Our national intrepidity manifested itself from the outset in a sense of human responsibility, in a bitter denial of our right to ignorance or indifference. The timidity was not an actual fear of getting hurt; the intrepidity was not insensitiveness to danger. What tore our nation asunder was the question of accepting or evading a challenge which had — so we at first thought — only a spiritual significance.

In one of Birmingham's most genially nonsensical stories, "The Island Mystery," there is an American gentleman named Donovan. He is rich, elderly, good-tempered, brave, kind, and humorous; as blameless in his private life as King Arthur, as corrupt politically and financially as Tweed or Fiske; a buyer of men's souls in the market-place, a gentle, profound, and invulnerable cynic. To him a young Irishman sets forth the value of certain things well worth the surrender of life; but the old American smiles away such a primitive mode of reckoning. The salient article of his creed is that nothing should be paid for in blood that can be bought for money; and that, as every man has his price, money, if there is enough of it, will buy the world. He is never betrayed, however, into a callous word, being mindful always of the phraseology of the press and platform; and the reader is

made to understand that long acquaintance with such phraseology has brought him close to believing his own pretenses. "In the Middle West where I was raised," he observes mildly, "we don't think guns and shooting the proper way of settling national differences. We've advanced beyond those ideas. We're a civilized people, especially in the dry States, where university education is common, and the influence of women permeates elections. We've attained a nobler outlook upon life." It reads like a humorous illustration of Mr. Stearns's unhumorous invectives.

Sociologists are wont to point to the American public as a remarkable instance of the herd mind — a mind not to be utterly despised. It makes for solidity, if not for enlightenment. It is the most economical way of thinking; it saves trouble and it saves noise. So acute an observer as Lord Chesterfield set store by it as unlikely to disturb the peace of society; so practical a statesman as Sir Robert Walpole found it the best substratum upon which to rear the fabric of constitutional government. It is most satisfactory and most popular when void of all sentiment save such as can be expressed by a carnation on Mother's Day, or by the social activities of an Old Home Week. Strong emotions are as admittedly insubordinate as strong convictions. "A world full of patriots," sighs the peace-loving Hon. Bertrand Russell, "may be a world full of strife." This is true. A single patriot has been known to breed strife in plenty. Who can measure the blood poured out in the cause that Wallace led, the "sacred" human lives sacrificed at his behest, the devastations that marked his victories and defeats? And all that came of such regrettable disturbances were a gallows at Smithfield, a name that shines like a star in the murk of history, and a deathless impulse to freedom in the hearts of a brave people.

The herd mind is essentially and inevitably a timid mind. Mr. Sinclair Lewis has analyzed it with relentless acumen in his amazing novel, "Babbitt." The worthy citizen who gives

his name to the story has reached middle age without any crying need to think for himself. His church and his newspaper have supplied his religious and political creeds. If there are any gaps left in his mind, they are filled up at his business club, or at his "lodge," that kindly institution designed to give "the swaddled American husband" a chance to escape from home one night in the week. Church, newspaper, club, and lodge afford a supply of ready-made phrases which pass muster for principles as well as for conversation.

Yet stirring sluggishly in Babbitt's blood are a spirit of revolt, a regard for justice, and a love of freedom. He does not want to join the Good Citizens' League, and he refuses to be coerced into membership. He does not like the word "Vigilante," or the thing it represents. His own sane instinct rejects the tyranny of the conservative rich and of the anarchical poor. He dimly respects Seneca Doane and Professor Brockbank when he sees them marching in the strikers' parade. "Nothing in it for them, not a cent!" But his distaste for the strikers themselves, for any body of men who obstruct the pleasant ways of prosperity, remains unchanged. In the end — and it is an end which comes quickly — he finds that the one thing unendurable to his soul is isolation. Cut off from the thought currents of his group, he is chilled, lonely, and beset by a vague uneasiness. He yields, and he yields without a pang, glad to get back into the warm familiar atmosphere of class complacency, of smugness, of "safety first"; glad to sacrifice a wavering idealism and a purposeless independence for the solid substance of smooth living and conformity to his neighbors' point of view.

The curious thing about Mr. Lewis's analysis is that back of the contempt he strives to awaken in our souls is a suspicion that Babbitt's herd mind, the mind of many thousands of Americans, is, on the whole, a safe mind for the country. It will not raise us to any intellectual or spiritual heights, but neither will it plunge us into ruin. It is not making trouble for itself, or for the rest of the world. In its

dull, imperfect way it represents the static forces of society. Sudden and violent change is hostile to its spirit. It may be trusted to create a certain measure of commercial prosperity, to provide work for workers, and safety for securities. It is not without regard for education, and it delights in practical science — the science which speeds transit, or which collects, preserves, and distributes the noises of the world. It permits artists and authors to earn their daily bread, which is as much as artists and authors have any business to expect. In revolutionary Russia, the intelligentsia were the first to starve, an unpleasant reminder of possibilities.

What Mr. Lewis implies is that, outside of the herd mind he is considering, may be found understanding and a sense of fair play. But this is an unwarranted assumption. The intelligence of the country — and of the world — is a limited quantity, and fair play is less characteristic of groups than of individuals. Katharine Fullerton Gerould, in an immensely discontented paper entitled "The Land of the Free," presents the reverse of Mr. Lewis's medal. She contends that, as a people, we have "learned fear," and that, while England has kept the traditions of freedom (a point on which Mr. Chesterton vehemently disagrees with her), we are content with its rhetoric. But she finds us terrorized by labor as well as by capital, by reformers and theorists as well as by the unbudging conservative. Fanatics, she says, are no longer negligible. They have learned how to control votes by organizing ignorance and hysteria. "In company with your most intimate friends, you may lift amused eyebrows over the Fundamentalists, over the anti-cigarette organization, over the film censors, over the people who wish to shape our foreign policy in the interests of Methodism, or the people who wish to cut 'The Merchant of Venice' out of school editions of Shakespeare. But it is only in company with your most intimate friends that you can do this. If you do it in public, you are . . . sure, at the very least, to be called 'un-American.'"

It is a bearable misfortune to be called un-American, because the phrase still waits analysis. The only sure way to escape it is by stepping warily — as in an egg-dance — among the complicated interests sacred to democracies. The agile egg-dancer, aware that there is nothing in the world so sensitive as a voter (Shelley's coddled plant was a hardy annual by comparison), discountenances plain speech on any subject, as liable to awaken antagonism. There is no telling whom it may hit, and there is no calculating the return blows. "To covet the truth is a very distinguished passion," observes Santayana. It has burned in the bosom of man, but not in the corporate bosoms of municipalities and legislative bodies. A world of vested interests is not a world which welcomes the disruptive force of candor.

The plain-speaker may, for example, offend the Jews; and nothing can be more manifestly unwise than to give umbrage to a people, thin-skinned, powerful, and clannish, who hold the purse-strings of the country. Look what happened to Sargent's fresco in the Boston Library, which angered the Synagogue it inadequately represented. Or he may offend the Irish, who control wards, and councils, and local elections; and who, being always prompt to retaliate, are best kept in a good humor. Or he may offend either the Methodists or the Roman Catholics, powerful factors in politics, both of them, and capable of dealing knock-down blows. A presidential election was once lost and won through an unpardonable affront to Catholicism; and are we not now drinking soda-fountain beverages in obedience to the mandates of religious bodies, of which the Methodists are the most closely organized and aggressive?

It is well to consider these things, and the American press does very soberly and seriously consider them. The Boston "Transcript" ventured, it is true, to protest against the ruling of the Navy Department which gave to Jewish seamen of the ancient faith three days' leave of absence, from the thirty-first of last March to the second of April, with such

"additional time" as was practicable, that they might attend the rites of the Synagogue, while Gentile seamen of the Christian faith enjoyed no such religious privileges. The newspapers in general, however, discreetly avoided this issue. "Life" pointed out with a chuckle last winter that the people who disapproved of President Lowell's decision to exclude negroes from the Harvard Freshman dormitories "rose up and slammed him"; while the people who approved were "less vocal." When Rear Admiral Sims said disconcertingly: "The *Kentucky* is not a battleship at all. She is the worst crime in naval construction ever perpetrated by the white race"; even those reviewers who admitted that the Admiral knew a battleship when he saw one were more ready to soften his words than to uphold them.

The negro is a man and a brother. He is also a voter, and as such merits consideration. There is no more popular appeal throughout the length and breadth of the North than that of fairness to the colored citizen. Volumes have been written about his rights; but who save President Roosevelt ever linked responsibilities with rights, duties with deliverance? Who, at least, save President Roosevelt, ever paused in the midst of a scathing denunciation of the crime of lynching (a stain on the nation's honor and a blight on the nation's rectitude) to remind the black man that his part of the contract was to deliver up the felon to justice, that his duty to his country, his race, and his manhood was to refuse all sanctuary to crime? A few years ago an acute negro policeman in Philadelphia recognized and trapped a negro criminal. For this he received his full measure of commendation; but he also received many threatening letters from other negroes whose simple conception of a policeman's part was the giving of shelter and protection to offenders of his own race.

The nastiest bit of hypocrisy ever put forward by wrongdoers was the cant of the early slave-dealers about Christianity and the negroes' souls. The slaves were Christianized by thousands, and took kindly to their new creed; but their

spiritual welfare was not a controlling factor in the commerce which supplied the southern States with labor. That four-fifths of the laborers were better off in America than they would have been in Africa was a circumstance equally unfit to be offered as a palliative by civilized men. The inherent injustice of slavery lay too deep for vindication. But now that the great wrong has been righted (and that three hundred thousand white men laid down their lives in the righting is a fact which deserves to be remembered), now that the American negroes are free, Christian, educated, and privileged (like artists and authors) to earn their daily bread, they cannot candidly regret that their remote ancestors had not been left unmolested on the coast of Guinea. They have their grievances; but they are the most fortunate of their race. The debt the white men owed them has been paid. There is left a mutual dependence on the law, a mutual obligation of self-imposed decency of behavior from which not even voters are exempt.

Timidity is superimposed upon certain classes of men who are either tied up with red tape, like teachers, soldiers, and sailors, or unduly dependent upon other men, like legislators, and like clerics in those churches which are strong enough to control pulpit prattle. Of all these classes, legislators are the worst off because their dependence is the most ignoble and disastrous. So long as a future election is the controlling influence in their lives, they have no alternative but to truckle to any compact body of voters that bullies them into subjection. So long as they take for their slogan, "We aim to please," they must pay out their manhood for the privilege of pleasing. Senator Borah charged Congress with "organized cowardice" in the matter of the soldiers' bonus. It was a borrowed phrase neatly re-fitted. The spectacle of a body of law-makers doubling and turning like a hare in its efforts to satisfy the service-men without annoying the taxpayer struck the Senator — and others — as the kind of exaggerated subjection which paves the way to anarchy.

Timidity was as alien to the soul of Henry Adams as it is alien to the soul of Admiral Sims. He was not a man who skirted the hard places on the road, or who was so busy keeping both feet on the ground that he feared to take a step. But he was conscious of the inquisitorial spirit which is part of the righteousness of America, and which keeps watch and ward over all the schooling of the country. "Education," he wrote, "like politics, is a rough affair, and every instructor has to shut his eyes and hold his tongue as though he were a priest."

The policy of shutting one's eyes and holding one's tongue is highly esteemed in all professions, and in all departments of public service. The man who can hear black called white without fussily suggesting that perhaps it is only gray; the man who evades responsibility, and eschews inside criticism (like the criticism of a battleship by an admiral); the man who never tells an unpalatable truth "at the wrong time" (the right time has yet to be discovered), is the man whose success in life is fairly well assured. There is an optimism which nobly anticipates the eventual triumph of great moral laws, and there is an optimism which cheerfully tolerates unworthiness. The first belongs to brave and lonely men; the second is the endearing quality of men whose sagging energy and cautious content can be trusted to make no trouble for their kind.

The plain-speaking of soldiers and sailors is reprobated and punished, but their discretion is less conspicuously rewarded. They are expected to be undeviatingly brave in the field and at sea; but timorous and heedful when not engaged in fighting their country's enemies. They are at a disadvantage in times of peace, strait-jacketed by rules and regulations, regarded with suspicion by sociologists, with hostility by pacifists, with jealousy by politicians. A grateful Republic dismisses the men who fought for her, and cherishes her army of office-holders. When General Wood and Admiral Sims spoke some unpleasant truths, nobody ventured to call

these truths lies; but everybody said that General Wood and Admiral Sims were not the proper persons to speak them. As the proper persons to speak them never would have spoken them, the country would have been spared the discomfort of listening, and the "common quiet," which is mankind's concern, would have been undisturbed.

So far, then, is Mr. Harold Stearns right in accusing us as a nation of timidity. So far, then, is Mrs. Gerould right in accusing us of exaggerated prudence. That something akin to timidity has crept into the hearts of Englishmen, who are fortified by a long tradition of freedom and common sense, is evidenced by the title given to two recent volumes of scholarly, and by no means revolutionary, papers, "Outspoken Essays." Frankness must be at a discount when it becomes self-conscious, and constitutes a claim to regard.

Santayana, analyzing the essentials of independence, comes to the discouraging conclusion that liberty of speech and liberty to elect our law-makers do not materially help us to live after our own minds. This he holds to be the only positive and worth-while form of freedom. He aims high. Very few of us can live after our own minds, because the tyranny of opinion is re-enforced by the tyranny of circumstance. But none of us can hope to live after our own minds unless we are free to speak our own minds; to speak them, not only in the company of friends (which is all Mrs. Gerould grants us), but openly in the market-place; and not with a blast of defiance, but calmly as in the exercise of an unquestioned prerogative. Under no other circumstance is it possible to say anything of value or of distinction. Under no other circumstance can we enjoy the luxury of self-respect. There is an occasional affectation of courage and candor on the part of those who know they are striking a popular note; but to dare to be unpopular, "in the best and noblest sense of a good and noble word," is to hold fast to the principles which speeded the Mayflower to Plymouth Rock, and Penn to the shores of the Delaware.

NEW LIGHTS ON THE PAST IN EGYPT

By SIR W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE

DURING the present century the advance of discovery in Egyptian history has been as notable as in other subjects. Before the convulsion of 1914 the results which had been obtained had changed our idea of civilization. The opening of the royal tombs of the First Dynasty, and of several of the Second and Third Dynasties, had placed the early dynastic period in full historical light, and we are now more familiar with the table service and personal objects of these ancient kings than with the remains of the Saxon kings of England. The next year saw the disentangling of the prehistoric age of Egypt, and the relative dating of all the products of that time. In 1903 the Logia papyrus was found, the oldest Christian document.

A little later, in the Valley of the Kings, there was opened the first untouched tomb of royal rank, that of the parents of Queen Thyi; and the enormous mass of statues was recovered from the pool at Karnak. Next came the discovery of a quantity of silver vessels of Rameses the Second in the city of Bubastis. About this time the clearance of the temples of the Fifth Dynasty showed that palm capitals and papyrus capitals were then introduced. In 1907 the magnificent coffin and the body of Akhenaten, the reforming king, were found in a small rock chamber at Thebes. A group of papyri from Elephantine were recovered, describing the destruction of the temple of the Jewish colony there in the Persian age. In 1912-13 the large cemetery of the beginning of the First Dynasty, at Tarkhan, showed the contact of the dynastic invaders with the prehistoric people. And, also before the war, the treasure of jewelry at Lahun was brought to light,

the finest that has ever left Egypt, now in New York. About the same time the Ethiopian capital of the Egyptian rule was found, and the tombs of the governor and other rulers, with a large quantity of the products of Ethiopian crafts.

All this had been done before the outbreak of the war. The convulsions of the last nine years have smitten the work of research; even in England, though it was not invaded, the short rations of food and small allowance of coal made intellectual effort difficult. Nevertheless, important results have been attained. In the recent years of so-called peace, the United States has returned to full activity in its Egyptian excavations; almost as much may be said for England. France has done little, Italy has only once appeared, and Germany and Austria have been occupied at home.

In all such work of research, by far the greater part of the objects found are a repetition of familiar material; it is only here and there that new facts come to light. Moreover, results depend quite as much on interpretation of the facts as on the material specimens. For instance, gold of the Second Dynasty was found to contain antimony, a combination which suggests that it was brought from Transylvania, the only recorded source of such a mixture. Again, a bit of wooden rod had rough cuts on it; these showed a footlength in use which was imported from northern Europe, as early as the Twelfth Dynasty. Sarcophagi of that age in granite are described by French writers as exquisite; come to measure them, and they prove to be equal to optician's work in their accuracy. A Greek garrison is found to have occupied the fort on the Syrian frontier of Egypt; since the presence of early Jewish colonies was known in Egypt, this additional fact proves that the Jews were familiar with Greek words and notions as early as the middle of the age of the prophets. In each of these cases the value lies not in the obvious fact, but in its consequences. The mechanical uncovering and recording of things is as necessary as the acquisition of a

library; but the whole value to the world consists in what is read from the things or the books. Taking a view, then, in historical order, of the new material which has been recently discovered, we shall find that it adds substantially to our sense of the past in Egypt.

To begin with the earliest stage of man's work, the former controversy about it has lately passed from eoliths to the primitive flints found in Norfolk. In deep gravel beds near Cairo, which were deposited in a period of heavy rainfall, large flints with tentative flaking have now been discovered (similar in character to those of the Norfolk Forest Bed) of perhaps half a million years ago. These are by far the oldest human work yet found in Egypt. Of the later ages the chief discovery is a complete settlement with some hundreds of flints of late Mousterian type, at Lahun, which are perhaps fifty thousand years old.

The most important new document of the prehistoric conquest of Egypt is an ivory carving on a handle for a flint knife before 6000 B.C., from Gebel-el-Araq, where the railway crosses from west to east of the Nile. This elaborate carving shows a short-haired people overcoming in combat a long-haired people. Two certainly different forms of ships are shown; some are like the prehistoric ships painted on vases; the others are flat vessels with very high prow and stern. The reverse side tells much of the meaning of this work. It has an heroic figure grappling with a lion on either hand. The hero has a long thick coat and a fur cap, the lions have thick fur from the mane extending beneath the whole body. The detail is altogether that of the snowy north, and not of Egypt; the system of the group is Mesopotamian or Persian. It is obvious that the invading short-haired race, figured on one side, brought with them their mythology from the Elamite mountains of Persia. Below this group there are exquisite figures of large dogs, a dorcas gazelle, moufflon, lion, wild ox, and lynx. Happily, the whole work is dated by the skilful ripple flaking of the flint knife, which is character-

istic of the middle of the second prehistoric age of Egypt. This one small object, without a word of writing, tells us of a highly artistic race, coming from Elam originally, fighting the Egyptians with shipping and overpowering them, in the latter part of the prehistoric period. Now, all this exactly accords with previous inferences from objects of Elamite style found in Egypt. From these it was believed that the race which founded the dynastic age in Egypt had come round by sea from the Persian Gulf, bringing a new civilization which started the historic period. This discovery is the foundation stone of the history of Egypt.

The next stage has been illustrated by a cemetery of the earliest historic period, the First Dynasty, uncovered at the mouth of the Fayum. Happily it had not been ravaged in modern times; so the results could be obtained without confusion. Some dozens of tombs were discovered — all of the First Dynasty, as was proved by their pottery and stone vases. Yet the forms of the tombs varied greatly. There were the old open pits, as in prehistoric times; the chambers opening off the pit, for the body; the pit changed to a stairway; the closing of the door by a stone slab; and the provision of secondary chambers of offerings. These different types were obviously derived one from another in origin, yet they were contemporary in their use; this lets us into the view that several different tribes of the race that invaded Egypt were mixed together, having different stages of burial customs. The invaders had been previously found, at Tarkhan, to have been four inches shorter than the prehistoric folk: here the burials in the more complex graves were as much shorter than those in the open pits of prehistoric type.

A wider knowledge of the First Dynasty has also been reached by the discovery of three great groups of graves at Abydos. The rows of graves form squares, about two hundred to three hundred and fifty feet in the side; the graves around each square number from eighty to two hundred and seventy. Of course they had been largely plundered anciently; but

from here have now come ivory tablets bearing kings' names, and copper tools also with kings' names. Some of the forms of tools had not been known hitherto. There were also some cylinder seals of wood, which are extremely rare, and many other things illustrating this civilization. Very similar lines of graves were made around the royal tombs, a mile back on the desert, contemporaneously with these on the desert edge. It appears that those around the king were for the harem and intimates, those on the edge of the desert for the officials. This separation suggests to us the origin of the two temples to each pyramid; that at the pyramid side for the priesthood, and that on the desert edge for public worship.

The many copper tools found here have supplied material for a greater number of analyses than had yet been made from this period. The metal is nearly all copper, without tin, but in some cases with zinc up to two and one-half per cent, and in half the cases a little bismuth. The burials of the court around the royal tombs had evidently been all made together, which implied that the court shared the death of the king, as was customary as far apart as Gaul, Arabia, and Ethiopia. In the burials last found, the attitudes of some of the skeletons point to the recovery of consciousness slightly, before interment; probably the victims were stunned, and buried while unconscious, in most instances. This custom died out during the First Dynasty.

The opening of Syria to scientific work has been signalized by the examination of Byblos, now Gebail — not far from Beirut — which legends had connected with Egypt, from the time of Osiris. The site of the temple has been found with vases of the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Dynasties, proving a continuous connection with Egypt. The remains of this temple have yet to be worked out, and the work does not seem to be developing as quickly as we might wish.

It has long been recognized that a large class of button badges found in Egypt after the Sixth Dynasty, were closely connected with northern Syria and Mesopotamia; further,

the barbarous copying of Egyptian hieroglyphs on them proved that Syrians had entered Egypt considerably at this period. Now it has come to light that we have a jasper cylinder of one of the kings named on the monumental lists of the Eighth Dynasty, and he is represented with a Syrian subject in front of the Egyptian and with Syrian patterns around him. Clearly by the representations and the fabric, this is a Syrian seal of a Syrian king, using an Egyptian cartouche and crown; other names in the lists of that dynasty may well also be Semitic. And so the view arises that the Syrians of Professor Clay's Amorite Empire were filtering into Egypt during the Sixth Dynasty, and finally conquered it and established themselves as the Seventh and Eighth Dynasties, as did the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Dynasties of the Syrian Hyksos.

The work of this age has been further illustrated at Qau-el-Kebir. There cemeteries are found covering three stages: first, the amulets of gold, carnelian and other stones, as well as glazed pottery and ivory, along with the alabaster vases of the Sixth Dynasty and into the Eighth; second, the button badges, beginning later and continuing later than the amulets, covering the Seventh and Eighth Dynasties; lastly, the chief age of early scarabs in the Ninth and Tenth Dynasties. Thus the changes of rule, and of race, are marked out by different kinds of personal offerings at the funeral.

The history of the Ninth and Tenth Dynasties has hitherto been obscure. In order to clear it up, excavations were made in the cemetery of Herakleopolis, the dynastic capital. No trace of great tombs of that age appeared, but a profusion of ordinary burials which agree to the period in the style of the pottery. The working out of these has enabled us to grasp the character of the civilization of that time. There was a large use of funeral models of servants, and stucco masks over the head were common. Not a single button badge was found, which shows how these were restricted to the two previous dynasties of Syrians. The kings of this age seem to

have come in as conquerors from the west, like the Fatimites, and they were hated by the Egyptians as being worse than all their predecessors. This was reflected by the fact that from many of the graves the bodies had been removed, though the pottery was not taken; in other instances the bodies had been burnt in the graves.

The activities at Thebes of the Metropolitan Museum have brought to light the finest monument of the Eleventh Dynasty — the sarcophagus of Queen Aashyt, covered with colored scenes, inside and out, containing the mummy of the Queen and her statuette. This is the chief example of the rise of art again after the collapse under the previous invaders. Shortly after this there was carved in ebony one of the most vigorous portrait-figures known, proving that the art of the Middle Kingdom had fully arisen in the Eleventh Dynasty. The Metropolitan Museum has also been fortunate in finding the most beautiful set of funeral models, of a size and finish which surpass all others. The great scene of the registration of the cattle passing before the master and his scribes, and the private garden of the mansion, with sycamores around the tank of water, are two of the most striking reproductions; the weaving group has served to explain the methods of work; but it is needless to describe them, as many publications will have made them familiar, even to those who have not seen the originals.

In the full light of the Twelfth Dynasty not much has been discovered of new import. The only known piece of a king's regalia was found in the pyramid of Lahun — a gold uraeus serpent inlaid with colored stones. In a queen's tomb beside this was a magic jar, with an inscription stating that whatever she desired could be produced from it. This is the finest alabaster jar yet known, and was in the tomb which contained the great group of jewelry, the treasure of Lahun. Near-by was found the tomb of the pyramid architect.

A chance discovery at Byblos on the Syrian coast has shown how close was its connection with Egypt in the Twelfth

Dynasty. Part of the cliff fell away and exposed the corner of a chamber which had never been disturbed. The chamber was 14 by 17 feet, and had a passage 45 feet long, by which it had been entered by a pit. In it was a limestone sarcophagus, over nine feet long and nearly five feet wide. The massive lid of it has four great cylindrical handles projecting from the top, with enlarged heads, like a mushroom. No such form of handle has ever been seen in Egypt; it marks this as distinctively Syrian work. Inside the sarcophagus there was no skeleton, only three heaps of broken bone, one on the silver sandals, and one in each of the corners at the other end. The fragments only included two pieces of human bone and some teeth; the rest were pieces of ox, sheep, small mammals, birds, and fish, a most strange assemblage. The absence of any skeleton cannot be attributed to decay as, according to the drawing, there was no trace of bones except in these three heaps. In the sarcophagus was an obsidian toilet vase and lid with gold mounting, bearing the name of Amenemhat the Third of the Twelfth Dynasty; an amethyst scarab in a gold ring, and an amethyst necklace, a small silver uraeus, pieces of an ivory and glaze casket and a silver mirror; these are all that is clearly Egyptian. A silver bowl with a double row of scrolls in relief, and a silver wine jug, fluted, with a long spout are completely Cretan in style. Two gold saucers and a bronze jug are probably Syrian.

In the tomb chamber, two alabaster vases are purely Egyptian of the Twelfth Dynasty, but all the pottery is Syrian, and gives a most interesting view of what was made at that early age. Forms which we know as appearing in Egypt seven dynasties later, are here found to be really Syrian. Altogether, this tomb gives for the first time an important view of Syrian manufactures and trades at the time of the Twelfth Dynasty. From this dynasty we had had the record of Sanehat's adventures among the half-barbarous tribes in Palestine, and that has been accepted as a picture of Syria at that time. Now we see that there was a high civilization

along the coast, and that Sanehat described only the inland hill tribes.

Further light on the state of Syrian civilization has come from the discovery of a Syrian axe in a tomb of the Twelfth Dynasty at Abydos. It has long been known that excellent bronze castings were made in Syria in early times; the metal was poured into closed moulds, which gave facility for producing ribbing around the openings, and proportioning all parts of the work to obtain the greatest possible strength for the amount of weight. In this respect the Syrian was far in advance of the Egyptian work of any period, and could not be improved upon. So far, no date could be assigned to this work, but now it is fixed to the Twelfth Dynasty. As this example is a hard bronze with twelve per cent tin, cast at a time when Egypt was using only copper slightly alloyed, we must conclude that the use of tin was then making its way southward.

The discovery of several monuments of the more obscure kings at Edfu in upper Egypt has at last crystallized a definite scheme of a southern dynasty of kings, parallel to the official list of the Thirteenth Dynasty in the north. Hitherto there have been many monuments unconnected with any definite place in history, and it now seems that there was room for another line of kings south of Thebes during the Thirteenth Dynasty. This rivalry was an anticipation of the later southern and northern division of rule in the Twenty-first Dynasty, the northern entered in the official history, the southern ignored.

The monuments are gradually coming to light which witness the activity of Amenhotep the First in building. At Karnak, many years ago, a large part of a temple of his was found, re-used by his successors. Now in the interior of the pylon which forms the east side of the great hall of Karnak, a large quantity of sculpture was discovered from an alabaster chapel of Amenhotep the First. The pylon will have to disappear, as far as needful to extract the much finer

work of the earlier period. Not only so, but the two pylons of Horemheb will now have to be removed, because they are found to consist of blocks of the best work of Akhenaten in perfect preservation; the Aten will have its revenge on its persecutors by being reinstated, while the pylons in which its glory has been imprisoned will disappear. Thus Egypt will present problems like those which trouble the excavator in Rome — should everything in the Forum give way to the search for the works of the Republic, of the Kings, or of the pre-Romulan ages?

The astonishing sculptures of the family of Akhenaten which were found at Tell-el-Amarna just before the war, and the increased interest in that marvellous phase of religion and art, have led to more work at that same city. This has not so far extended our ideas of the abilities of that school, the building and sculpture being a repetition of the features of those already known.

Now, this year, the world has been stirred into a ferment of expectation about an obscure king, who probably did nothing worth notice in his short and inglorious reign. Tutankhamen was so little known that not a single action is recorded; like Prince Frederic, "he was alive and is dead, so there is no more to be said." His present celebrity rests upon his being the last king of a great family, and so having all the heirlooms of glory buried with him. He may have been a brother of that visionary Akhenaten, as he called Amenhotep the Third his father, and his portrait has much resemblance to the boyish head of Akhenaten. Kings' brothers were never popular in Egypt; they lived prudently in the shade, but when there was no other heir a brother might rise to power.

The great virtue of the discovery of Tutankhamen's tomb at Thebes was that it impressed the public with the sense of the magnificence of Egypt. The historian might know of the vases and furniture painted on the tomb walls, and of the tribute of gold; but until the gorgeous display could be actually seen, the layman could not realize it. At last it is gener-

ally understood that Egypt in its time presented as brave a show as any kingdom of later ages. The display, as far as yet brought out, is familiar now to all the world, but the meaning of the various objects has hardly been noticed. The foreign connections are always the most attractive historically. The foreign design on the Hathor couch, and the elaborate bronze jointing of the parts of the couches to enable them to be transported, agree with the descriptions of such furniture being sent between Babylonia and Egypt. The fish goddess on an amulet is the Syrian Derketo, with which the Egyptians must have been familiar at Askelon. The quantity of robes with woven designs seem to originate from the richly patterned garments of Babylon. Several ritual objects such as the ostrich feather on a stand, or the skin hung on a gilt pole, have only been known hitherto in representations; now we can see the actual objects that had the magic meaning.

The great crux will be the management of the burial chamber, with its successive shrines one inside another. How far they will have to be cut to pieces for removal, and where they can be placed when shifted, is a most difficult problem. The outer shrine weighs probably a ton or two for each side; and the surface will not bear much pressure without ruining the stucco and gilding and inlay work. This makes it all the more imperative to have a museum at Qurneh, where things could be preserved without packing and journeying. To move the very perishable objects a long distance, and keep them in the damp air of Cairo, is a sure road to damage and decay. Above all, the tomb must not be re-opened until the future museum and all its glass cases are built, and are ready to receive the objects. The damage which has overtaken things waiting to be properly housed, is a sad subject in Cairo, as well as elsewhere.

When the great and varied assemblage of all the objects has been examined and studied, there will be a much better understanding of Egyptian work and methods. Of the art we shall hardly gain a better view, as the style of that age was

already past its prime, and had been showing a decline for three or four generations. Some of the objects are obviously in bad taste, such as the overgrown plant handles of the great alabaster vases. It is the sumptuousness, the overloading of the work, which has drawn the public gaze. Historically, there is not much to be hoped for, unless there is a recital of the king's grand deeds for the Gods. It will certainly be some years before all the proceeds of this tomb will be really known and will pass into our common stock of ideas.

Turning now to some matters which by comparison seem trivial, but may mean more to history — references to the Jewish connections with Egypt have lately come to light. On a monument of the reign of Rameses the Second, the name of the sculptor was placed at the side, and it is that of a worshipper of the national God of the Jews, Yehu-nam, "Jehovah speaks." That this Jew should have been employed to carve heathen gods, at a hundred miles from Goshen, puts a fresh face on the Hebrew position in Egypt. Much has been written about the Jewish settlement at Aswan in the fifth century B.C., which has so surprisingly been revealed to us by the many Aramaic documents found there. These show us a very different person from the Jew of the Babylonian captivity; the thoughts and habits are far less rigid, and agree with the laxity of the age of the monarchy. This view has now to be carried back a couple of centuries; not only were there Jewish colonies in Egypt after the captivity, but as early as the reign of Manasseh there was a Jewish settlement as far up as two hundred miles from the frontier. An old disused tomb was re-occupied and covered with long Aramaic inscriptions naming Tirhaka, Nekau the First, and Psammeticus. These have suffered much by time, and we must wait until they can be fully studied before the results are clear. At least one result is evident, the Jew must have been familiar with the Greek at that time, as his high-road into Egypt was through the Greek frontier camp at Daphnae. Hence Greek ideas and words would have filtered

into Hebrew two or three generations before the fall of Jerusalem.

The early settlement of the Jews in Egypt is reflected in the remarkable phrases used in hieroglyphic inscriptions on a tomb at Hermopolis: "Good is the way of man who obeys God, happy is he whose heart strives to follow Him. . . . I will have you informed of the will of God, I will have you advance in the knowledge of His Spirit. All the night the Spirit of God is in my soul, and I rise in the morning to do that which he loves. . . . I have not agreed with those who know not the Spirit of God, but I lean on those who act according to His will. . . . Happy is he who loves God, he shall come to his grave without sin." It seems as if the Jewish Psalms were already naturalized in Egypt when a pious Egyptian thus expressed himself.

During the last seven years, the Harvard Expedition has cleared up the general history of Ethiopia, and given a continuous view of it over eleven hundred years, down to 350 A.D. This is but a secondary matter in the history of civilization, as the principles of work and writing were all borrowed from Egypt, latterly with Greek influence. There was adaptation as the old guidance faded out, and native ways took the lead, but there was nothing that influenced the rest of the world. The most important period began about 750 B.C., when for ninety years, Ethiopia overcame a decadent and divided Egypt, and brought back firm government and revived fairly good art. This was all a return of borrowed principles, and did not rise above the former abilities of Egypt.

The earliest cemeteries found in Ethiopia are near Mount Barkal on that bend of the Nile where it reverses and runs to the southwest. There the cemetery of El Kurru begins with Libyan settlers, and lasts from Kashta, the first known king, to Shabaka (750-707 B.C.). After that, a neighboring cemetery of Nuri was used, from Taharqa through twenty reigns down to 220 B.C. By 378 B.C. Meroë had begun an

independent line of kings, three hundred miles further up the Nile, above Berber. The great king Ergamenes united these kingdoms about 220 B.C., and conquered Nubia down to Philae, thus holding nine hundred miles north of his capital, and how much more to the south we cannot say. This dominion fell apart again, and a fresh line of kings started a new cemetery to the north of the former one at Meroë, where kings were buried down to the final overthrow of the country by the Abyssinians in 350 A.D. Such is the general outline of the history, from the new discoveries. This civilization borrowed the pyramid design from older Egypt, but built on a smaller scale and at much steeper angles. Most of these pyramids have now been opened, and hundreds of the funeral statuettes were found, and remains of the furniture and jewelry, left behind by ancient plunderers. These — like the sculptures — show repeated lapses into a fulsome and overloaded style, brought back again to more sane lines by importing Egyptian artists. At the best the work is not distinguishable from that of Egypt, but it relapses into African provincialism when left alone.

Our ideas of temple furniture have been extended by the finding of several large articles of silver-gilt, a shrine, a great hawk, statues, and other pieces, buried at Dendereh. They had been removed from the temple, for safety, sometime during the civil wars of the later Ptolemies. A great quantity of papyri have been found of that age, concerned with the business affairs of a certain Zeno, but they do not alter our ideas of the period.

From the Roman age in Egypt, a few fresh matters have become known. In the theatre at Oxyrhynchos, the steps at the back of the stage are regular spiral stairways, with central newel, exactly like mediaeval stairs in castles. The under side of the steps is cut out in the true *cocblea* spiral, many centuries earlier than such a design has been known hitherto. This theatre held about 10,000 spectators, implying a much larger population of the city than had been supposed. How

such numbers came to be settled on an outlying edge of desert, far from any business, and where they found the wealth for such a building — four hundred feet across, a hundred feet high, with dozens of great columns of polished granite — we cannot understand; it proves that the economics of the second century in Egypt are not yet known. From the rubbish mounds of the town of Oxyrhynchos, which have yielded such a treasure of ancient documents already, the latest novelty is the earliest Hebrew papyri known, apparently hymns of the second or third century; the writing is of the earliest form of the square character.

Outside of Oxyrhynchos there is a vast cemetery with many tomb mounds. Some of these were immense funeral pyres, the ashes of which remain in a pile up to sixty feet across and ten feet high. On the top lay hundreds of fragments of glass cups, the remains of the funeral libations offered on the mound. Other mounds were tombs with a funeral chapel high up on a platform. The Coptic tradition that there were three hundred churches, is explained by finding that a usual form of tomb had a funerary chapel of Christian type. These chapels had generally a wooden screen across the chancel, supported by two columns. The chancel had always a semicircular apse, without any attached altar at the back; this agrees with the Coptic form, which keeps the primitive plan of a wooden table placed in the chord of the apse. On either side of the apse is a small chamber; thus the plan is always three-chambered. This is the primitive Egyptian type of temple, with three parallel chambers, and it suggests that the Christian ground plan is descended from that.

It is generally supposed that a hermit led a very penitential life, the privations and misery of which fill the legends. A different view now comes from a Coptic hermitage. Crossing about two miles of desert at Abydos, and ascending a steep ravine, a cave is reached high up in the hills. There the inner end was walled across as a chapel, lined with plaster and

whitewashed. A rock-cut altar recess on the east side has pious inscriptions below it; dozens of pegs in the walls and roof served for hanging up all kinds of property out of the way, a big central peg being evidently for a lantern. In front of this chapel is a wider part of the cave, walled across the front, with a sleeping bench, slightly raised on one side; the floor finely plastered, so that it seemed a profanation to crush it with boots. The cooking pots and water jars were neatly arranged along the front wall, while a closet near-by served for a larder, or a quiet retreat on a windy day. The walls of the larger chamber were painted with decorative crosses, and designs with inscriptions. The whole place was well arranged, spotlessly clean, and a wholesome and comfortable place to live in, under that climate. A track along the top of a sand drift led to a stairway in the rock for going up to the plateau above the cave. The surroundings of a hermit of the Thebaid all lay before us, and for a contemplative life no place could be happier than that silent valley and the pleasant cave.

The brief survey which has here been given will show in how many details our sense of the past has been amplified by the discoveries in Egypt and Syria, even in the last three or four years. And there is something more — a fat Greek papyrus has just been found, carefully wrapped up, and buried in a jar; when I unrolled it there came to light a manuscript of the Gospel of St. John, dating as early as the Vatican manuscript, the oldest known. This is in the Coptic version, but it will decisively show what was the received text in Egypt of the Theodosian age. It will soon be published in facsimile by the Egyptian Research Account.

THREE POEMS

By ROBERT FROST

NOTHING GOLD CAN STAY

NATURE'S first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.
Her early leaf 's a flower;
But only so an hour.
Then leaf subsides to leaf.
So Eden sank to grief,
So dawn goes down to day.
Nothing gold can stay.

TO EARTHWARD

LOVE at the lips was touch
As sweet as I could bear;
And once that seemed too much;
I lived on air

That crossed me from sweet things,
The flow of — was it musk
From hidden grapevine springs
Down hill at dusk?

I had the swirl and ache
From sprays of honeysuckle
That when they're gathered shake
Dew on the knuckle.

THREE POEMS

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I craved strong sweets, but those
Seemed strong when I was young;
The petal of the rose
It was that stung.

Now no joy but lacks salt
That is not dashed with pain
And weariness and fault;
I crave the stain

Of tears, the aftermark
Of almost too much love,
The sweet of bitter bark
And burning clove.

When stiff and sore and scarred,
I take away my hand
From leaning on it hard
In grass and sand,

The hurt is not enough:
I long for weight and strength
To feel the earth as rough
To all my length.

I WILL SING YOU ONE-O

IT was long I lay
Awake that night
Wishing the tower
Would name the hour
And tell me whether
To call it day
(Though not yet light)
And give up sleep.

THE YALE REVIEW

The snow fell deep
With the hiss of spray.
Two winds would meet,
One down one street,
One down another,
And fight in a smother
Of dust and feather.
I could not say,
But feared the cold
Had checked the pace
Of the tower clock
By tying together
Its hands of gold
Before its face.

Then came one knock!
A note unruffled
Of earthly weather,
Though strange and muffled.
The tower said, "One!"
And then a steeple.
They spoke to themselves
And such few people
As winds might rouse
From sleeping warm
(But not unhouse).
They left the storm
That struck *en masse*
My window glass
Like a beaded fur.
In that grave One
They spoke of the sun
And moon and stars,
Saturn and Mars
And Jupiter.
Still more unfettered,

They left the named
And spoke of the lettered,
The sigmas and taus
Of constellations.
They filled their throats
With the furthest bodies
To which man sends his
Speculation,
Beyond which God is;
The cosmic motes
Of yawning lenses.
Their solemn peals
Were not their own:
They spoke for the clock
With whose vast wheels
Theirs interlock.
In that grave word
Uttered alone
The utmost star
Trembled and stirred,
Though set so far
Its whirling frenzies
Appear like standing
In one self station.
It has not ranged,
And save for the wonder
Of once expanding
To be a Nova,
It has not changed
To the eye of man
On planets over
Around and under
It in creation
Since man began
To drag down man
And nation nation.

TOWARDS WORLD ASSOCIATION

By WILBUR C. ABBOTT

PRESIDENT HARDING'S pronouncement in favor of the entrance of the United States into the World Court, reinforced by the fine appeal given out in San Francisco just before his death, was, without doubt, a shock to those who believed that they had successfully blocked any participation of this country in world affairs. It has left the "irreconcilables," the "wilful men," the "battalion of death" in a difficult position. They have been provided, it is true, with two great political assets, a grievance and an issue. But they have at the same time been deprived of that still more essential asset, a political party, unless they create one for themselves; and that seems daily less probable. There has been created for them that most difficult and uncomfortable of positions, a dilemma with two very sharp horns — a choice between a League of Nations and a World Court — if they are to remain "regular"; and this is a situation which they view with such lack of equanimity that we may expect still more defections from their ranks.

Their reactions have been in accord with the difficulty of their situation and their respective temperaments. One group endeavors, after the manner of its kind, to becloud the issue by identifying Mr. Harding's proposal with that of Mr. Wilson; it discusses with unconvincing rhetoric a "League Court" in the hope of fastening on this new proposal something of the odium which was supposed to be attached to the old. Others make convenient pilgrimages into the wilds of Europe, to study the habits, customs, sentiments, and opinions of its tribal organizations — in due time, no doubt, to confide to a public somewhat less confiding than it was, the

fruits of their adventures. Still another group, after the most approved technique of the demagogue, beats the air and emits fearful cries as to how the "people" are now ahead of their "leaders." The great champion of bad causes and discredited beliefs pursues his solitary and vociferous way in opposition to all things.

Meanwhile the world moves on with small regard to these strayed revellers. For, after all, who are the men who have opposed the policy to which Republican and Democratic standard-bearers alike have committed themselves and their followers? They are, almost without exception, the same men who opposed the entrance of the United States into the war; who hampered in every way they could, and in so far as they dared, the prosecution of that war. They include those who have striven by every means in their power to encourage discontent and unrest and to exploit the subversive elements and opinions in this country to their own advantage. They include those who have fought every administration and every President and every policy in turn. Too many of them have sought notoriety at the expense of national honor and interest. Too many of them were pacifist and pro-German in time of war, and opponents of our late allies in time of peace. They found no words to condemn the atrocities which accompanied the invasion of Belgium; they have found too many to condemn the occupation of the Ruhr. They have urged the recognition of the false and hollow dishonesty of Germany while denouncing that power which has displayed the greatest financial integrity, England. With one voice they have refused support or sympathy to France, and pleaded with the eloquence of a hired advocate for those who in the name of Russia beat with blood-stained hands upon the gates of civilization for admission, and still beat in vain. And as a result, were there no other reason for the formal entrance of the United States into some kind of world organization, to many minds the opposition of such men would provide an argument.

To these men the pronouncement of Mr. Harding was a two-fold calamity. Unless they alter their opinions, they have no political refuge. If they do, they stultify themselves. Whatever the outcome, they cannot ignore the fact that each great political organization seems now committed to the principle that the United States must recognize its position in the world. And whatever one may think of Mr. Wilson's methods, it is hardly to be imagined that Mr. Harding did not take the trend of public sentiment into account. Here and there a voice has been raised in sorrow or in anger against political relations with the world outside. But it is small tribute to the astute gentlemen whose business it is to gauge as well as to direct public opinion to assume that the great majority of them have so grossly miscalculated the drift of that opinion, or that they have so misread the signs of the times. Apparently most of our leaders believe that some form of world association is inevitable, and that the people of the United States do not look with favor upon that policy which was so long the peculiar characteristic of the now defunct government of Korea.

For, all other questions aside, there is one thing about the foreign policy of the United States which is of some consequence in a discussion such as is sure to take place in the next election. It is that our entry into world affairs has already been determined for us, and it remains only to work out the *form* which it is to take. It has been determined but little by deliberate, statesmanlike direction; but little by political thinkers, or even by conscious, much less consistent, public opinion. Our foreign policy has been, as it always is, determined by two things — the genius, the spirit, and the activity of our predecessors, and the concurrent genius, spirit, and activity of our neighbors, near and far.

Look back a hundred years to that past to which the orators appeal. A century ago the United States was on the outer edge of the European world, between the ocean and the wilderness; months distant from Europe; two-thirds of an un-

settled and scarcely explored continent between its outposts and the Pacific. Europe was then the centre of the stage of world events and politics, as it is still, but in a very different fashion. Where then were Canada and Australia, New Zealand and South Africa? Where were the increasingly powerful states of South America? Where was Japan?

And to-day! The world has grown at once smaller and greater in a hundred ways. As it once passed from Mediterranean to Atlantic politics, now it has entered the Pacific stage, indeed an oceanic period of history. The once long and hazardous journey to Europe has degenerated into a ferry passage, and bids fair to become a matter of hours by the air. The great western ocean, once the haunt of a handful of clipper ships and sealers and East Indiamen, is following the same course. Europe is no longer the sole arbiter of world politics. Asia is no longer dim and distant, remote, mysterious, sunk in Eastern calm. Its products fill our warehouses; its students enter our colleges; its news is of seething political activity. The English-speaking colonies are rising into nations more powerful now than the United States was a century ago. The newly liberated republics of South America grow rich and strong. The Dark Continent of Africa takes its place in world commerce and affairs. And among them all is spread a network of relationship — trade and finance, culture and politics — which with incredible rapidity binds the world into one.

In this great movement the United States has more than played its part. Its boundaries have been pushed from sea to sea till they now face Europe and Asia. Its population has multiplied beyond the dreams of our forefathers. Set now midway between the East and the West, its flag on every sea, its commerce circling the earth, its capital and skill and enterprise in every land, its charities world-wide, how does this great, rich, powerful nation compare with that handful of remote if vigorous communities of a hundred years ago? How do its problems and its politics compare with theirs?

The world has altered in a hundred years, and the United States. We must face the facts.

There are, indeed, there have always been, and there will always be, those who refuse to face the facts of life. There are those who cry that we should ignore realities, that we should devote our whole attention to our own affairs, that our domestic problems are enough to tax our greatest energies, that the world at large is none of our concern. It is a pleasing fallacy. What are domestic problems? Not many years ago it was observed by an unfortunate presidential candidate that the tariff was a local issue. There was great truth in that apparent paradox. But tariffs are not merely national, they are, in every sense, international. Long since we learned that immigration has its diplomatic side. Such an apparently simple, domestic problem as health and sanitation, whether of human beings, plants, or animals, has now far-reaching international complications. Most recently we have begun to learn that Prohibition touches foreign policy. There are few local issues nowadays which do not lead us far afield; for nations like individuals neither live nor die alone.

The word "international" has, it is true, in recent years had evil connotations in the world of politics. It has become the watchword of subversive elements, of those who plan the overthrow of society, of those who preach class war, who seek to wreck this civilization we have built. Their hymn, the Internationale, echoes destructive sentiments; their red flag symbolizes at once the danger and the means of that destruction, for fire and blood are red. With that hymn on their lips, with that flag in their hands, communist and anarchist, revolutionist and now Bolshevik, align themselves against established order, law, and property. And it is natural that those who carry on the business of life should find such things repellent, that they should see in "internationalism" only those destructive forces which civilization must suppress if it continues to exist.

Yet this is but the reverse of the shield. How old is inter-

national commerce and finance? We have now had three centuries of international law. Credits and markets, labor and transportation, communications of all kinds with all their corollaries from wireless to lighthouses, are now international. The International Postal Union meets with unrecognized regularity, enacting legislation which affects us all. The international news services bring the events of the remotest regions of the earth before us day by day. The scholars and the scientists hold annual international congresses without number, and we have international conferences on every conceivable subject from eugenics to match-making in a very different sense. It is now difficult to find a single human activity which is without some form of international expression, from religion to the Olympic games. And if you doubt that with it all the world has altered, try to conceive the emotions of the fathers of this republic at the spectacle of contestants from the United States, Australia, Canada, the Argentine, Japan, South Africa, and India competing in friendly rivalry in these tests of speed and skill.

With little consciousness of its far-reaching implications, almost without our knowing it, the world outside of politics has become international. In far different fashion from those who have endeavored to monopolize the phrase, men have gone their way drawing the peoples of the earth together in bonds of mutual interests, tastes, understandings, sympathies. Nothing, indeed, so rouses the hate and fear of the subversive elements as this "White" internationalism, with its solid achievements set against the "Red." For these activities are based upon reality. They look to unity in diversity, not unity in uniformity. They seek to retain the individuality of men and nations, not to destroy that individuality, to draw from each its contribution to the strength of the whole. The men who conduct them are, in fact, the "possibilists," the true internationalists, not the "impossibilists" of class war and world catastrophe.

But never in politics! From that field the narrow national-

ists would forever bar such an association as in all other walks of life men have found the road of progress and enlightenment. In that field—and in that field only—we must hold to the principles and the policies of an outworn polity. There, and there only, we must never recognize that the world has changed. It is small wonder many men complain that politics have lost reality, that the old parties have no longer an excuse for their existence, that they differ only in non-essentials, that their struggles are only contests for offices. There is now a demand that politics should be confined to the realities. It is a taking phrase — but if they were, most of us would lose what little interest we now show in public affairs. If those affairs were not raised from the realm of reality into the realm of romance by the creation of “issues”; if they did not cover their often unattractive forms with the rainbow garments of oratorical fancy; if the study of the political philosopher were not turned into an arena and public questions were not personified by champions; if politics ceased to be the greatest of all sports — who would care for politics? They say men are not interested in either League of Nations or World Court. As abstract problems that is doubtless true. But the next campaign is young. While we may never have that most exciting spectacle, a Democrat and a Republican contending for a seat in either body — a contest which would give greater impetus to the discussion than a whole library of argument — there is no doubt that the now “languid” interest would be made acute by the injection of this issue into party politics.

For the issue is there; not whether we shall take our place in the counsels of the world, but *how*. There are three possible policies for a nation like our own which stands somewhat apart from states of equal rank. The one is that which we have long pursued — expansion, which brings us into physical contact with the world outside. The United States is now in a sense an Asiatic and a Central American, as well as a Caribbean and a Pacific power, besides being dominant in

North America. It is not probable we shall go farther, but we have given great hostages to fortune by our very growth.

The second step deduces from the first. We may, we must, we do, enter into agreements with the other powers. Thus far (and there seems little reason to believe that we shall change our policy) we have avoided "entangling alliances," so rigorously that even in this last great crisis we refused to use the word "allies" — and reverence for tradition could not farther go. Yet we intervened! We found it impossible to maintain an attitude of aloofness from the great conflict, either in interest or in sentiment. We played a part in the great settlement — and then drew back from what to many seemed an inevitable conclusion, that we should go on in some association with the other powers. Some hoped, some feared, that this was the end of our adventure. Most men doubtless were comparatively indifferent. Our blow was struck, the war was won, and they conceived we had no further interest in the world's concerns.

But human affairs have one great characteristic — they go on. Neither our wish, nor will, nor vigorous resistance much avails against inevitable laws of circumstance. The wheel revolves, and we are bound to it. We may deny, we cannot escape responsibility, for our fortunes are bound up with our past and those of our neighbors. We must do the best we can to judge the facts and adjust ourselves to the new situations as they come along; to guard our interests, and keep abreast of world development, striving as we may to guide the course of things in better paths.

And here we face another policy. For more than forty years the United States has stood in the forefront of the world forces making against war. For more than forty years, by treaties and agreements, arbitration has been the watchword of our foreign policy. The settlement of disputes without recourse to force our settled aim. One Secretary of State after another has striven to make his tenure of office memorable by some contribution to the cause of peace. We have

not always been consistent, or successful, or even pacific, much less perfect; but our only wars have been for what we reckoned liberty and humanity. However short we fell of this great ideal, it has always been the lode-star of our foreign policy. However turned aside, however futile, however misconstrued, few or none of our leaders have lacked this great ambition.

Now we have reached what seems a turning-point. Is it conceivable that we shall *turn back*? Is it conceivable that we shall repudiate our settled policy? There are those who would deny its virtue and its strength, who question its expediency, who denounce its champions, who strew its path with obstacles. There were men who fought the Constitution in like fashion; who found in the word "requisitions" the same weapon some now find in "reservations"; who, to the bitter end, strove to prevent the formation of the United States as a great federal power. They are not now honored among the founders of the republic. There were barons who opposed Magna Charta, but their names are not blazoned on the English roll of fame. At every stage of the world's progress we shall find such men — and yet the world moves on. Whatever shape it takes, some form of world association seems inevitable: some means to check the worst excess of war, some means to introduce among nations that appeal to law and equity which now obtains among individuals. And it is inconceivable, viewing the world about us, and considering our past, regarding even the present situation of our politics, that the United States, alone among the powers of the earth, will shrink from the conclusion, which, in so far as human eye can see, is inescapable. Slowly, no doubt toilsomely, and it may be painfully, we have come from small beginnings towards a great conclusion; from petty provinces to nationalities, to empires and far-spreading commonwealths, to coalitions and alliances, towards world association. There lies the next step in our political evolution; there the reality of politics.

THE PLAYWRIGHT'S MIND

By JACINTO BENAVENTE

IN embarking upon an inquiry which of necessity is largely personal, I must first ask indulgence. Even when dealing with others, I shall be interpreting their thoughts and creative processes by criteria which are peculiarly and frankly my own.

Classic rhetoric (literary criticism, as it is called to-day) has for the sake of convenience divided poetry into sharply defined and limited types, which do not, perhaps, altogether make for clarification. These are subjective or lyric poetry, in which the poet expresses his own feelings and emotions; objective or dramatic poetry, in which he expresses the ideas, passions, and feelings of the characters who appear in his story; and subjective-objective or epic poetry, which formerly included only the epic poem, but which to-day includes also the novel, which is a mixture of both lyric and epic elements, of the subjective and the objective.

This classification is quite obviously astonishingly simple. The entire literary heritage of mankind is accommodated in three pigeonholes. If classification is difficult in the material sphere, how much more difficult, indeed, must we find it in the dominion of the spirit? Objective? Subjective? The ego? The non-ego? Is there such a thing as pure subjectivity, even within the sphere of one's own consciousness? Can there be any clear internal perception without something from the outside which distorts and beclouds it? Was there ever a lyric anywhere into which drama did not enter? Or can drama exist without the lyric cry? Many lyric poems are miniature dramas which might very readily be staged, while, on the other hand, many dramas, genuine plays in so far as

their dialogue form is concerned, are lyric poetry, the performance of which would be out of the question upon the stage. The dramas of Byron and Browning belong to this category, and it would be easy to add others, among them plays of Shakespeare, the dramatist *par excellence*. There can be no doubt but that there are plays which gain nothing by performance, whose principal charm is destroyed when they are materialized upon the stage. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Tempest" are not more effective when acted. What advantage is there in seeing Titania, Oberon, and Puck, with all their troupes of fairies, sylphs, and elves in the one, or Caliban and Ariel, in the other, presented with impossible propriety, when the imagination is their ideal kingdom, in which alone they draw the breath of life? I cannot bring myself to believe that the theatre will ever be a proper place for the lyrical visions of a poet, no matter to what limits the scenic art may be developed. Who can visualize the *mise en scène* of one of Beethoven's symphonies or sonatas? — although the fact must be accepted that the dance has progressed to a point where there are dancers who are equal to a nocturne of Chopin, or capable even of a requiem mass. These delights are not for the vulgar. They appeal to an intellectual group that will always be with us to appreciate the exquisiteness of these aesthetic leaps and bounds, which aim to be beautiful, and are a refinement of murder.

It is well, however, to encourage experiment of every sort, as long as experiment does not pass beyond the experimental stage, where it is of interest as rehearsal. To try everything is wise, but not to insist or persevere. The unusual has its uses momentarily — man requires relaxation and play. But art is more profound and more serious, because art is the most exalted expression of the spirit. As the Evangelist has told us, all manner of sins may be forgiven except sins against the spirit. Cubism and Dadaism have their place as incidents in the history of art — unless they may more properly be regarded as accidents. Such things do no harm. They amuse,

but after a time the pleasure wears off. In art the restless is fugitive. Only what is immortal is serene.

We may, then, safely assume that the theatre, making due allowance for every manner of rehearsal and experiment, of adventuring after the new, will continue to be in the future what it has always been to the great dramatists of the past — a place adapted for the presentation of plays; that is, it will continue to be a true theatre. And in the plays that are presented the author will continue to disclose himself chiefly as the creator or animating spirit of other beings who are the more dramatic the more their characters are their own. The prime essential of the playwright, for this reason, is universal sympathy for whatever is human, curiosity, a bent for disinterested observation which must not be allowed to stop short of complete a-morality. In other words, the playwright must detach himself from any consideration of moral ends as he studies the characters which he creates. All of them have an equal right to dramatic life. The morality of their actions must be left to the spectators to be induced in their own consciences, where rewards and punishments will be distributed as the case may be. Shaksepeare is at pains to justify Iago's conduct much more than that of Othello. Nevertheless, is there a person in the audience, at the close of that tremendous tragedy, who would prefer to be Iago rather than Othello, even were Iago to live on unhindered in the enjoyment of the fruits of his treachery? King Lear, persecuted and reviled by the ingratitude of his elder daughters, pays bitterly for his folly in failing to estimate the frank honesty of Cordelia at its true worth. Yet who does not sympathize with the unhappy king and father? Who attempts to excuse the ungrateful daughters, driving the old, demented king forth into the fury of a night so terrible that, in the words of Cordelia, the faithful daughter:

. . . Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire.

Shakespeare is never the judge, the avenger, in his tragedies. He is never solicitous to bring about the triumph of good in his plays, in which good and bad alike succumb, victims of an implacable fate. The spectator does all the moralizing. In life we always fall to moralizing in the presence of blind fate. We never feel the necessity of a superior justice on high so imperatively as we do in the presence of injustice. It is then that we have need of it, and it is because we do have need of it that justice will some day come to dwell among men. God is born in us in the ideal aspiration of our spirits, and man himself will one day bring good to dwell upon the earth, at once as the son and the father of God.

The playwright, accordingly, is a disinterested observer, much in the position of God turned artist, in whose sight there can be no secrets through all the lives of his characters. There can be no secrets because the author has lived the lives of them all by virtue of his gift of sympathy. He has loved with the lover, committed crimes with the criminal, grown now sublime and now vulgar, now passionate and now serene. It is incumbent upon him to be capable of every virtue and of every vice. Popular opinion is not far wrong in its attitude towards authors who create odious and repulsive characters, the embodiment of debased, perverted passions and ideas, suspecting uneasily that the thoughts and feelings of the characters may be those of the author himself. When a character expresses himself vulgarly in order to be in character, it is the author who finds that his manners are assumed to be cheap. Hence the maxim that even fools should be clever upon the stage, in order to obviate the embarrassment of having their folly imputed to the playwright. Complications of the sort skilful practitioners of the dramatic art have learned to avoid through the introduction of a personage who fulfils in the play the function that the chorus does in Greek tragedy, acting as interpreter between the author and his audience, as a preceptor, or ringmaster,

so to speak, through whom the author succeeds in becoming vocal, and with whose assistance he warns the audience at every step that he is in no wise to be held responsible for what the people of his play say and do. A surer skill and a nicer art dispense with such an intermediary and allow the characters to live their own lives and to express themselves after their own hearts freely. But this result is only possible when the audience is willing to collaborate in part at least with the playwright, and to anticipate his explanations through its intelligence.

This interpenetration of author and characters, which is so essential in the playwright, this identification with and sharing of the imagined life of each, is not complete until the characters take on life of their own and come to be independent of the author, reducing him at last to the position of a mere medium, amazed and astonished at his own conceptions as at something utterly foreign to himself. When this point is reached, and he no longer recognizes himself in his work, we are in the presence of the phenomenon of inspiration — what the ancients termed *numen*, the familiar *demon* of Socrates. I am no believer in any other inspiration. What we call inspiration is nothing more than labor previously stored up, capital of the mind and of the heart, which we are accumulating continually without being conscious either of its quantity or its worth.

The much discussed and much studied Freud, an acute observer in the field of psychoanalysis, has demonstrated the influence of the subconscious in our lives very plainly. Impressions which have been received in our earliest years, reappear in the life of reason to our bewilderment. The dark, hidden corners of consciousness are ransacked by our dreams, while there is something mysterious in our lives that is reminiscent of other, previous existences. Nothing is lost in life, nothing is destroyed, but everything changes and is transformed, with Shakespearean touch, into something rich and strange. When we write, the subconscious rises to

the surface and takes us by surprise, and we ask ourselves: "But when did I believe this?" "Can this be the play that I conceived?" Striking examples of this power of the subconscious are scattered throughout literature, of this over-mastering of an author by his work, so that he finds that his conception has been clarified at the very moment that it seems about to be devitalized most irretrievably.

The original aim of Cervantes in writing "Don Quixote" was, as he declares, to overthrow the romances of chivalry, the reading of which, in his opinion, was harmful and unsettling to the mind. Can we, however, accept Cervantes at his word? Without urging my views upon others, I do not myself believe that the romances of chivalry or the reading of them were as harmful as Cervantes would have us suppose. Other writers of the day, and of the epoch immediately preceding, did not share his conviction that the romances of chivalry were injurious to the public welfare. Among them were the religious writers and the moralists, who in that age were persistently solicitous for the reform of public morals. Nothing of the kind is to be found either in the laws or royal decrees of an era more given than any other to legislation, even in matters least susceptible of regulation. In my judgment, Cervantes, like certain physicians, first invented the specific, and afterward invented the disease to which to apply it. Literature whose purpose was merely to please and amuse — as we should say to-day, art for art's sake — was frowned upon as being frivolous, wholly beneath the attention of serious, cultivated minds. It was necessary to justify a piece of literature by some moral purpose, or to impart information at the very least. The authors of the picaresque novels never fail to call attention to the fact that the laxity which they picture in such detail is set down merely to serve as a warning to the incautious or as advice to the depraved. Cervantes was very much a man of his day, thoroughly schooled by adversity; and partly for this reason he could not free himself from the

temptation to legitimize his work by a moral purpose. In common parlance, however, he was masking his hand.

In spite of his diatribes against the books of chivalry and his attempts to wax indignant, Cervantes was one of their greatest admirers. He was not only an admirer, he was a devotee. There can be no question but that the romances had been his favorite reading. That famous inquisition into Don Quixote's extensive library, conducted by the Barber and the Priest, betrays a profound knowledge of the literature of chivalry. Innumerable quotations and allusions to the thousand and one knights-errant, their names and encounters, are evidence enough of familiarity with the entire catalogue. The references are, moreover, spontaneous and sincere. They breathe no suggestion of formal, perfunctory learning. If Cervantes had abominated the romances of chivalry, two or three, which he had happened to read, would have been quite sufficient as a basis for his judgment, but the reading of so many, the retaining of even the most insignificant incidents in his memory, must be accepted as an indication rather of approval than of dislike. Cervantes intoxicated himself upon the romances of chivalry; it is affectation to pretend that he did so for the purpose of destroying them. I have no doubt but that his original intention was to write another romance of chivalry. Certainly this was the germinal idea of Quixote. "Persiles and Segismunda," his favorite among his works, the offspring of his mature years, which he assured the world would be either the best or the worst book ever written in Castilian, affords proof enough and to spare of Cervantes' love for the type of adventure with which fictions of this nature abounded.

The *dulce amargura* of Cervantes was in his case no rhetorical contradiction. Out of the bitterness which life drops into the cup and the sweetness which, either through natural goodness or the discipline of resignation, we are able to add ourselves, the spirit itself is refined, and that mellowness of temper is produced which is the fulfilment of its

promise, and which manifests itself as tolerance in our daily lives and as humor in literature. This sweet melancholy of Cervantes, together with that clear perception of reality, so characteristic of all Spanish art, and in the highest degree characteristic of Cervantes, insensibly brought to shipwreck the purpose with which he had set out, so that what might have been but one romance of chivalry more, what with realities and imaginings, between jest and truth, gathered to itself, in admirable blend, epic and parody, tragedy and farce, portrait and caricature, and becoming all things, became yet more than all, epic or novel or drama or satire, lyric or pastoral or grotesque burlesque — the most admirable of books, at once the most human and the most divine, without rival throughout the entire range of literature, save only in the poems of Homer and the Greek tragedies, and, in England, the plays of Shakespeare.

As the original design of Cervantes is betrayed by itself, it is easy to observe how little by little the spirit of Don Quixote takes possession of that of Cervantes, imposes itself imperiously, exacts justification, and refuses to resign itself to being a mere stage automaton moved about at the caprice of a Maese Pedro. Don Quixote acquires dignity, his character becomes ennobled, and before the first part of the story is half ended, and still more in the second part, he stands forth as the noble gentleman of towering ideals, and there is no reader so low as not to sympathize with him and pity him when he is harassed and overthrown. At the close, in those sublime pages which are devoted to his death, when his mind has been swept clear of the illusions which have beclouded it, and his eyes turn fixedly towards eternity, he remarks simply:

“In the nests of yesterday
New fledged birds no longer stay, . . .

I am not Don Quixote, but Alonso Quijano, the Good.”
Alonso Quijano the Good — the Good! I am perfectly

certain that Cervantes shed tears over the death of Alonso Quijano the Good, and that Cervantes' own spirit was borne aloft with that of Don Quixote as he closed his book, with his Knight of the Rueful Feature, who, in gradual ascension had lifted himself from the most grotesque insanity to the loftiest pinnacles of the soul!

Is it proper, then, to say that this unconscious labor, which breathed life and soul into Don Quixote, was something alien to the mind of Cervantes? Is the work, as Miguel de Unamuno has maintained, superior to its author? Most certainly not. It was accumulated capital, riches of the spirit, which Cervantes himself had never stopped to take into account, but which were treasured up in him as I have said. The soul of Don Quixote was born of the injustices suffered by the unhappy, one-handed soldier of Lepanto, of the miseries and wanderings of his life, of his captivity in Algiers, his struggles as a taxgatherer, of his imprisonment in the Seville jail, of his family misfortunes, the disdain of the great, of experience of the world and disillusionment, of the bitterness of life, and out of the kindliness of a generous heart, which, when all these things have been heaped upon a soul which is great, becomes all understanding and forgiveness for all.

Another illustration, of less importance although of equally distinguished authorship, occurs to the mind — the "Misanthrope" of Molière.

Molière, like Cervantes, in planning his play had in mind primarily the comic possibilities of the unevenly balanced, intractable character of Alceste, upon whom the conventions and social hypocrisies sit with ill grace, the lover of truth and of justice, who, unable to content himself with affirming them in his conscience, thinks it imperative to proclaim them aloud to the general dismay. In the first act, he struggles in vain to appear courteous and polite as he listens to the affected verses of Oronte, and bursts out suddenly into indignation that at the outset appears in all frankness disproportionate. Nor is his position improved until, little by

little, as with Don Quixote, his spirit takes possession of that of Molière, or, in apter phrase, until the noble figure of the gentleman who is incapable of disloyalty and injustice, gradually detaches itself from the subconsciousness of Molière, and the true lover, the victim of the coquetries of Célimène, confronted with the irrefutable reasons that should drive him not to love her, exclaims:

Et, quoique avec ardeur je veuille vous haïr,
Trouvé-je un coeur en moi tout prêt à m'obéir?

Finally, in that impassioned scene with his adored Célimène, Alceste lays bare his torn and lacerated heart, and we realize that it is Molière himself, the husband who has been deceived by his Armande, by his Célimène, who laments and despairs as Alceste.

It would be idle to urge other examples of the complicity of the subconscious in the creative processes of art, although there is no work of any sort, no matter how insignificant, in which its influence is not disclosed. The subconscious is never strange, it is never external to an author, it is not a supernatural gift which descends into his intelligence like divine inspiration. It is always and everywhere the product and result of impressions which have been garnered and stored. No work was ever written into which the author did not put something of his life. As Bernard de Palissy cast tables and chairs into the oven in which his jars were to be baked, so that with the sacrifice he might maintain its heat, the artist casts fragments of his life and of his soul into the oven of his imagination. The dramatist in particular, although he may appear to be concerned with others, to be less absorbed than other writers in the details of his own petty life, in a word to be less lyrical, is, on the contrary, constrained to feel even more intensely than they because he is compelled to enter into the lives of his characters. If he is a real dramatist, he must be at once poet and lyric poet, lyric with the lyricism of each and every one of his personages, and this is only possible when he lives in each and every one of them.

The psyche of the dramatist, therefore, must be completely detached from the preoccupations of his own personality. He is himself a spectator of himself, and it is his mission to observe in his own passions and feelings the possible passions and feelings of all mankind, and in the passions and feelings of other men, possible passions and feelings of his own. His life is the life of all men, and the life of all men his life.

Is this to imply that the dramatist must practise all the crimes as well as all the virtues because he is gifted with the power of understanding and feeling them? Assuredly not. The understanding and the will do not travel by the same path. How disillusioning it is to an author's admirers, and how excessively distressing to women, to meet the man, only to find that he is not the person one might imagine from his works! The writer who is all delicacy and grace of fragile ornament, turns out to be a mere vulgar bourgeois, with a healthy appetite. The master painter of scenes of debauchery and licentiousness, in the flesh is an impeccable father and a model husband. The dignified, serious author, who weighs and gravely assays our habits and vices, is revealed to be a shocking compendium of evil living and a horrible example of every one of the vices so vigorously censured by him. It would seem that art saps the will, or else that life, like the offended god, punishes the bold Prometheus who presumes to rob her of her divine fire, and compete in the creative act with her.

But there is a still further danger, and the greatest peril which besets the artistic temperament lies here. Sometimes the artist is not content to wait to receive his impressions of life as they come, but sallies forth in quest of them, or even invents them when they are not found. Such impressions are always artificial and result only in an art that is artificial as well, tenuously drawn, a fabric of psychologic subtleties. No doubt the precious has its place in art. At the same time, it is well to distrust the artist who attempts to justify a piece of preciousness by declaring that it is the way that he saw it, that the experience presented itself to him. Obviously

the reply is: "But how is it that you came to see it that way? Because you went out of your way to see it, you were in search of the emotion. The emotion was not spontaneous."

I should advise ladies always to avoid artists who are in search of new sensations and emotions either in friendship or love. They are extremely trying to those with whom they are brought into contact; as the popular Castilian proverb has it, they are little angels from another's house. Such men are egoists, taken up with their own divine selves, and the consequences are not pleasant when they whisper love. Anybody's misfortune to such a man is no more than proper tribute to his genius. Never fall in love with a genius, ladies, nor a man of temperament. All that is left of temperament at home is temper.

To complete this picture of the playwright, it is important to consider the methods by which he works. We may enter the kitchen though the pleasures of the dining-room suffer through the experience. A play may originate in any one of several ways. The author may have first an idea, and then cast about for the characters who are fitted to symbolize it most adequately, either through natural disposition, or because of particular circumstances in which they are placed. In plays of this nature, everything is subordinated to the idea. The characters are merely booked to the destination which the author has picked out. The unexpected is always happening in art, and there are times when the characters, through their native vigor, become more potent than the preconceived idea, and so betray and devitalize it. What the play loses as drama of ideas it gains as pure drama. Or the point of departure may be the character of a particular person — a miser, for example, or a man who is dominated by ambition. The playwright here selects a central character around whom the play is to revolve. Sometimes the play has its origin in an abstraction, much as the idea of an animal suggests itself to the mind, with all the characteristics of its kind. When we think of a lion, we first imagine an indefinite

lion, the typical lion. Then, gradually, we become aware that we are thinking of a definite lion, of an individual, of some lion which we have especially noticed or admired. It is the same with the characters of a play. In character drama, we sometimes proceed from the general to the particular, and at other times, reversing the process, begin with a particular person whom we have seen and known, to arrive at a character of greater amplitude and significance, passing over even into the realm of abstract symbolism. After all, in one way or another, every one of us symbolizes something in life.

Once the character of the central figure has been determined the next task of the playwright is to exhibit it in the most suitable light, to place it in such situations and to relate it with such other characters as are best adapted to set off its own nature in all its modalities. The miser will be contrasted with spendthrifts and prodigals, and if the crisis may be precipitated within the family circle, and made emphatic through his own children, as in Molière's "L'Avare" or Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," the antithesis and the dramatic conflict will be heightened immeasurably in effect.

Other plays are born of a particular environment, an historical epoch, perhaps, or are suggested by some aspect of society. In drama of this type, the background is of more importance than the characters, who are inevitably subordinated to the background, which is the veritable protagonist. Plays which have been adapted from novels frequently exemplify this procedure, as is the case with the dramatizations of Zola's "L'Assommoir" and "Germinal," where the ambient in which the characters move is the factor which determines what they are.

It would not be difficult to illustrate all these varying methods and forms from among my own plays. The germ of "Saturday Night" and of "The Bonds of Interest" was an idea, and the characters followed later as the instruments of its expression. The character of the heroine was central to

"Señora Ama," and, with the heroine, I conceived the ambient of the play as that in which her character might be exteriorized most spontaneously. Women take exception to the truth of "Señora Ama." Expert at looking into their mirrors, they are less practised at looking into their hearts. They will have none of "Señora Ama," and the play has given great offense. It is argued that it is not a satisfaction to a woman to be deceived by her husband. Perhaps not a satisfaction precisely — certainly not in any active sense, but what is the difference? Her vanity is gratified. Every woman who is in love is gratified when she sees the idol of her heart admired by other women, if only to be more certain that she has made no mistake in her choice. I once suggested to husbands that if they would deceive their wives without offending them, they should take care to select one of their wives' friends who enjoys a reputation for virtue. Apart from flattering her vanity, they will thus afford her an opportunity to tear her friend limb from limb, and to prove her a hypocrite, when all the world believed her a saint, and she was the terror of society. No woman will argue seriously, much less maintain sincerely, that there would not be an element of satisfaction in the misadventure of the spouse. Frankness is balm to the soul. Moreover, a dramatist is not a man to be deceived easily. There is a maternal side to the love of every woman. The terrible Freud assures us that a mother's love is always complicated by an admixture of purely sexual love. What mother is not proud to have other women adore her son? The wife in "Señora Ama" is not a product of my imagination. On the contrary, she is the most womanly woman in all my theatre.

"Our Lady of Sorrows" and "In Society" (*Gente conocida*), are plays in which the ambient is the protagonist. Nothing which takes place in them could take place in any other environment. In this connection a digression suggests itself which is the burden of my theme. The success of a playwright in the creation of atmosphere and the represen-

tation of life, is dependent almost entirely upon the art of dialogue. To me, dialogue is all important. Little suspected by the spectator, and even less by the critic, only the actor, as the play's interpreter, is in a position to realize to the full the significance of this factor in his art. The art of dialogue is a question wholly of rhythm. Dialogue without rhythm is dialogue without soul. Words are the expression of what we think and of what we feel. Our minds, like our hearts, have their rhythms. Language is the pulse by which this rhythm is revealed. Sometimes it is rapid and violent, at other times majestic and slow. To sense this interior rhythm is to possess the secret of art — rhythm of the febrile blood, rhythm of tears, bleeding like a string of pearls into a crystal glass; the wavering rhythm of indecision, rhythm of languid melancholy, or tortuous rhythms of deceit; the full, clear rhythm of truth; the rhythm of wingèd, aspiring love, or of kisses in the arms of those most dear, hot on the lips of desire, sometimes perfect in accord, at others strident and dissonant, lurching and stumbling as it blunders on — in a word, the rhythm of language in harmonious cadences or in acrid flats and sharps.

We react to nature with varying rhythms. There is no landscape, nor color, nor glint, nor rock, nor flower, which does not accelerate or retard the beating of the heart as it attracts the eye, and which does not sing in its own way an *andante* or an *allegro* or a laughing *scherzo* as we pass. There is no emotion of which we are capable which does not struggle for expression through the music of words. How important it is, then, to catch these words, which are the exact expression of what we think and feel, and which could not be other than what they are! Rhythm is so important that it is sufficient of itself to impart national or even local character to any work. To say that music is French or Spanish or Italian, is to sense the rhythm of the country in the rhythm of the music. In books of provincial or purely local scope, the prosodic rhythm is more vital than the vocabulary, or than

the peculiar idioms of the neighborhood, and easily distinguishes an Aragonese from an Andalusian in Spain, or, a native of Córdoba in Argentina from a citizen of Buenos Aires, though both employ identical words. A book might be written in the words, idioms, and proverbs peculiar to a locality, embodying all its most characteristic linguistic idiosyncrasies, and yet fail to suggest the locality for the reason that the language would appear unreal. On the other hand, an exact impression of reality may be conveyed exclusively through the rhythm, without the aid of any of the words or idioms most distinctive of the locale. There are authors who employ a vocabulary of the purest Castilian, scrupulously chaste, and who never commit the slightest infraction of grammatical rules, who nevertheless contrive to convey the impression that they are writing in a foreign tongue. The truth is that they are deficient in musical ear, in the sense of rhythm, which in language is everything. Without a perfect appreciation of the music of words — to be without which is to be without emotional sense — it is as impossible to be a dramatist as it is impossible to be a poet. And it is impossible to be a dramatist without being a poet.

The unfailing instinct of the actor has confirmed me in this. Actors have remarked that it would be impossible to change so much as a single word in my plays; that my prose is difficult, but that when once it has been learned, it is never forgotten. Pardon the parental pride. I may not always have been successful; yet as Shakespeare has said: "If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces." I am always attentive to the inner rhythm of the mind and the heart when I write, and the significance of this — but what should its significance be? As a famous French actress exclaimed when she acknowledged her admirers' applause: "They do well to applaud me, for I have given them my life." To write like this, with the nerves, with the cry of the heart, with one's very blood, out of the intimate soul of oneself and one's neighbor, is precisely this: to give one's life.

That this portrait of the playwright's mind may not be incomplete, I have pictured myself as being a little vain of my work. Dramatic fare is exceedingly various, and the secret of its preparation lies in what we call technique, and technique resolves itself largely into a matter of seasoning. It would be difficult to say whether it can be learned or taught, just as it would be embarrassing to be asked whether it is easy or difficult to be a dramatist. A wealthy young gentleman once entertained a poet in his house, and burst out suddenly — with that assurance which money so readily affords — “I say, is it hard to be a poet?” All that the poet could think of in reply was: “Easy or not at all.” “To be or not to be.”

Is study, then, wasted effort? Is art in general, and the playwright's art in particular, a native gift wholly alien to all effort of the will? Is the true artist the unconscious artist, limited to being a mere instrument as he labors, little less material than his paper or his pen, so that, with Scriptural phrase, the voice is Jacob's voice but the hands are Esau's hands? Let us subscribe unquestionably to predestination without giving hostages to the fatalists. We have only to read the lives of great men, or to examine the course of our own lives, to be convinced that there is a natural predisposition in every one of us which leads us, as the theologians have it, without driving us, in the direction of a definite spiritual bias. Even those events of our lives which apparently sweep us furthest from our goal, are seen in the end to have been fortunate short cuts, without which something would have been lacking in our development, and we should not have arrived so quickly nor with such rich skill at the direct fulfilment of our desires. If it were not for natural inclination, at the basis of which lies this benevolent predestination, many of the professions which are indispensable to the welfare and harmony of society would cease to be. If all were to elect freely, all would choose the most brilliant professions. Society is like an orchestra. Everybody appreciates the position of the conductor, or even of the first violin. One might

descend as far as the clarinet. But the drum and cymbals! Nevertheless, the drum and cymbals are essential to an orchestra in order to produce the proper instrumental effect. We should all admire the divine wisdom which has not predisposed everyone to the baton or the violin. A nation would be unfortunate all of whose citizens wished to lead the orchestra.

Natural predisposition, no matter how fundamental, must be supplemented by study. Never leave anything to so-called inspiration. Even what is most thoroughly unconscious in a work of art, after all, is merely something hiddenly conscious, or subconscious, that is, not conscious at the moment at which it appears. Many artists prefer to pose as geniuses to being exposed as laborious students. They feel the need of supernatural aid in their work. "I never studied. I do not know how I write, I have no idea how I paint." Fascinating talk, but it would be idle to believe them — coquetries of the artistic temperament. Genius? — somebody has said that genius is the capacity for taking pains. Genius, we may be assured, is the reward of hard labor, although what is labor to the artist may appear to be leisure to the rest of mankind. The artist strolls about, the artist is *distract* and relaxed, the artist smokes or sips at his coffee — evidently the artist has nothing to do. Men who rush about the world and are frantically active — active, moreover in a purely material way — pass the artist and smile contemptuously. Others who have nothing whatever to do and who do nothing and think of nothing, because others do it for them, smile, too — and the humiliation is worse. "He is enjoying an easy time — nothing to do. What a life! And these artists wonder they have no money." The artist, as he overhears these remarks, in his confusion too often confirms the vulgar opinion, half modest, half abashed. "He is doing nothing, you can see — absolutely nothing!" But in this apparent idleness the great works of the spirit have been born, for all life is labor to the man who is a true artist; his mind is un-

ceasingly active, his sensibilities forever on edge, his nerves tense and vibrant, so tense and so vibrant at times that they throb and they break, and the finely tempered accords, the delicate harmonies of art, give place to soul-destroying discords, the chatter of madness and the silence of death. Bataille, the playwright, is just dead, although still a young man, exhausted and worn out. Death surprised him at his desk; it would be difficult to say whether the scythe or the pen, as it dropped from his hand, blotted the last words of the posthumous page.

The art of writing, the playwright's art, art of whatever description, approximates perfection in the degree in which it is successful in reflecting the life of the spirit freed from all the trammels of finite expression in words. Music is for this reason the highest and divinest of the arts, because it approaches more nearly than any other that universal harmony of the spheres which Pythagoras perceived as the order and essence of all created things. To write is a limitation, as is anything we say or do. The universe itself is a delimitation, a fragment of the infinite, as any work of art is but a piece of the creative artist's soul. The best of a work of art is not what it expresses or contains, but what escapes from it. Men are like cups into which have been gathered a few drops of water from an infinite sea. The sea was not conscious of itself, and its will was to become conscious, and it became conscious through limitation. The spiritual task of each and every one of us is to reintegrate his consciousness with the unconscious infinite that is unknown. We are like wires, alive for a moment with a mysterious force which we understand through its effects, but not at all through its cause — poor creatures crawling between the earth and sun! Messages which determine the fate of empires, of the peoples, flash along the wires, and trivial messages, which deal with humble, familiar things. So we spread out the network of our wires to receive the messages which God's spirit communicates to man. Whether the message be weighty or humble does not concern


the wire; there is no reason to be proud, no occasion to be depressed. If we aspire to be good, it will not matter who is best.

Some artists have been consumed with the thirst for immortality. The ambition has been born in their souls to perpetuate their names that they might live forever down the procession of the centuries. My ambition is more simple. I have come to entertain a different conception of immortality, to remain content with the oblivion into which my works must fall at last with my name. If an intelligent rose, a rose endowed with feeling, were assured that it should be the last in the world, and that, preserved with sedulous care, in all the perfection of its color and its fragrance, it should be exhibited forever in the glass case of a museum to be admired eternally by sages and poets and all the pilgrims who might come to see — as the last, the one and only rose that should evermore be seen, might not the prospect of this dead immortality rest a little heavily, a little sadly upon the rose? Would it not dance more lightly in the wind if it knew that when it was withered and forgotten, its petals and its leaves scattered and returned to dust, other roses would bloom in spite of its fading, and that year by year, in each unfolding spring, roses would come in troupes of thousands, fresh and fragrant, to flourish on the flowery branches in the gardens of the rose?

Immortality to an author is to blossom in so many future works that his own will be remembered no more. There is no higher immortality.

HUXLEY AND AGASSIZ: UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

EDITED BY LEONARD HUXLEY

 F the worker in science it is especially true that the work he does, however great, however far-reaching, is speedily absorbed into the general body of his science, and its individuality lost in the very growth of the body scientific to which it has contributed. Name and fame fade into the general remembrance of history, recalled for the most part by busy pioneers of the present as the milestones of past progress, as signposts on the slowly blazed track that has brought them on the adventure of knowledge to the edge of the unknown.

Yet, as long as science keeps memory of her strenuous workers, the twin-starred name of Agassiz will keep a radiance of its own. Louis and Alexander Agassiz, father and son, coming from Switzerland to the United States, achieved much both for science at large and for its development in America. The Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge was the greatest of Louis Agassiz' creations. When he settled down as a professor of natural history at Harvard, he brought with him valuable zoölogical collections. The university had bought these, but the care and housing of them remained on Agassiz' shoulders, and he was constantly adding to them. Thanks to his infectious enthusiasm, funds for a building and for running expenses were obtained. True to his large ideal of what such an institution should be, he proceeded to set up his new building as merely the first corner of a vaster foundation where the future generation should complete a comprehensive home of zoölogical knowledge and study. It was the younger Agassiz, Alexander, who,

by his own fortune and his own supervision, was to give shape and substance to this scheme as an enduring monument to his father and his father's ideals, which might easily have fallen into oblivion when the driving force of his personality had passed away.

Yet museum work was not after Alexander Agassiz' heart, because the task of administration would curtail his own plans of work; what he wrote in early days was true of him to the last: "As far as I am concerned personally, the Museum is of very little use to me, as I believe in study *ex* nature, and have but little fancy for closet investigations where you get long Memoirs about animals which have never been seen living or in state of nature by the author." Through his self-made fortune, Alexander Agassiz was enabled again and again to charter a ship and with his own helpers investigate the wealth of marine organisms from the surface to the depths of the sea, reaping a rich harvest of knowledge that bore not only on biological, but on geographical and geological, problems. One of these was the much debated question of the origin of coral islands where direct investigation on an extensive scale was so much required.

His first visit to Europe in 1869-70 brought him many friends. While his father's name was an introduction, especially to the older generation of scientific men, his own individuality cemented his friendships. Among those he came to know in England were the veterans Lyell and Darwin, and their circle of allies, Wallace and Hooker, Lubbock and Huxley. Between him and Huxley, his senior by ten years, though one of the youngest of this circle, a strong mutual regard rapidly sprang up. Letters passed between them from time to time. They saw much of one another when Huxley visited America in 1876, and in turn Agassiz' frequent visits to England were keenly looked forward to by Huxley. As often happens between men of strong character and high aims, their friendly regard took root at their first

contact. Their sympathy was immediate. Nor was it only in intellectual things. Both were men of deep feeling in all the relations of life, and after the crushing blow of his wife's sudden death at the end of 1873, Agassiz could open his secret heart enough to write his friend: "Few young men have reached my age and have attained, as it were, all their ambition might desire, and yet the one thing which I crave for, and which I want to keep me interested in what is going on, is wanting. How gladly I would exchange all that I have for what I have lost."

The first in my (alas!) incomplete collection of Huxley's letters to Alexander Agassiz is dated April 22, 1876. He begins, in reply to an inquiry from Agassiz, by recommending a young biologist "who is well up in the Invertebrates" as an assistant in the Museum. The letter continues:

"I am very pleased that you like the Elementary Biology [by Huxley and Martin] and I hope some day to show you how I am trying to organize my practical teaching here.

"If Biological instruction is to come to anything we must put it on the same footing as Physics and Chemistry.

"I am really going to visit the States at last. — If nothing intervenes to prevent us, my wife and I go out in the end of July or the beginning of August, returning in the latter part of September and we shall be delighted to pay your ideal workshop a visit. Best thanks for your very kind invitation. At present my plans are rather vague but I will let you know when they have taken shape."

Arriving in New York on August 5, he joined Alexander Agassiz on the sixteenth at Newport for a visit of several days. Before this he had spent a week with Professor Marsh at New Haven and examined his wonderful collection of fossils from the Tertiary deposits of the Far West, of which he exclaimed: "I have seen some things which were worth all the journey across." They revolutionized a subject on which he intended to lecture. For one of the three lectures on evolution which he had arranged to deliver the following

month in New York dealt with the genealogy of the horse, a subject on which he had already written, basing himself entirely on specimens from the Old World. But the new specimens from the West had led Professor Marsh to the conclusion that the origin of the horse was to be found in the New World, not the Old. After some hesitation, he laid the whole matter frankly before his friend. Huxley, after four or five days' rigorous examination of the specimens, as frankly gave up his former opinion and made Marsh's conclusions the basis of his lecture, with all the more satisfaction because these specimens for the first time indicated the direct line of descent of an existing animal.

He came to Newport full of admiration for this array of fossils and for the man who had collected them with immense labor and in frequent danger of losing his scalp among the hostile Indians; and it was from Agassiz' house, and probably at Agassiz' suggestion, that he wrote to Clarence King, first Superintendent of the United States Geological Survey and a close friend of Agassiz, insisting on the value of the collections and the scientific importance of securing the publication of Marsh's results.

A brief note of October 2, 1879, when Agassiz was passing through London, winds up — "in hopes of soon hearing from or better seeing you." Another, just three years later, again conveys recommendations of a young English man of science for a post Agassiz desires to have filled. Apparently the American newspapers had been speaking of him as meditating another visit to the United States under the management of a lecture agent; the letter concludes:

"Why the newspapers imagine vain things about me, I do not know. I am sorry to say I have never had the slightest prospect of crossing the Atlantic again — and you may depend upon it that if ever I do, it will not be in the towing net of an impresario."

The next letter, dated November 26, 1882 (?) is in answer to Agassiz' proposal that he should escape from the admin-

istrative distractions of London and enter upon a great scientific undertaking in America:

"I received your kind letter a few days ago.

"At first, I confess, I was greatly tempted by the prospect you offer, not pecuniarily, for I doubt whether taking one thing with another it would be an improvement, but because I should like to throw myself into the foundation of a great school.

"My pursuits here are more varied than I could wish, and I sometimes groan that my energies are frittered away.

"But sober reflection has convinced me that it would never do. If my wife and I were ten years younger it might be another matter. But we both of us have begun to feel the English winters when they are at all sharp, and I do not think she could face a Massachusetts climate, whatever I might do. How should I feel, think you, if my brave and loving comrade of seven and twenty years began to suffer from the transfer? Besides, we have children and grandchildren and old friends — not to be replaced, at our time, by new ones.

"So that though there is nothing I should have liked better than to work with you as a colleague in making a great biological school at Harvard, you see it cannot be."

The next letter has to do with a zoölogical specimen and with the breakdown in health which led to Huxley's resignation of all his official positions, including the presidency of the Royal Society. When the specimens brought back from the oceanographical voyage of the *Challenger* were assigned to various naturalists for examination, Huxley had undertaken to report on the rare creature, *Spirula*, of which only a single specimen had been obtained. The material for the memoir being so scanty, Agassiz had kindly lent his own single specimen, obtained on one of the voyages of the *Blake*. But recurrent ill health had interrupted the work, and eventually Huxley handed over his unfinished paper and the material to the Belgian marine biologist, Professor Pel-

seneer, for completion. Not knowing of his friend's illness, and thinking that the examination must be completed, Agassiz inquired — I suspect more than once — whether his specimen could not be returned. The "Murray" mentioned in the letter was Sir John Murray in charge of the *Challenger* reports. Huxley writes:

"Filey, Aug. 22, 1885

"If you have ever been prostrated by a disordered liver and the melancholic demoralization that comes of it, you will be able to forgive — (*comprendre c'est pardonner*) — my delay in writing to you about *Spirula*, and if not — I am afraid, not. For I do not believe that anyone but a sufferer can understand the idiotic habit of procrastination which is characteristic of affections of this kind, under which I have been trying to bear up against the misery of existence for the last twelve months — and which has led or rather driven me to put off till now what I ought to have done and might just as well have done three months ago when Murray sent me your letter. However, I am picking up here and as first symptom of the return of volition I send you the two figures I have had done of your specimen, that you may have them copied for your *Blake* book if you wish. I have not dissected the specimen but I have laid open the mantle because I could not otherwise settle several points of importance. The chief of these was the position of the renal papillae on each side of the anus. The *Challenger* specimen was very much retracted instead of being fully extended as yours is; and I suppose in consequence of this the renal papillae were absolutely invisible, while at the same time there were two apparently natural apertures at the root of the gills. If your specimen had not thrown light on this matter, I should have been greatly puzzled.

"When I return to town at the end of September I hope to have mended so far as to be able to print off the *Spirula* memoir — when I will return your specimen, which is quite safe.

"I have retired from all lecturing work, fishery inspection and the like; but for the present retain my connection as Dean [of the Royal College of Science], with the beloved at South Kensington.

"My colleagues are kind enough to wish me to remain in the chair of the Royal Society, but I am by no means sure that my health will stand it.

"It is humiliating to have to acknowledge that one is old and used up and I put off the evil day as long as possible.

"I hope you are coming over to see us this year and not at the wrong time as usually happens with you."

When the next letter to Agassiz was written, in October, 1885, Huxley had recently returned to London after a trip to Italy in search of health:

" . . . Many thanks for the kind cheery letter you wrote in answer to mine. I hope I am mending, but I am good for very little. You have certainly earned the right to do more work for yourself and I hope you will exercise it. The happiest of all conditions is to be hard at work at what one cares for. Let us know when you are coming through this village. The newspapers have all sorts of absurd reports about me, but I am not going to leave England again in a hurry if I can help it. The Italian climate is a fraud, pure and simple."

In January, 1887, Agassiz paid a flying visit to London. Huxley writes on the seventeenth:

"I am disgusted that I see so little of you during your brief stay.

"Domestic complications at present prevent me from asking people to meet you, but it would be a great pleasure if you could come and dine with us alone (and no war paint) any day that will suit you.

"I have had to go and speechify, much against my will, about the Institute. The thing is good and might be great in itself, but it is dead-weighted and I am afraid will come to grief."

The meeting thus referred to was held at the Mansion House on January 12, 1887, when Huxley seconded a resolution moved by Lord Rothschild in favor of establishing the Imperial Institute. The theme of his address was the relation of industry to science.

A month later the correspondence is concerned with Mrs. Louis Agassiz' hospitable invitation to his daughter to stay with her during a forthcoming visit to Boston. Writing from Brighton, he says:

"Both my wife and I thank you very heartily for your letter which has relieved us of a world of doubt and difficulties.

"We shall be quite happy in the knowledge that N. is metaphorically under Mrs. Agassiz' wing — and not so remorseful as we ought to be for the trouble we may be giving. . . .

"I go to London on Monday . . . hope I shall have a chance of seeing you before you depart for France. You will find a quiet dinner with people very glad to see you Wednesday or Thursday — I do not ask you formally for either, as you will probably have more than enough to do, but if you will let us know you will come either day our hearts will be rejoiced thereby."

The following year also Agassiz was in London. Huxley, whose health had again driven him out of London, happened to be in town for a day or two on business, and writes on March 28, 1888:

"Your note reached me late last night. I am very vexed that I am bound to be in Bournemouth this afternoon and I shall thereby lose the pleasure of seeing you tomorrow. We have been staying there for six weeks past as I began to find myself all the worse for four months in London.

"I came up on Thursday mainly for the purpose of check-mating a move towards the establishment of one of those beautiful scientific bureaux which we were talking about when you were last here and I flatter myself I have pretty well succeeded.

"There are half a dozen things to which I am obliged to attend this morning or I should have been off to Long's Hotel on the chance of finding you. Perhaps I may get round yet, in which case I shall leave this note if you are out.

"I do not suppose we shall be permanently back in town for another fortnight. Will there be any chance of finding you then?"

Agassiz' reply to this is given in his *Life*. His vigorous denunciation of state-harnessed science as killing all individuality is worth reading. It might do very well for a beginning, he says, "but after ten or fifteen years no Professor would be anything but a political demagogue" — "satellites of the Director" of their department. Something of this kind, it may be observed, took place in Germany before the great war. The professors were not independent of political pressure.

The year 1887 saw a controversy between the then Duke of Argyll and Huxley over the recrudescence of pseudo-scientific realism in philosophy. In the course of this the Duke, whose studies in physical science, ever colored by the metaphysical tinge of his mind, often came into collision with stricter scientific logic, was pleased to draw a lurid picture of the state of the scientific world, where, he declared, a Reign of Terror prevailed, making it a matter of life and death to accept the teachings of Darwinism. Undeterred by the lively banter with which this statement was received, he subsequently proceeded to adduce, as evidence of this Reign of Terror, the case of Sir John Murray and his new theory of coral reefs — in reality most widely discussed — which he asserted had been systematically burked in order to preserve the infallibility of Darwin, who had propounded another theory. This inaccurate statement was promptly seized upon by a dignitary of the church as text for a discourse on the immorality of men of science. Apparently the Duke had got hold of a garbled version of the fact that, as was natural, a scientific friend had bidden Sir John

Murray make quite sure of his ground before controverting a theory which seemed so firmly established as Darwin's.

Huxley's clear statement of the facts in the November number of "The Nineteenth Century" was sufficient vindication of the honor of science. And, as indeed was his own practice when he found he had fallen into error, he invited the Duke to withdraw his many unfounded statements. "The most considerable difference I note among men," he concludes, "is not their readiness to fall into error, but in their readiness to acknowledge these inevitable lapses." Agassiz, meantime, who in many places had come to conclusions akin to Murray's, hurriedly inferred that Huxley had simply been "taking up the cudgels in favor of Darwin's theory." So he wrote in a letter to Murray, and so also, possibly, to Huxley, producing the following reply:

"June 19, 1888.

"I have been waiting for the arrival of the 'Three Cruises' [of the *Blake*] to thank you for it and for your last letter. The two volumes have just arrived and child-fashion, I have been looking at the pictures which are a delight in themselves. As for the text, I must wait till I get back the use of my brains, which have struck work for any but the easiest tasks, by reason of the illness of their colleague, the heart.

"We have had hard times ever since last autumn. First my wife was seriously ill, then my poor daughter, Mrs. Collier, died under very sad circumstances; then six months ago, I must needs get another attack of pleurisy winding up with a dilated heart, which has kept me pretty much on my back for the last two months. I have taken so much Digitalis, I shall be afraid to look a foxglove in the face. However, I have now mended enough to travel and we are off to the Engadine on Saturday. I am told that I have every chance of recovery as there is no valvular disease — but when dame Nature gives a man of 63 little hints of this kind, the probabilities are he had better take them and be quiet hence-

forward. I have a perfect horror of not knowing when to leave off.

"Apropos of the coral reef theory I beg you to believe that I had not the slightest intention of posing as a defender of Darwin's views in the article to which you refer. My purpose was to deal with the Duke of Argyll's abominable misrepresentations and charges against the honor of scientific men, and I did not want to diminish the force of my blows by raising any side issues.

"It has been my intention ever since to go into the whole question carefully — but I have been unable (and indeed forbidden) to do anything but amuse myself.

"I have eaten my own leek pretty handsomely; and I have no notion of letting my friend's leek escape mastication. Science must be kept free of all partisanship, unless she wants to sink to the level of Theology. *A bas* creeds, Darwinian or others.

"I have been off the council of the Royal Society for a long time now and away from London for the greater part of the past year. I am very much afraid that my suggestions [that is, as to the proposal for federation with colonial scientific societies] will come to nought in spite of the efforts made in its favor by Foster, Evans, and other members of the council. I do not profess to see the weight of the difficulties and objections which I hear have been raised — and, quite apart from any personal reasons, I think it will be very unfortunate if the Society does nothing. But I fear that will be the upshot of the whole business. 'Nolumus leges Angliae mutari' is the expression of a spirit which pervades all things English.

"However, I have been so completely out of the world for the last year that you must not take my view of the case for more than it is worth.

"My wife and daughter join with me in kindest regards and remembrances. I wish you well through all your work and abstain from envying your vigor to the best of my ability.

"P. S. This is the longest letter I have written these two months. I do not know whether you are as much to be congratulated as I am on the fact!"

Two summer visits to the Engadine had a most rejuvenating effect. The famous physician Sir Henry Thompson, meeting him in that high Alpine valley, scoffed at the idea of his ever having had a dilated heart. He returned with zest to philosophical and critical work, though, except for light botanical work on the gentians, standing or stooping over the microscope remained impossible. More than a year and a half has elapsed since the preceding letter was written; a new spirit is perceptible:

"London, Feb. 9, 1890

"I am very sorry to hear of your severe illness and trust you are now well through it and yourself again.

"It is very kind of you to have thought about — [a young relative visiting the United States]. I did not give him letters to any of my scientific friends because, old as I am, my conscience is not fully seared and I did not see why they should be bothered about business which no laxity of interpretation could make scientific.

"He has met with the greatest kindness on all sides. . . . Apart from personal prejudice he is a very good fellow — and so is his wife (fellow is epicene or ought to be). I am sure you will like both of them and I shall be very grateful for any kindness you can show them.

"I saw to the packing up and sending in the way you directed of the *Spirula* the day before yesterday. I hope it will reach you safely. Many thanks for it — and apologies for the length of time it has been kept. I have no hope of finishing the memoir now. The illness and constant absence from England of the last three years have done for me so far as work of that sort is concerned. I cannot live more than a week at a time in London, nor undertake work that involves serious labor. So long as I am at Eastbourne (where I am setting up a cottage) walking six or seven miles a day over

the Downs and living the life of a hermit I get along very well. I can write a couple of hours, or maybe three, about topics that interest or amuse me (whence a variety of articles you may sometimes see) but as for anything like investigation and genuine hard work — it is not in me.

“I met one of our Bishops the other day who observed in a sneery sort of way that I had taken to Theology. — Yes, I said, you know that I have been ill and I am not up to Science yet. That is really the state of the case. However, I have nothing to grumble at. Three years ago I thought myself doomed to invalidism, pure and simple, for the rest of my life.”

Some months later Agassiz was invited by the United States Fish Commissioner to take charge of a deep-sea expedition off Panama in the Commission's own ship, the *Albatross*, which was specially equipped for scientific work. Huxley writes to him:

“Eastbourne, Dec. 11, 1890

“I am delighted to hear that you are going to start on a new cruise under such good auspices.

“What a lot of solid good facts you are sure to bring back from the new ground. I wish that the old beast *Anno Domini* did not prevent me from volunteering under your orders! I had a short spell of ship life again going to the Canaries and Madeira with my younger son — who had been greatly pulled down by influenza — last spring, and enjoyed it thoroughly. There must be a strong spice of the vagabond in me; and as I found I could ride for 8 or 9 hours over roads as wonderful as those in the Highlands “before they were made” as the Irishman said, I don't think there can be much beyond the said A.D. wrong with me.

“We have settled here within the last week — no, Saturday week we came on. The cottage answers extremely well and there is a modest guest chamber which I consider you pledged to occupy on your next visit to England. . . .

“This is the day of political surprises on our side too. The

Parnell catastrophe is the most dramatic local or English affair for a long time. We Unionists say 'When thieves fall out honest men come by their own.' It has smashed up the G.O.M. politically anyhow and that is a mercy.

"I am in the thick of a row — trying to put a spoke in the wheel of the 'General' of the Salvation Army — and the spoke is put in, but whether it will drag sufficiently to stop the swindling I can't say."

His share in this, afterwards published under the title of "Social Diseases and Worse Remedies," is described in the Life of Huxley. Suffice it to say that, being asked by a wealthy friend what was his opinion of Mr. Booth's scheme set forth in "Darkest England" and whether it was likely to be properly carried out, he found on investigation serious flaws in the scheme, with the prospect of vast funds being vested in the power of an irresponsible autocrat. Exposure of these irregularities was followed by revelations from within of the tyranny and espionage rampant in the Army. There was a great turmoil; the scheme was ultimately amended, and enthusiasts were found to hail the critic as a divinely appointed cleanser of the organization.

The concluding wishes of the letter that Agassiz might "be fully set up and have a fruitful cruise" were happily fulfilled, and in his fifty-seventh year this indomitable explorer of the ocean, whose longest voyages were still to come, gave a good account of himself, and received a lively letter in reply:

"Barmouth, Wales

Aug. 29, 1892

"We have been wandering about ever since the end of July — mostly in Wales. The next time you come over you ought to make a pilgrimage. Hard by, there are some of the loveliest bits of scenery in the three kingdoms. I knew North Wales and South Wales before, but not this middle bit.

"Your account of yourself is delightful — you seem to have got a new handle and a new blade with no detriment

whatever to the identity of the original Agassiz. I shall look out for you from Beachy Head. If you have, say, three *Pluteus* larvae natant on your burgee, you need not be afraid of your yacht being mistaken for anybody else's. I am sorry to say there is no harbor within twenty miles of Eastbourne, but come and report yourself at our cottage where we shall rejoice to put you up — you must. Gardening is my chief pursuit. I know nothing about it and so have to put on swaggering airs in order to escape being crushed by my gardener.

"However, I am great at watering and nailing up — and not more than two out of three dubious things I weed out, have been other than weeds up to this time.

"H.M.'s Government that went out the other day — being conservative and churchy — has astonished the world in general and myself more particularly, by making me into a Privy Councillor.

"It is really a very interesting event. Twenty years ago they would as soon have made the devil himself a Right Honorable. Indeed sooner; because he is highly conservative and a witness to Christian verities. We are decidedly getting on — especially on the Tory side which is always really more liberal than the other."

It seems to have been in 1893 that Agassiz managed to pay his friends a visit at their home in Eastbourne, but the dates on my copies of the letters, so hard often to decipher, are obviously wrong. The visit was greatly enjoyed by both friends. As a memento Agassiz begged for a photograph of his host. But there was one omission in the transaction which Huxley hastened to rectify:

"I hear from the photographers that they will not be able to send you the portrait I promised before next week. I do not know where you may be by that time, so will you be so kind as to write to these people, W. S. Downey, 57 Ebury Street, Eaton Square, and tell them what to do, in case you are leaving before they send it? I quite forgot to drive a

bargain with you — and insist upon an exchange of a really good photograph of yourself.”

The last of the letters is in answer to Agassiz' of December 24, 1893, which is printed in the *Life*, and which I reproduce here:

“Cambridge, Dec. 24, 1893

“The old year is so far gone that I must not forget to send you my best wishes for the new. I am trying the experiment of staying at home this winter and putting my affairs to rights, which have got badly mixed from my frequent and prolonged absences. I hope the doctor will let me remain here, but I fear some fine morning he will pounce upon me and ship me South. . . . I hoped this winter to continue my explorations of the coral reefs of the West Indies, and my experiments on the bathymetrical distribution of the surface fauna. I don't believe a word of all the pretty theories my German friends have. It's very strange how they always manage to find something at any depth they wish. My machinery never works that way, and as I have tried a hundred times to their once, I feel naturally very skeptical. But my scheme could not be managed this year, — no yacht to be had.

“My Bahamas notes are now well written out, and I hope to get out this first contribution to the history of the West Indian coral reefs during the summer. It is becoming very evident that the whole theory is pretty complicated and coral reefs have done far less work than they have been credited with, at least in the Bahamas.

“My Reports on the *Albatross* Expedition of 1891 are making fine progress and I hope to get out this year [1894] the Holothurians and the Crustaceans. Both these Memoirs will have colored plates, giving a good idea of the looks of many of these deep-sea beasts. Dr. Pelseneer wrote me the other day to ask for the *Blake* *Spirula* which you sent back, and for the life of me it cannot be found, it has been so admirably put away! — by some zealous person too orderly inclined.

"My youngest son has managed to become engaged to a very charming girl from Philadelphia. I am somewhat taken aback; not having had any experience with daughters I hardly know how to behave. So far it's a very delightful experience."

To this Huxley replies:

"Eastbourne, Jan. 9, 1894

"My dear Agassiz

"If I were not the most procrastinating creature in the world, especially in the matter of correspondence, our letters would have crossed. I had quite a friendly glow over the intention of writing to you a fortnight ago! I do not like to hear of your health interfering with staying where you please — but if you have to go South it will at any rate be good for science. I am sure you are right in looking at the reef problem as a much more complex affair than most suppose — still righter in looking for help to more observation. It is so easy to sit on one's hinder end and speculate — and with all their good qualities our Teutonic brethren are full largely provided with that kind of *Sitzfleisch*.

"How enviably you go on working! As for me, I have to content myself with sweeping up the fragments into Collected Essays and that sort of thing.

"Our dear old friend Tyndall's death has been a great blow to us — and the manner of it has made it all the more grievous. A more utterly devoted wife never lived — an admirable woman in every way — and fate never inflicted a more unjust blow than that which she has suffered.

"I have written an article in the XIX Century which is not meant for a panegyric but for true scientific truth about my friend.

"I congratulate you on your prospect of a daughter-in-law. I have experience of two and I assure you they are delightful inventions — just daughters with a difference.

"Moreover as you have only sons, they are indispensable preliminaries to grandfatherhood — which you will find ex-

tremely entertaining, if your grandchildren are as droll as mine. One of these young persons (aged three years) came to pay us a visit the other day. At lunch — the first meal after her arrival — she fixed her big gray eyes on me, in silence, for some time, and then coolly remarked, 'Well — you're the curioust old man I ever seen.'

"P. S. If I dare I will go to Oxford and if you are there the temptation will be x 100. But I get done for with public functions."

The postscript refers to the forthcoming meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which took place on August 8. This meeting Huxley managed to attend. There was a special piquancy in the situation, for Oxford, the last time the Association had met there in 1860, was the scene of his famous passage of arms with the Bishop of Oxford, who had denounced and scoffed at Darwin's evolutionary theory. Now, thirty-four years later, it fell to Huxley to second the vote of thanks to the Marquis of Salisbury, President of the Association and Chancellor of the University, for his presidential address, in which, with whatever reservations as to its scope, the doctrine of evolution was "enunciated as a matter of course — disputed by no reasonable man."

At this, his last public appearance but one, Agassiz was not present, as he had hoped to be. His doctor forbade him to go abroad that summer. But America was particularly represented by Huxley's old pupil, Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, who in his "Memorial Tribute to Thomas H. Huxley" has set down a brilliant description of the scene.

With this letter the correspondence ends. Huxley lived less than a year longer; Agassiz survived till 1910, dying in mid-Atlantic on his way home from Europe. As is written elsewhere, "Fittingly upon the ocean, in whose mysteries he had so deeply delved, his mother Nature whispered to him her great secret, and led him peacefully and painlessly into the unknown."

THE RIVER KENNET

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

TURN from the city's poisoned air
And dwell with me a little, where
The Kennet, gently flowing, speeds
His scent of green and bruised reeds
And water-mints that root in mud,
Cordial and faint; or where his flood
Breaks in a low perpetual roar
Beneath the weir, abrupt and hoar
With ragged foam and trembling spray
Whose perfume damps the hottest day
With cool invisible sweet breath.

Old willows, stout, but near their death,
In winter wave their naked boughs
Beside the stream that roughly ploughs
The loose earth from their roots; in spring
Winds lighter than the swallow's wing
Touch their pale fluttering leaves which throw
A green light on the stream below.
The water-meadows, cool and lush,
Fringed with the ragged hawthorn bush,
Bear lonely elms with shaggy stems —
Green petticoats with ruffled hems —
And oaks in distant clumps, as round
As Latin domes, and poplars sound
And tall as Lombard bell-towers, and
Long aspen-screens on either hand.

And all the river's way is lined
With broad leaves rustling in the wind,
And flowers that bend as if they gave

Farewells to every passing wave —
Tall meadowsweet spreads out as stiff
As Queen Anne's pocket handkerchief;
And amid willow-herb the sprays
Of loosestrife gold or purple blaze;
And August sees the guelder-rose
Hung with her clustered fruit that glows
Robust and crimson, where in June
Gleamed whiter than the ashen moon
The cold and delicate flowers that shine
Upon the thorny eglantine.
And far across the fields and marsh
The peewit clamors shrill and harsh,
Or — out of sight he wings so high —
The snipe falls drumming from the sky,
Or wary red-shanks flit and flute
Clear notes to hush their young brood mute.

O solitude, O innocent peace,
Silence, more precious than the Fleece
That Jason and his fellows sought,
Our greatest riches though unbought,
And hard to find and ill to praise
In noisy and mechanic days!
Yet in these humble meadows they
Have cleansed the wounds of war away,
And brought to my long troubled mind
The health that I despaired to find,
And while their touch erased the pain,
Breathed the old raptures back again
And in their kindness gave to me
Almost that vanished purity.

Here where the osiers barely sigh
Hour upon hour still let me lie,
Where neither cannon roar nor noise

Of heavy wheels my ear annoys,
And there is none my face to scan
Save some incurious countryman;
And in my cool and hushéd nook
I read some old and gentle book
Until in thought I lift my eyes
To rest on dappled English skies,
And hear the stream go murmuring by
And watch the bubbling eddies fly
As Kennet's waters glide forever
To wed the elder nobler river.—

As on the verge of sleep I nod
I see the ancient river god
Lean on his smooth and polished urn;
His hair is twined with rush and fern,
And in his beard are waving reeds
And in his hand are lily seeds.
Ever the marble urn expels
Cool water, pure as that which wells
From some untainted northern hill;
Ever his languid hands do spill
The flowers that nod and dip and smile
Along his banks mile upon mile,
Nor ever do his green eyes shun
The glances of his grateful son.

And if I now invoke him here
What supercilious lip dare sneer,
What heart that never loved the earth
Dare turn my piety to mirth,
And what vile truckler to the crowd
Scorn me, who live remote and proud?
Then, noble river, take my praise
And grant me more such happy days,
Each evening bring untroubled sleep

As your own waters still and deep,
And let my wealth be more or less
So it suffice for happiness,
And keep in my untroubled life
The kindness of a comely wife,
And let the years I have been lent
Bring me not fame but sweet content,
And when my days run out and I
Must go, then teach me how to die,
And leave my well-loved solitude
For an enduring quietude.

THE SUCCESS AND FAILURE OF "LIBERALISM"

By BENJAMIN W. BACON

AFTER four hundred years the great religious forces of traditionalism, on the one hand, and spiritual growth, on the other, which came into collision in the Reformers' rebellion against ecclesiastical authority, seem to have brought the Christian world to a clear issue. "Modernism," which asserts the principle of development, maintaining that standards should be reinterpreted without organic break in adaptation to the growth of knowledge, is denounced in Roman and Anglican circles in favor of the principle of Vincent of Lerins of the immutability of dogma. Its leading opponent to-day declares that "all the articles of the Creeds [the "Apostles" and Nicene] without exception ought to be believed by Christians *in the identical sense in which they were first imposed as articles of faith.*"

An American writer whose conception of the church represents the opposite extreme is equally emphatic in his demand that all "Liberals" withdraw, on the ground that Christianity and Liberalism are mutually inconsistent. Says Professor Machen of Princeton Theological Seminary in his recent book of this title: "An evangelical church is composed of a number of persons who have come to agreement in a certain message about Christ and who desire to unite in the propagation of that message as it is set forth in their creed on the basis of the Bible." Professor Machen identifies Christianity with the Westminster Confession (or perhaps we should say his own interpretation of that

admirable document) and the Church of Christ with "a voluntary club" founded in 1647.

Unfortunately for the champions of traditionalism and the static view of Christianity, Protestantism was committed from the start to the opposite principle. Its rejection of ecclesiastical authority and acceptance of Scripture interpreted according to individual reason and conscience as the only external standard, left but one hope of avoiding the calamities of unlimited sectarian subdivision which its Roman opponents predicted for it. Scripture no longer depending for its authority "on the testimony of any man or church" became of necessity "its own interpreter." Unity of view was impossible without scientific criticism, textual, documentary, and historical. Hence the marvellous development of these sciences in application to the canonical writings, almost exclusively by Protestant divines. Textual criticism came first, eliminating many of those variations of reading in the manuscripts which presented the most obvious obstacles to a theory of inerrancy. The higher criticism followed, logically inseparable from the lower. If there was to be historical interpretation (the only hope of unity), the questions of origin of the New Testament writings, hardly mooted since the days of Eusebius, must be re-opened. The literature must be studied in relation to the history, and as the precipitate of ideas vital to the thought of a bygone age.

Criticism of the canon as a question of the inclusion or exclusion of particular books is to-day a completely dead issue. But criticism of the canon as a study of the origin and history of the writings the church (after centuries of debate) made authoritative for the definition of the faith, is very much alive; and its methods are recognized as cogent in proportion as they are scientific. The canon is a phenomenon of history. The Epistle of Clement, earlier than many of our New Testament writings, certainly authentic, claiming for itself the same official and inspired character as the letter of the Jerusalem church to the church in Antioch in Acts,

devout and orthodox, but not pretending to apostolic authorship, once formed part of it in some quarters. Later councils decreed that it should remain outside, while Second Peter, late and spurious according to the judgment of almost every scholar of ancient and modern times, should enjoy all the prerogatives and immunities of canonicity. Christendom generally has accepted this decision, and will continue to accept it, no matter how mistaken the grounds on which it was nominally based; because, however supposedly a question of authorship and learned historical inquiry, admission to canonical authority has really been decided by the practice of the churches.

Those writings remained which in the public reading at assemblies for worship had been found actually serviceable to religious edification. Such as really reflected, though in different mode and degree, the traditional spirit of the faith, obtained a permanent place in the list authorized to be read. Others maintained this position only locally, or for a time; while still others, of which to our intense regret only fragments remain, hovered for a time on the edge of acceptance only to be at last forgotten. The historian sees in this a process of "natural" selection. The theologian, who sees the hand of God in events of providential significance, even when no longer regarded as miraculous, sees in it a process of "supernatural" selection. As the eighteenth century said of the Old Testament canon, fixed by Jewish authority in the time of Akiba (120-135 A.D.): "It was not, as men say, fashioned at a stroke by human wisdom, but little by little, by God the Controller of minds and of ages." Only the Roman church, still maintaining the doctrine of the infallibility of councils and the superiority of ecclesiastical authority to scientific inquiry, is entitled to hold its canon of Scripture (which includes the Apocrypha) as "divine," if the term applies merely to results achieved by unknown and unintelligible means. Protestants continue to regard the selection (as modified for example by the Westminster

Assembly from that of the Council of Trent) as "divine," although since Semler's famous work, "Concerning Free Investigation of the Canon" (1771), they have ceased to regard the formation of this sacred library of the church as "supernatural" in any other than Bushnell's sense of the *praeter-mechanical*. It manifests to the religious mind the controlling purpose of a wise and loving Providence. Historical criticism has revealed the *modus operandi*. Christian theology supplies behind the secondary causation, to which secular history is in the nature of the case self-limited, a personal First Cause, seen only the more clearly when His mode of working is understood. Protestants, therefore, still think of the canon as "divine," though they have ceased to think of it as a "miraculous" work of God.

The scriptural terms "revelation" and "inspiration" are applied by theologians in a special sense to the writings included in this canon. The language of God is action. Men have ceased to think of His utterances as voiced in trumpet tones of thunder from the sky. Action in nature, in history, and in the mind of man reveals the Eternal. But there is no revelation to later times save as this action is religiously interpreted. He, then, who under guidance of the eternal Spirit of Truth, interprets God to man is justly called "inspired." In a broader sense men have applied the term to a Dante, a Shakespeare, a Milton. Few would be prepared to say that the exquisite hymn of Edwin Hatch beginning "Breathe on me, breath of God," was an empty and futile prayer. But technically we limit the term to the canonical writers. The only authoritative utterance of the church on this subject is the clause of the Nicene Creed which declares that this Spirit "spake by the prophets," meaning undoubtedly the prophets of the Old Testament. We may well include New Testament writers also. Difficulties will indeed appear for any mechanical interpretation in cases such as the quotation by Jude (a canonical writer, but neither apostle nor prophet) of Enoch i. 9 as testified by "Enoch the seventh

from Adam." But the plain man rightly understands the creed to mean "the men who interpret to us the divine drama of Redemption." "Inspired" writers are those of "the Bible." The reason for the distinction is historical and valid. These are the writings which on the whole, by a judgment of the church at first wavering, but now secure in general and permanent acceptance, reflect that course of divine action in human history which we call the Redemption.

Inspiration has not disappeared, God has not ceased to speak, "prophets" have not ceased to interpret the meaning of His action. But the particular, central current of events in religious history which led up to Calvary and the spread of its message to the world, are in a sense a closed circuit. The literature which reveals that action of God in history, interpreting it in a spirit begotten of actual contact with it, is "inspired" in a special sense. Next to the living voice of God in reason and conscience, Protestants have rightly made it their "only rule of faith and practice." As Richard Holt Hutton said of the foremost spiritual leader of his times in the Church of England, "Frederick Denison Maurice believed that a gradual self-revelation of God, showing Him to be something more than lonely will and lonely power, was actually made to man in the providential story of Jewish history as it culminated in the life and death and resurrection of Jesus."

The Reformers made this historic self-revelation of God, as interpreted by the "inspired" writers, their only external rule. The "post-Reformation dogmatists," seeking an offset to Roman claims of ecclesiastical infallibility, declared it an "infallible" rule. Sectarian "confessions," such as the Helvetic, went further. They attempted to impose particular theories of inspiration, "verbal," "plenary," and the like, borrowed from the synagogue. "Semper eadem," cried St. Vincent. Therefore the ideas of Jude (including his opinion on the authorship of Ethiopic Enoch) must determine for-

ever what we shall think as to the literature of Redemption. "The church is our organization," cries Professor Machen. "We made it and defined its requirements at Westminster in 1647. If you don't like it, leave it. We are planning a series of Wee-Free decisions which will exclude from 'Christianity' all who do not conform, down to the 'us four' of Holy Willy's Prayer. Depart in peace — but leave us the endowments."

Is this indeed the only way? Protestants as such are committed to the principle of Averrhoës, of whom it has been well said that he "substituted the category of *becoming* for *being*, the conception of relativity for that of the absolute, of movement for immobility." The Reformers invoked the principles of reason and historical inquiry when they determined the contents of the canon. They could not renounce them when the issue became that of the interpretation of the standard adopted. Hence the advance of knowledge beyond the point where it had stood when the canon was closed, enforced *historical interpretation*. That is, to reach agreement it became indispensable to understand the canonical writers as presenting religious truth under the forms of thought prevailing in their own time. In application it would be necessary to translate their essential message into more modern forms. To borrow the language of Sabatier, the Protestant movement was an emergence from the religions of Authority to the religion of the Spirit.

Step by step biblical interpretation has advanced along this path, not only among Protestants, who have led the van, but universally, and of necessity. The struggle over Galileo was a bitter one, but in the end the Christian world has accepted the dictum of Bellarmine that "the Bible was given, not to teach how the heavens go, but how we may go to heaven." We are able to-day to find beauty and truth, yes, even a divine apprehension of God's work in nature and history, in the words of writers who continually assume and imply a pre-Copernican cosmology. Similarly with witchcraft. We no longer hold with Wesley that if belief in witch-

craft goes, the Bible must go with it. We read with equanimity, and even with edification, the Mosaic prohibitions of the black art, the accounts of the "sorceries" of Simon Magus in Samaria, the exorcisms of the Pharisees and of the seven sons of Sceva, and the predictions of the wonders and signs of the Beast and the false prophets. We realize that the writers speak according to the mode of apprehension of their times. We interpret historically.

The principle of historical interpretation cannot be both admitted and excluded. Either we agree that the advance of knowledge shall justify such re-translation into the modes of thought of later times continuously and progressively, or we refuse it out and out. Now there is no greater contrast between ancient and modern thought in matters affecting religion than the unceasing advance in the conception of *the mode of divine action*. The further back we go towards barbarous superstition, the more prominent becomes the conception of prodigy as the only method by which divine operation can be known. The nearer we approach to the reverent interpretation of it in our own times, the more is God conceived to act in accordance with the uniformity of nature. Even when events occur inexplicable according to natural law as thus far known, we do not expect them to *remain* unintelligible. We expect the naturalist will sooner or later discover the process, and while science as such is voluntarily self-limited to the study of secondary causes, we think the knowledge of these only a help to the theologian. God as we know Him, the real and living God in whom we actually live and move and have our being, is "not a God of confusion" but of intelligibility, of order and of law.

In no small degree, this growing conception of the mode of the divine working is due among Christian thinkers to the religious insight of Jesus and Paul, who deprecate the disposition of their times to seek for "signs and wonders," and bid men see "the finger of God" in unspectacular powers that work for great moral ends. They see God in the mustard

seed and the leaven, in faith, hope, and love, that are the greater and abiding "gifts of the Spirit," rather than in the moving of mountains. We cannot think of Jesus and Paul as denying "miracle" as a mode of the divine working, for that would be to make them miraculous exceptions. Jesus and Paul stand higher than the Old Testament historians, higher than the recorders of New Testament tradition in the post-apostolic age, in seeking a *better* foundation for religious faith than "signs and wonders." They are the true supernaturalists. But they have not as yet a scientific substitute for miracle. Recent progress in men's conception of the mode of the divine action through science and criticism is therefore truly Christian. In principle there is no reason why we should not apply the method of historical interpretation to biblical accounts of miracle precisely as we apply it in the case of witchcraft, or demon possession, or the expectation of an immediately impending dissolution of the world. Miracle is no longer to us a necessary mode of divine revelation. But if we hearken to Jesus and Paul, the revelation is apprehended.

The Bible begins with the essential postulate of theism, that the creation is a work of God. As to His mode of action the scriptural writers were unavoidably limited to the conceptions current in their time. The compiler of the priestly law-book of the fifth century B.C., who prefaces his law of the Sabbath by the adapted Babylonian cosmology of Genesis, transmits to us the simple but grandiose description of the six creative works by divine fiat, on six successive days. To him, as to his readers, creation by evolution would have been incomprehensible. Creation by fiat seemed essential to divinity. To-day development of the natural sciences has compelled a change of view as to the mode. The Darwinian theory of natural selection is already half obsolete. Weissmann and Mendel have opened new views of variability and inheritance. But the one thing certain is that the thinking world will eventually adopt some form of evo-

lution. The change of view from creation by fiat to creation through intelligible secondary causes, has come to stay. In itself there is nothing to commend a conception adapted from Babylonian polytheism rather than a conception based on modern naturalism. In both cases the vehicle is subordinate to the religious message, that the creation is a work of God. In both cases it was the duty of the theologian to translate this into contemporary terms. Indeed Philo had already set the example.

But as Harriet Martineau has somewhere remarked: "There is a certain class of mind which reasons: I now understand how this thing was done, *ergo* — it did itself." Against this type of naturalism there were few to apply the principle of historical interpretation. Theologians as a rule preferred to renew the age-long conflict of science with religion.

In themselves science and criticism are not theistic. But neither are they "atheistic." They are simply self-limited to the study of modes of action rather than of ultimate causation. To declare war against "naturalism," instead of using it, was to invite an endless series of defeats alternating with more or less "masterly" retreats from indefensible positions. Such is the unfortunate history of the attempt to maintain the theory of Scripture "infallibility." Such continues to be the case of the Fundamentalists, with differences in the stage of surrender. Some still hold to the Mosaic story in the sense intended by the writer. Some wish to rescue its infallibility at the cost of intelligibility, making Scripture mean something which could only be perceived after the scientist had made the discovery independently. For practical value this theory ranks with the doctrine that there once was an errorless text — unfortunately irrecoverably lost. To all these expedients to save a theory the words of Jesus against the scribes apply: "Ye make the word of God of none effect, that ye may keep your tradition."

Traditionalists by refusing to use the logical method of

historical interpretation have forced the church again and again into humiliating surrender to an advancing knowledge which should have been its ally. But what shall we say to the Liberal theologian (if such there be) who equally believes that if the mode of action be once understood, the thing "did itself"? Practically he says: "I have no more to do. Science and historical criticism have shown that both cosmologies of Genesis, the later priestly, and the still more naïve of the prophetic writer of Genesis ii-iii, are adaptations of long obsolete modes of thought concerning divine action. I abdicate in favor of science and criticism." If Liberal theologians exist who propose to substitute "naturalism" for "supernaturalism" in Bushnell's sense of the word, their indolence and cowardice deserve all the denunciations of the Fundamentalist. They surrender revelation itself.

To-day traditionalists confront a new opponent. Historical inquiry is focussed on the testimony. The issue has long been foreseen, but in most cases avoided. A full century of historical and documentary criticism has at last compelled the Protestant world squarely to face this alternative: Either we interpret our Bible with full recognition of the fact that better knowledge of the transmission of testimony, oral and written, compels us to admit the presence of legend and misapprehension, or we posit inerrancy by miraculous exemption of the canonical writers from the imperfections of their time and type. To most of those who relate the story miracle was essential to revelation. To our view the providential may show the hand of God at least as well. Can historical interpretation bridge this chasm? Can we still have a divine revelation, above all, can we still have a divine Christ, if this characteristic of the record be admitted?

On this issue the Fundamentalist is joined by many who have no sympathy with his principles or logic. They find the yoke of biblicism such as neither we nor our fathers were able to bear. They recognize the attempt to impose the

theory of plenary inspiration and scriptural inerrancy under penalty of excommunication as an intolerable abuse, a violent contradiction both of the principles of the Reformers and of the whole spirit of Christianity. But they fear the consequences to the standard of faith and practice. If criticism be left to work its will with the biblical miracles, may not the record itself be reduced to historical unreliability? Before questions such as these the boldest advocate of modernism may well hesitate. To throw open the story of the cross and resurrection to historical inquiry without reserve or guarantee seems like endangering the very citadel of the faith. In the Gospel records it is enshrined in miracle. If miracle be dissolved will the story remain "divine"? In part, at least, considerations such as these have helped to concentrate the effort of New Testament critics on the problem of the teaching of Jesus, to the relative neglect of the story of the cross. They ask us to be satisfied with the Sermon on the Mount and the Lord's prayer.

So far as Liberal theology has permitted itself to be diverted from its true vocation to such subsidiary purposes as this, it is high time it made confession of its failure and atoned for it by ceasing to confuse ethics with religion, and the gospel of Redemption with the mere example and precept of a Preacher of righteousness. History and philosophy alike condemn the perversion. Historically, from the days of Peter and Paul, Christianity has been in fact "the word of the cross." Men have believed in the glad tidings because they accepted the death and resurrection of Jesus as the culminating act in a divine drama of world redemption; not because of the teaching and example of the Rabbi of Galilee, however sublime.

Philosophically, Christianity cannot claim to be a religion save as it manifests what God, the actual living God of real history and present experience, did in the past and hence may be expected to do to-day. As Santayana justly says in his "Reason in Religion," "What makes the difference

[between Christianity and Hebraism] is not the teaching of Jesus — which is pure Hebraism reduced to its spiritual essence — but the worship of Christ. . . . Christianity would have remained a Jewish sect, had it not been made at once speculative, universal, and ideal by the infusion of Greek thought." The paternalistic theism of the Sermon on the Mount and the Lord's prayer was not the "everlasting gospel" which won the world. The oldest of our Gospels, which has neither Sermon on the Mount nor Lord's prayer, but tells of the work of God which Jesus did, is more truly apostolic and more akin to Paul in this respect. For to Paul the apostolic message is that God, through the agency of Christ, has brought to culmination His work of world redemption. Every resource of criticism may well be applied to the recovery of the last crumb of Jesus' teaching, the last fragment of trustworthy testimony to his character and career. But unless with Paul and Mark we see in this career the hand of God, we too have abdicated our rightful task as theologians. Criticism can render an immense service by substituting real history for mere uncritical tradition. But theology is needed to find God in history. Paul and Mark and John have done their part. Criticism has added what it could. What of modern theology?

Criticism without theology, handing back to us the empty shell of evolutionary processes instead of the divine work of Redemption — mere "Hebraism reduced to its spiritual essence" instead of the everlasting gospel — may well provoke indignant reaction from the religious-minded, such as that group which to-day labels itself Fundamentalist. Like Mary at the sepulchre, ignorant that the living Christ is more inseparably near than ever hitherto, the simple-minded cry out in alarm, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." He must be blind indeed who cannot foresee the time when for Liberal Christians generally the Christ of miracle will yield to historical criticism and interpretation, as other elements of the provi-

dential story which culminates with Calvary have already yielded. No wonder, then, that there are some who demand theology without criticism. To the type of mind that understands by Christianity "a certain message about Christ" which a number of persons have agreed to propagate and have "set forth in their creed," there is no hope save in reaction. The very principle of the Reformers must be repudiated.

Liberals are less alarmed about the disappearance of the evidences of divine working under critical treatment of the records, and less persuaded of the virtues of schism. But it is quite possible that they have not risen to the greatness of their task, nor realized that the time has come for a consistent advance along the road on which the Reformers set their feet, though they halted midway. It is incumbent on the Liberal to show that miracle is not essential to the manifestation of the divine. It is a failure on his part if in the endeavor to determine the last bit of reliable history in the post-apostolic tradition of the sayings and doings of Jesus, he lets go of the truly apostolic and critically unimpeachable gospel of Paul. It may not be amiss to see whither full application of Reformation principles is leading.

The Reformers boldly repudiated the claim still advanced by Rome to inherit the gift of miracles. They branded its Lives of the Saints as legendary, relic-healing as superstition. Reason was invoked (and not in vain) to prove these reported proofs of divine intervention, however sincere, as due to misapprehension and misreport. The rebellion went further still. As we have seen, the Reformers deposed from canonical standing writings which for more than a thousand years had been sacrosanct in the church's use, thus leaving to hopeless collapse the angelic and demonic miracles related in these books. But they stopped short at their own accepted canon. Within that limit, and down to a date not specified, but later than the apostolic age, reported miracles were to be taken as real. Outside they were counterfeit.

The criticism was revolutionary, salutary, and unavoidable. But it left Protestant theology in a position logically weak and in its practical results injurious to faith. To the believer it presented a God who in the past had worked miraculously, that is, by direct personal interposition. After an interval of two or more thousands of years, He might perhaps be expected at the consummation of all things to resume this mode of action. In the meantime, what? Theoretically He might at any time intervene by miracle. Practically, with advancing knowledge of nature and history, every man became increasingly sure He would not. This separation between the God of revelation by miracle, and the living God of actual daily experience, could only grow wider and wider, with results in practical irreligion and indifference such as are only too apparent to-day. The church was proclaiming a God of yesterday and to-morrow impossible to identify with the God of to-day.

But the logical weakness of the Reformers' half-way position came to view even before the practical. Appeal to the methods and principles of historical criticism had been involved in the delimitation of the canon and the adoption of the rule that Scripture is its own interpreter, making its appeal to the individual conscience and judgment. But why stop with the year 150 A.D., or the year 100, in applying the principle of historical interpretation? Why brand as "counterfeit" the miracles of Tobit, and maintain as genuine those of Jonah? Critical principles will not stop half-way. The most convincing application of them outside the exempted area of the Protestant canon, as by the late Professor Warfield, only makes the canonical exemption more conspicuously arbitrary, and the line of distinction harder to draw. The relic-healing of Peter's shadow and the handkerchiefs and napkins taken from the body of Paul show ill-concealed affinity with those of post-apostolic times, while Jonah's whale and Balaam's ass give ominous indications of taking the same road as Tobit's miraculous fish. Criticism

has made fatal breaches already in the sacred pale. For American Fundamentalists the lengths to which even anti-modernists like Harris will go, must be truly appalling. As regards the Old Testament, Harris "accepts the results of critics such as Robertson Smith, Driver, Burney, and 'Hastings' Bible Dictionary,'" and "would cordially approve, both in principle and in detail, of the methods upon which the literary analysis of the Hexateuch is based; he would also agree that much of the patriarchal history, and some even of the Mosaic (especially that which is recorded only in later documents) is legendary."

But who will guarantee that the methods which have proved fatal to inerrancy in Chronicles and Kings will not prove equally so when applied to the Book of Acts? If we draw the line to-day at the New Testament, letting the critics have their will with the documents of the Hexateuch, who will undertake to warn them off from the discrepancies between the Gospels, and the disagreement of Acts with Paul? Were then the Reformers right in committing Protestantism to this uncontrollable principle of science and criticism?

Let us frankly confess the growing probability that miracle as a characteristic of the narrative books of the New Testament will come to be regarded by thoughtful Christians much as we regard it in other religious writings of similar character and date. That is, we shall apply to the records the method of historical interpretation, realizing that misapprehension, misreport, and the accretion of legend no more invalidate the essential message in this case than in that of Old Testament story written at like interval after the fact. Mighty works of faith, among which we must certainly include healings, if not exorcisms, are referred to by Paul as "signs of an apostle" and coveted "gifts of the Spirit" well known in the experience of the church. These, and the "mighty works" of healing to which Jesus appealed as evidences of the gracious presence and power of God, none

to-day will be disposed to question as historical occurrences. Whether we call them "providential" or "miraculous" depends wholly on definition. They are no longer unintelligible marvels, so that if their religious value depends on their inexplicable character, their value has already disappeared. However, it was not thus that Jesus and Paul appealed to their witness. Let us realize from them that mere prodigy has no religious value. The most inexplicable event may occur, but if not *interpreted* as a manifestation of personal superhuman power, it has no message to the soul. Conversely, an event may be or become perfectly explicable by natural causes without losing a particle of its religious significance if "the finger of God" be seen in it. Edward Robinson showed how the blowing of a strong east wind throughout the night might afford a providential deliverance to Moses and Israel over the exposed shallows of the Bitter Lakes, which later song and story transformed into the miracle of the outstretched rod and the waters forming a wall of defense for Israel "on their right hand and on their left." The religious value of the story was not altered save for him who thinks there is no divine revelation without prodigy. He who sees God in history proclaims the divine message, whatever his interpretation of God's mode of action. He who sees Him not has no message to the soul though he tell of marvels to the limit of credulity. Through religious (not scientific) insight Jesus and Paul refer to the "mighty works" as showing "the finger" or (as moderns would say) "the hand of God"; but they expressly deprecate the appeal to prodigy.

The evangelists occupy a lower plane. The oldest of these, whom we call "the wonder-loving Mark," seeks to prove the supernatural power of Jesus as Son of God by tales of miracle. The other evangelists follow suit, increasing the mass and heightening the colors of prodigy in successive enlargement. This is the later miraculous Christ of anonymous, post-apostolic tradition. But the divine Christ of Paul has not a trace of this. In place of the miraculous birth

we have the statement that "though he was born according to the flesh of the seed of David yet according to the Spirit he was declared with power to be the Son of God, by the resurrection from the dead." Instead of depiction of the wonder-worker equipped even while on earth with powers of divinity, Paul in his references to Jesus never alludes to a single instance of such power. On the contrary, he makes his humble submission to a divine will he could not understand the very basis of his exaltation. Paul says explicitly that Jesus "was crucified through weakness." According to "John," Jesus "had power to lay down his life and power to take it up again." According to Paul, he who was thus crucified through weakness, "liveth through the power of God." In the Gospels the resurrection (centre and climax of the divine work of Redemption) is a tale of marvels surrounding an empty tomb. In Paul it is an inward experience, shared by himself with Peter and others, in whom God had "manifested His Son" as a glorified spiritual and heavenly Redeemer.

The Christian theologian may look with equanimity on any possible subtraction from the post-apostolic tradition of the church which criticism may require, because of the immeasurably greater service it has already rendered, even were there no more to follow. The great Pauline Epistles have passed through a critical furnace heated tenfold hotter than for any other writings of antiquity, and have come out with the indelible stamp of an authenticity unquestioned by any who as historical critics have a reputation to lose. These writings give a definition of the apostolic message framed with utmost care by one who himself had known Peter and James and John, and had shared the resurrection experience. Paul defines their joint commission as ambassadors for God. They are not sent to repeat the teachings of Jesus. They are not called upon to tell of mighty works he may, or may not, have performed. They are to tell what *God did through him*. The apostolic message declares that this

Jesus, who for the sake of the promises made to the fathers had become a minister of the circumcision, living and dying to turn Israel back in reconciliation to the Father, had been glorified by God to be the author of a world-wide Redemption. It is to proclaim to all men everywhere that God, through the agency of Christ, was reconciling the world unto Himself, not reckoning unto men their iniquities. Cease to trace "the finger of God" in the work of Jesus and you cut the life-line of the Gospel. See a work of God in the career of Jesus, and the most searching criticism of the record can bring nothing but help to your faith.

The Pauline Epistles supply far less than we could desire of the sayings and doings of Jesus in this work which God made His own. Therefore every scrap and crumb from the story of the evangelists which can be built into the historic structure is precious. Upon this record, canonical or uncanonical, earlier or later, criticism will exhaust every resource in the hope of adding some authentic line to the picture. Some will find this work impious if it threaten the proof through miracle. Others strangely imagine that the historic substance may disappear. To apply the principles of historical interpretation to narratives such as the walking on the sea, the cursing of the fig tree, the baptismal or transfiguration vision, seems to them to imperil the entire record, as if nothing at all could be known of Jesus' career unless some modern observer, camera in hand, equipped with all the appliances of modern science, had been present to report in due form. It is not impious to think that Paul's companion at Troas, who reports the raising of Eutychus from the dead, mistook insensibility for death; nor does the Book of Acts become untrustworthy throughout if legendary accretions have been admitted in the story of Ananias and Sapphira and the liberating earthquake in Philippi. The man of common sense realizes that the testimony of Paul's companion is not vitiated by the fact that he may have mistaken the harmless snake of Malta for a "viper," and certainly im-

aged the mantic ravings of the Pythoness at Philippi to be a "soothsaying spirit." Why should he fear that the same writer, or his successor, who incorporates a considerable infusion of legend in the anecdotes of the earlier half of the book, has rendered the story valueless by the fact that he tells the tale as it was told to him? Luke only challenges a later, critical age to do its part in translating uncritical tradition into critical history.

What applies to the earlier and later elements of Acts applies to Synoptic tradition in its earlier and later form, and still more to the "theological" Gospel. It is the function of criticism to discriminate, setting in perspective the various elements involved, as the stereoscopic lens restores to the eye the ability to distinguish foreground from background which the ordinary photograph destroys. Criticism no more "destroys" any element of the record than the diffraction prism destroys the sunbeam when it discloses the nature of the elements through which the ray has passed by means of the Fraunhofer lines. Criticism classifies. It does thereby an incomparable service to the historical interpreter who must translate the record of divine action out of the mode of conception characteristic of the past into that of to-day. But in itself criticism is no more religious or irreligious than the Greek grammar. It is for *theology* to say whether the history and the record be "divine" or not.

Liberal theology has had success so far as it has fulfilled this task. So far as it has failed in showing to our generation that neither the record nor the historic Christ need be miraculous in order to be divine, it has fallen short. The wave of Fundamentalism, reaction, traditionalism, and schism, so conspicuous to-day, is evidence of failure; because the deep and serious root of complaint is the instinctive feeling of the masses that criticism has been allowed to usurp the place of theology, and that ethics has been substituted for the gospel. Success will come when the theologian makes of this and every other branch of science and history not a

master, but a servant. Criticism has already guaranteed the authenticity of the apostolic message of Paul, and supplemented the meagre outline we could derive from the Epistles of the work and teaching of Jesus by large additions from the gospel tradition of post-Pauline times. The "Providential story of Jewish history as it culminates in the life and death of Jesus," was made universal and ideal by the Power which raised him from the dead and made him "manifest in" Paul. The fear that this work of God in Christ will ever be made less credible or less "divine" by the application of criticism, is a panic which would be inexplicable had we not all felt its pathos.

Success for Liberal theology will mean a return to Paul. It will mean a dispelling of this unreasoning fear by the recognition that a Christ without miracle is not less divine, and that though the mode of the divine working is differently conceived in different ages, still the everlasting gospel remains. For in some deep, true sense "God through the agency of Christ *was* restoring the world to his favor, not reckoning unto men their trespasses." It is those who have experienced "the power of his resurrection" unto whom is committed this gospel of the Reconciliation not merely to repeat, but also to interpret to our time.

ON CONTEMPORARY STUPIDITY

By HILAIRE BELLOC

IT may be said of stupidity as of humor that it has special characters proper to its time. That is not true of intelligence, which is of all times. Stupidity, being the failure of intelligence, falls off along any one of many directions. Intelligence or reason is central. The falling off from it may lie towards any part of the circumference around it, and does actually so lie in any one epoch towards some limited sector of that circumference. Thus there is the stupidity of believing marvellous tales without critical examination; and that was the stupidity of more than one period in the past. There is the other stupidity of rejecting the marvellous without examination of the evidence, simply because the marvellous is unusual, by definition; and this particular sort of stupidity will not accept anything to which it is not accustomed. It was very common in our grandfathers' time. The two sorts mutually contradict each other, for they point towards two opposite sides of the circle; but they are both fallings off from reason.

Now, what are the chief examples, and what is the character or essence, of our modern stupidity? It is easier to answer the first question than the second. We may by observation discover pretty easily many examples of modern stupidity; but to distil from these the quintessence of the thing is another matter. I will try my hand at both answers, though I doubt my success in the second.

The first, most obvious, example of modern stupidity is the assumption of unpossessed knowledge. I do not mean its assumption in the sense of a pretense to it. That would not be stupidity at all; it would be cunning and charlatanism —

defects which are not stupid, but the reverse. No, I mean the *unconscious* assumption of knowledge which as a fact the assumer does not possess; and that example of stupidity one has all around one to-day in an appalling degree. Most educated men in England assume that the United States is a province of British civilization. Most educated men in the Germanies before the war assumed as a known thing that the boring and neglected Irish question absorbed the political energies of England. Most educated men throughout the white world still assume that any one of a thousand scientific hypotheses is a proved fact. Further — what is really astonishing! — as each hypothesis bursts in turn, the same men coolly adopt the next fashionable hypothesis (invented to replace the burst hypothesis) as a piece of fact with which they are perfectly familiar, as they are familiar with the furniture of their homes. They retain not the least memory of their original error, and that error teaches them no lesson. By way of example, let me turn to my old friend the atom.

Well, not so many years ago, everyone took cheerfully for granted an eternal little thing called the atom. No one had ever seen it; no one had ever experienced it in any form or through any sense. It was but an hypothesis which fitted in with certain observed facts; and this little eternal thing, the atom, they affirmed to be simple, indestructible, indivisible, and all the rest of it. There were a certain number of kinds of atoms known as elements, and all was beautifully neat and final. Anyone who questioned the character of this imaginary thing, anyone who questioned its imaginary attributes, was thought to be posing or mad; just as a man would be thought posing or mad who denied a thing really experienced by all his fellows: beef, for instance.

One day the atom burst. That is, new things were noticed which did not fit in with the atom as they had affirmed it to be. At once a new hypothesis was knocked together, and men began to talk about the electron and its works and habits exactly as they had formerly talked about the atom.

Everything they now said contradicted what they had said before; but by using the old word in a new meaning, by calling that destructible which they had once called indestructible, and inventing a structure for that which they had affirmed to be simple, they flattered themselves that they were not exposing their former ignorance, but only advancing in knowledge; and to-day they talk about the electron (which is but another hypothesis) as though it were a football or any other familiar object. To-morrow they will use some other word connected with some other hypothesis, with exactly the same assurance and familiarity; and what they are saying to-day about the electron, they will be saying about the abracadabra of to-morrow.

When I was a young man, all the educated men in the white world were talking about a certain "Aryan" race from which we were all descended and which used to live in Asia north of the Indian Mountains, and then dispersed itself southward and westward. They did not say that this was a vague guess based upon a certain distant similarity in the languages used over a great part of the earth; they did not say that the thing was possible; they did not even say that it was probable. They talked about it as they would talk about a journey they had themselves taken from London to Paris. They said, "When the Aryan race began its great western migration," exactly as they would say, "When I took the train from Madrid to Seville." To hear them speaking and to read their writing one would imagine that they had been witnesses of that great migration or even participators in it. It was all guess-work, all flimsy hypothesis; and when a later hypothesis came along suggesting "an original seat" for the "Aryan" people on the Baltic, they adopted that new rubbish with the same charming levity and the same brazen assurance.

Those are only two examples out of a thousand, and the activity of this folly is going on at full blast in every department of guess-work.

There is in connection with this form of stupidity a very interesting development which may be called "circular stupidity," and which takes the form of using the hypothesis to prove itself. Thus, if one said to people, "I will not believe in your atom till I have proof of it," they answered, "Oh, but we have proved its existence, for we can actually *measure* the atom!" In reality, all they had done was to give limits to the atom supposing the atom to exist. In the same way, a man hearing a constant ticking noise through a thin partition might frame the hypothesis that it was due to the pendulum of a clock, and then by measuring the interval between the ticks give you the length of the pendulum; and, having done that, coolly tell you that he had proved the pendulum to be the cause of the ticking; whereas the ticking might be due to any one of a million other causes. And there is a lower depth — the man who says, when you ask for positive proof sufficient to conviction, "It is a deep matter, highly technical; you would not understand." This is sheer mumbo-jumbo and stupidity of the fetish level. It is the assumption of knowledge in the void.

The subject of this form of modern stupidity is so fascinating that I can hardly draw myself from it. I am tempted to write about that document "Q," which is guessed at as the origin of the Gospels and of which people talk as though it were a real book, like the latest novel to be bought in any book-store. I am tempted to write about primitive man and all his detailed habits — of which we know nothing, but which a host of popular writers describe and millions of readers swallow as though they were the domestic habits of their own families. Space does not allow me to pursue further in this place that entrancing road.

I note next the really stupifying habit of deducing from words instead of from ideas. When the same word happens to be used for two quite different ideas, the modern mind has an apparent incapacity for distinguishing the ideas, and repose in the word with complete security.

For instance, the word "to choose." The representative system works ill. Men are puzzled at its working ill. They say: "We *chose* these representatives, yet somehow or other they do not work as we wanted them to work." They think of their choice of a representative as if it were a man's choice of a hat to fit his head. They would be rightly surprised if a man were to buy a hat which came down over his ears. They seem to think that the "choosing" of a politician is the same operation, and they wonder why the effect is different and why the politician does not correspond to their choice as would the hat. Yet the distinction is so simple that a child ought to see it. The word "to choose" is being used of two totally different ideas. A welter of many thousands, all strangers to one another, are asked or compelled to make a mechanical choice between two or three names: mere symbols, and very few. The individual choosing one of many varied instruments is doing something no more related in idea to a huge inchoate mass voting on one of two names than is the idea of writing out a bill to that of writing verse.

They are both acts of writing with a pen, but good writing in the one case is something quite different from good writing in the other. The choice by one man of one instrument out of many is an individual act over which the individual exercises control to within any required degree of precision. The choice of a representative is, if it can be called an act at all, no more than a disassociated corporate act, permitting of nothing but one of an exceedingly small number of alternatives — usually two — and those alternatives necessarily unknown (in all but an exceedingly small number of points) to those who choose. It is now demonstrated by three generations of experience that with great bodies of men the representative system breaks down. It is a fraud, it is a tyranny, it is unreasonable, it cannot be made to work; yet for some little time longer — not very long — modern men will continue to attempt its use most desperately, hop-

ing against hope that the square wheel will carry their vehicle; because the word "wheel" represents to their muddled minds something round; hoping that the unlit stove will warm them, because the word "stove" suggests heat. Some violent catastrophe or some quite intolerable tyranny will at last compel them to abandon the nonsense, but their reason will not; though their reason, if they would only use it, is there to hand.

And here is another example of contemporary stupidity: the conception that such qualities as happen to be measurable to-day are the *only* qualities determining a thing.

Because (for example) the increase or decrease of heat is measurable by the thermometer, because the increase or decrease of pressure in the air is measurable by the barometer, because the amount of humidity in the air is also measurable — and a half dozen other qualities — therefore is it imagined that nothing else is appreciable. A man is thought odd, affected, or false, if he says of one climate that he finds it totally different from another, in spite of the fact that the measurable elements — the elements measurable to-day by the instruments we happen to possess — are the same. If we had no instruments to measure barometrical pressure or electrical tension, the man who felt these things would be laughed at by this universal modern type of fool.

You have only to ascribe to any process a character which you have witnessed and felt, but instruments for the measurement of which do not exist, for your ascription to be denied. And in connection with this form of ineptitude you have an even lower type; for you will find modern stupidity taking the measurement by instruments as a criterion for an actual correction of human experience, and the scale of those instruments taken as a scale of human sensations. How often do you not hear people say that passing from one atmosphere to another was "a drop of thirty degrees," as though the passage from 90° Fahrenheit in the heat of the day to 60° in the evening were the same thing as the passage

from 60° to 30°. On this model I suppose these incomparable moderns of ours would say that a man passing from a refrigerator to 100° in the shade has an experience equal to that of a man who, with the thermometer at 100° in the shade, should plunge into boiling water at 212°.

This new disease of the intellect, this metrical negation of experience, runs through the whole of our lives. You get it most abominably strong in the use of modern statistics. Men, having accumulated a body of statistics on any factor of a problem, will draw their conclusions as though no other factors existed.

Take (for example) vital statistics. You go among a people whom, if you keep your eyes open, you perceive to be healthy, happy, and strong. The statistician records that they have a higher death-rate, a lesser expectation of life, a larger proportion of some specific disease than another people whom, if you keep your eyes open, you discover to be lethargic, miserable, and weak; and your statistician, and the multitude who accept his authority, call the happy and strong people less "healthy" than the weak and miserable: they prefer such nonsense to the plain reality.

On the one side, you have a hundred human beings, full of vigor and aptitude, good singers, good builders, good fighters. Among them five die of a particular disease in a given time, and the average length of life among them is fifty years. On the other side, you have a dull unhappy people, whose buildings are an eyesore, whose speech is harsh and whose song worthless, whose presence upon this earth is distasteful to all who meet them, and indeed to themselves, but of these only four die of the disease in the same given time, while their expectation of life is five years greater than that of the first. Contemporary stupidity will have the impudence to say that the second group are "healthier" than the first. What is more astounding, contemporary stupidity will here actually put its unreason into practice. The politicians will go to war or frame a foreign

policy upon statistics, and then scratch their heads over the very unexpected result.

In the inexhaustible treasury of contemporary stupidity I know not what gem to choose next. Let us consider the special case of "the single objective." Human life being a complex organic thing and the end of man being happiness, contemporary stupidity loves to single out one objective and to advance towards it without consideration of that instinctive balance between a thousand ends, of that natural co-ordination of innumerable objectives, which the sane pursuit of happiness necessarily demands. For instance, if you entirely forgo any one good, you will avoid the penalties attached to it. That is quite obvious, and being quite obvious is commendable to the fool. Cut off a normal pleasure altogether and you are free from its attendant evils. Thus honor and chivalry handicap you in war: therefore if you would win a war, sacrifice every consideration of honor and chivalry; a folly, the sharp consequences of which we have recently observed with great satisfaction falling upon its worst sectarians. Or again, if you would add to the material wealth of a nation, take no account of the distribution of that wealth. Only let our total wealth be greater, though the mass of our citizens are degradingly poor. Or again, if speed be an advantage in travel, attain it to the destruction of comfort (or if comfort, attain it to the destruction of speed); and so on throughout the whole series of possible asininities.

Shall I pick out another from the bunch? Here is another: stupidity in the rejection of mystery — that is, the rejection of any proposition beyond the analysis of human reason. This is indeed a form of contemporary stupidity which is passing away. I regret its passing, for it was part of the old familiar furniture of the century in which I was born and to whose habits I am accustomed. I regret its decline as I should regret the illness of an old donkey I had ridden on in childhood. Still, enough of it remains to be worth quoting.

It is in vain to present the stupid with the simple and

necessary conclusion that if you reject one mystery you still have to accept another contradictory mystery. For instance, consider the mystery of personality — if they deny it, they have to deny moral responsibility, and indeed, all that constitutes human life, all its pleasure and pain and the whole of its essence. If they try to rationalize that mystery, they find themselves defining personality as a mere succession of moods. Or if they merely assert its unity, they are faced with the fact that it is also a succession of moods. And as with this mystery, so with a hundred others. Yet there was, and in part there still survives, that sort of stupidity which denied the presence of mystery.

Now, what is it which lies at the root of all these various forms of modern unreason? There, as I said at the outset, is a harder nut to crack. We can all of us note examples of contemporary stupidity. It is much more difficult to trace them up to their common seed, if they have such a seed. We may be certain that a posterity not very remote will laugh at us heartily. But for a contemporary to see himself is difficult indeed. Mr. Chesterton, who has powerful vision in such things, would ascribe most of our misfortunes (and I suppose our misfortunes of stupidity among the rest) to pride. But is that the main element here? It is one element of course; so are a number of lesser mechanical causes, such as universal standardized mechanical teaching (or “education” as it is officially called), a universal standardized press, and many another thing.

But for my part I see dimly, or think I see, another deeper root to the whole affair. I see fatigue. The forces of our society are fatigued. Its inability to follow plain reason, its acceptance of any kind of mental food without protest, its repetition of what it is told to say, its buying by the million of dreadfully dull books — the whole affair seems to me to speak of fatigue; and therefore I suppose it will run its course and we shall grow stupider and stupider until a wind shall blow and civilization shall arise again.

GENERAL PRACTICE

By A. G. KELLER

AN eminent nerve specialist, who became such by a natural process of development out of general practice, once remarked that if he had his way every doctor should begin by engaging for a while in unspecialized activities. He enforced the contention by an incident out of his experience. A brilliant young specialist had struggled in vain with what he had diagnosed as a case of nerves, and had finally called in the older colleague. The patient was a boy about twelve years old. The veteran listened to the pros and cons that were vexing the specialist's soul, and without comment told the boy to take off his shirt. "There was as pretty a little line of nodules along that kid's sternum as you would ever see," he reminisced, "absolutely unmistakable. 'Don't you know what's the matter with him?' I asked. 'No, I don't.' 'Well, it's rickets,' said I. 'See those lumps?' 'Yes, but what of it?' he asked. 'Well,' said I, 'I guess you've never been in general practice, have you? If you had, those same lumps would be shouting *rickets* at you.'" And the old doctor went on to tell how often a narrow specialist could be fooled where an old-fashioned family-doctor would at once recognize the handiwork of one of his familiar foes.

The man who told this story was no enemy of the specialist and specialization; he was himself the former, and he was practising the latter. He was merely an advocate of breadth, background, and perspective. These are the desirables for which this article contends; its thesis is that the conferring of them is the first task of intellectual training, rightly conceived.

An eloquent Uruguayan writer, one of whose essays, called "Ariel," has just been rendered into English, thinks that contemporary peoples, and particularly North Americans, are content to stress some one aspect of development to the neglect of a well-rounded whole. He seems to believe that the ancient Greeks avoided the lopsidedness that results inevitably from such preoccupation. That is a debatable point, perhaps; but everyone who has done much reflection knows what the essayist means.

It is downright depressing to encounter a scientist who is careless of grammar and innocent of culture to the extent of not being able to report his results except in a repulsive jargon of scientific terminology rudely seasoned by trite and pedantic phrases and rhetorical tags. He cannot, apparently, resist the cheap lure of such bargain-counter expressions as "by leaps and bounds"; they seem, to his indiscriminating taste, to convey vigor and sprightliness. When he sits down to write, says someone, he can think only of nouns. He lends perennial countenance to the contempt of the literarily cultured for science. But it is just as disheartening, and more embarrassing, to view the poses and posturings, the conscious preenings and prinkings, of the vendor of aesthetic preciosities, to whom the thought is little or nothing — is, in any case, not critically assessed and accepted on adequate conviction — but to whom form is all and in all. If the first case is saddening, the second is maddening. Both types are a bore to anyone possessed of common sense, though the latter class may be briefly amusing.

Here are two extremes; but each has a graduated set of means extending ever more thinly over towards the other, and there is a distinctly lonely territory in the middle. A few Huxley-like souls have, through history, settled and thriven there, to the infinite benefit of mankind. When one encounters that sort of person, either in the body or through the written word, he wishes he were more like him. Well, why is he not? Is it impossible to educate oneself so that he

shall be a rounded man? Probably not. Some people have done it; but the trouble is that we are so much creatures of environment, and grow up so unquestioningly into the ways of our place and time, that realization comes too late. And our place and time do not set a high value upon well-roundedness. They do not, in fact, lay much stress upon the verb "to be" as compared with "to do." Mr. A is, we grant, a man of wide and generous culture, full of interesting thoughts, but, after all, what has he *done*? To which the answer might be made: "What has he done? He has become a man of wide and generous culture, full of interesting thoughts. What more do you want?"

But I return to the gloomy fact that realization comes too late. One has been fed up on an ancient curriculum of language, mathematics, and philosophy. He has had no science worthy of the name. He follows afar off in a modern world. But what can he do? He can at most, with waning powers of acquisition of the new, win with great effort to a pitiful and not very dependable familiarity with the principles of science. Or, perhaps, he has had all science and no humanities, and has sense enough to perceive his own limitations or, at any rate, not to resist being obliged to learn them from others. His adjustability is not what it was when he was young, and he groans and sweats out his life-blood in trying to thrust apart the cramping walls of his intellectual dungeon. Moreover, the older he becomes the less time can he spare in repairing what should have been made sound during adjustable, impressionable, otiose youth.

The narrow man's troubles are due to the way his youth was spent. He is not to be blamed for that. He could not figure it out beforehand, on no data. Only those who have had the experience can prophesy, and they do it mostly after the act. But why cannot someone give to youth the benefit of sad experience in this matter? Parents sometimes do. Some men have had the luck to be pointed and even coerced by parental wisdom towards a spacious intellectual

life. But parents generally pass such a privilege over to someone else. Even if they themselves realize the desirability, both for personal happiness and for general usefulness, of intellectual breadth, they assume that the professional educator, who is conceived to be giving his life to just such a purpose, is the proper agency to bring about the desired result. Many parents are too busy or too tired to work out for themselves the proper matter, manner, and method of securing what they ardently desire for their offspring. Then, when they find that what they have been sacrificing themselves to get has not been delivered, they justifiably conceive a low opinion of the profession of educator. What can you expect, one man queries bitterly, when uneducated people are doing the educating?

There is no manner of use in trying to exculpate the teacher. This situation is, in no uncertain sense, up to him. He has his own troubles, it is true, and plenty of them. They have been sung, in threnody, for a number of years, and there have been others beside Mr. Carnegie who have appreciated them. The teacher has plenty of excuses, and some of them are quite plausible. But an excuse is never equivalent to a performance. It was not so regarded in the parable of the talents. As in that parable, the only relevant question is the searching one: What did you do with what you had? The delinquencies of the teacher cannot be explained or condoned away by calling attention to his poverty. He has been doing something besides being poor. Well, what has he been at? If he could do but little, has that little been conducive to the development in his charges of a spaciousness of intellectual outlook?

I am speaking only of colleges. I am not including all teachers. I am accusing nobody. But the answer to the question last asked is: No.

The chief reason why teachers have not swung out the gates of the student's mind towards all points of the compass is because their own minds and souls have not been so

opened, and they have consequently not sensed the need of giving more than they themselves received. They, too, have grown up into conventions and inhibitions which they have not thought to put aside or even to question. Apparently, then, all this is nobody's fault, but just human nature tramping the lockstep that has once been set. It is hard to think and to question, and easier to go on as you were. It is a horror to intellectual timidity to examine traditional views and procedure on their stark merits, and to act on the findings. Few men are able to seek the truth and follow it wherever it may lead. But truth cannot be defeated; public opinion is bound to sweep away maladjustments in the end; and when it is about to do that, there is a tension in the atmosphere, an unrest, and a discomfort that elicit uneasy misgivings.

The fact is emerging that the teacher has not been thinking much about turning out a well-rounded human product; that, in fact, he has been engrossed with other less important and durable outputs. The students' needs have not been at the forefront. Universities have been pluming themselves upon buildings, apparatus, bulk of research, honorary degrees, and other things immediately available for ostentation. They have competed, not upon the basis of what their degrees could be made to mean, but upon size, quantity, and other extrinsic matters that are often quite irrelevant to their real function and sometimes to the sense of their endowments. One man expressed his attitude in the form of a definition. "A university," quoth he, "is a place where a concourse of scholars pursue research, and where the young may resort to pick up what they can." An extreme pronouncement, and an arrogant — but not a few professors have acted as if they were working upon that theory.

This was more marked a score of years ago than it is now. In this respect the good old times were the bad old times. Then, if a young fellow wanted to be an intellectual general practitioner for a while, he placed his future in jeopardy. It

was necessary to run the class-room as a side-issue or heater to a hothouse, out of which should issue periodically bulky crates of fruit, however green and vapid. It was a bad time for a teacher. It was also a bad time for a student. I do not wish to draw any caricatures — not even to insist upon that caricature on education that evolved itself in some class-rooms presided over pedantically by fledgling doctors just out of the egg and with their fuzz not yet dry. It is enough to say that incredulous amazement possessed the souls of not a few victimized classes. One thinks of a famous scene:

Schüler.

Kann euch nicht eben ganz verstehen.

Mephistopheles.

Das wird nächstens schon besser gehen,

Wenn ihr lernt alles reduciren

Und gehörig classificiren.

Schüler.

Mir wird von alle dem so dumm,

Als ging' mir ein Mühlrad im Kopf herum.

It is this sort of thing that might be expected from a university meeting the definition quoted. During the youth of any middle-aged student, banners of strange device were flapping on the academic breezes. Upon them were emblazoned mottoes such as *Fach! Seminar! Eingebend Sein!* But the dominant pennant planted on the battlements read: *Research!* Many of those who stamped up dust around these standards with the greatest abandon and noise took their research out in talk, or, at best, in discussing the way to do it. They were like the student who spent most of the term devising methods of getting his lessons — who studied lying down, sitting, standing on one leg, and so on — and flunked the examination. It has been the quiet men who have said nothing much about methodology and apparatus, and have never swung the vertiginous thyrsus, who have lent to research the dignity which their sort of research deserves.

But by reason of those others, the very word has become repellent, and some there are who always use any less pretentious term they can think of, even the old-fashioned "study," when referring to the effort to discover truth.

I have alluded to the German terminology. Much has been learned by an incredulous world about German matters within the last ten years, and in particular a good deal about the way the German mind works. Many scholars had been hypnotized by the sight of a relentless, ant-like industry and thoroughness in the intellectual domain, the counterpart of which, in the military range, came near, later on, to inducing in the world something far more serious than a learned hypnotic sleep. As specialists the Germans were eminently successful, and they acquired a following in this and other countries that was worshipful and even slavish. They planted competent and elephantine feet upon the delicacies of things, and squashed steadily forward. Their sense of values was widely accepted. A fetish-worship ensued, and foreign devotees were eager to abase themselves and to minimize the worth of their own great scholars. What Spencer called "the bias of anti-patriotism" invaded the non-German scholarly world; and it took a world convulsion to jolt it out.

Yet the truth about the Teutonic type of *Gelehrtheit* had stood revealed for the better part of a hundred years in the biting satire of the greatest of all Germans. It was as impossible for Germans to extract from Goethe support for their learned *Grübeln* as it was to use his name to conjure with in connection with their performances of 1914. One is almost as much tempted to quote from the scenes between Faust and Wagner, or between Mephistopheles and the Student, as many of us were, several years ago, to cite Goethe's strictures on the Prussians or his attitude towards hymns of hate. No one who has read "Faust" with any understanding can remain content with a Wagner type of soul; and he will shrink the more from helping to shrivel the souls of others.

One of the practical results of preoccupation with research

has been the exclusion from the teaching profession of many a college graduate eminently endowed for it. It has been made unnecessarily difficult to become a college teacher. The possession of the doctor's degree used to be an irreducible minimum of qualification; but the conditions of attaining that degree were not arranged with teaching in mind. The chief idea in some heads has been to make them gratuitously arduous. The sort of performance demanded has sometimes been sufficient to quench any generous enthusiasm of a human variety. It has been required to fix attention solely upon minutiae and to build them up into a structure the contemplation of which could edify nobody except the taskmaster. Insistence was strong upon the mechanical side of the work; seldom was there asked about a thesis the eternally pertinent question: What of it? If the bibliography was imposing and the footnotes were sufficiently plentiful and learned, that was good. Most doctors' theses have no business to be published at all; but the sheerest waste of good paper and ink is where the pomp of scholarship is greatest. Competent librarians sheer off from even the *Doktoral-Dissertation*. And many a young man of spirit has been unwilling to subject himself to an uninviting, perspectiveless régime, especially when he had inspected some of its human products.

A strong contribution has thus been made towards the impoverishment of the teaching profession, which is a phenomenon of the present. It is hard to get good men to teach in colleges; and the increasing enrolment of students makes impossible demands upon an inadequate supply. Adjustment to this situation has raised salaries and has even, in some degree, nullified the old insistence upon the doctorate as a prerequisite to an instructorship. Thus is an artificial system yielding to natural conditions to which, for a time, it bade defiance. It is quite possible that the swing in this direction may show the exaggeration, sometime, that the research swing had shown; for it, too, was doubtless a

reaction away from the routine teaching of some decades ago. It is not likely, however, for the laboratories and research foundations are present to constitute for research a sort of vested interest. We can never go back to a contented mumbling of the traditional cud. But that is neither here nor there. The truth, and true methods of arriving at and disseminating it, will always prevail. The interest of the present is in keeping specialization where it belongs, and in recognizing the fact that it has overgrown something just as important as itself. It is possible to have too much of a good thing if the balance between good things is lost.

There is, perhaps, justification for the assumption that all graduate students are to be specialists and must be trained to research, though it is a great pity to discourage the teacher type — a type as rare and as valuable as the other — by insistence upon standards which have no sense in themselves but seem to have been constructed, imitatively, after foreign models, for the sake of their dull symmetries and grotesque variations rather than for any useful content. The fetish of specialization, even in graduate schools, has undoubtedly had a strong influence in flooding colleges with narrow-minded, dehumanized teachers, to the exclusion of those who have had no stomach for the quiddities stretching between them and the instructor's desk; but its effect upon the undergraduate curriculum has been even more disastrous.

It is natural that a faculty whose souls are full of research yearnings, or who at least wish to appear amongst the orthodox votaries of the fetish, shall carry their prepossessions into the construction of their courses of study. It is even whispered that high schools and grade schools have their "research courses," introduced, no doubt, by some pedagogist. A young instructor once read a set of entrance examinations in Greek history. Some person whose mind was full of the nobility of research had set the question: What are the sources for the life of Themistocles? The instructor, after

noting the bewilderment of the examinees, no one of whom could answer the question — and he himself was none too sure that he could — ended by giving a perfect mark to all who remembered the name of their textbooks and answered: Botsford, or Myers and Allen.

But this article can take no account of what happens in pre-college years. It is a fact that is bound sometime to look exceedingly imbecile that many college courses, even the elementary ones, are laid out on the unexpressed, often unrealized, but unmistakable theory that everyone who takes them is going to become a specialist in the line they represent. The absurdity is self-evident upon brief reflection, if it be unclouded. Freshman A is trained to be a mathematical specialist from nine to ten o'clock o' Mondays; then he goes into training as an English specialist from eleven to twelve and as a physics expert from two to three. If he takes five courses, he is being groomed up to be five different kinds of specialist, all at the same time. And the crowning imbecility of the idea is revealed by the figures concerning the occupations of college graduates, which recount only a small percentage of specialists of any sort. Most students become just plain, upright, good husbands, fathers, and citizens, who ought to have a broad and general training and an intellectual hobby or two, whereby they may lead happier, fuller, and more useful lives. It is the *rarissima avis* who knows, or even thinks he knows, at eighteen, what he wants to specialize in. Often when he thinks he knows, he later finds out that his impression is analogous to his juvenile hankering to be a policeman or a baseball player. Every year seniors are to be found without looking who do not even yet know what they want to do — though most of them do know, very emphatically, that they do not want to teach.

The preoccupation with research betrays itself in language requirements and language courses. There was once a friendly dispute as to whether every student should be required to have German and French, or merely one of them,

in order to become a B.A. The man who contended for two gave as his reason that research in his line was impossible with one alone. Consider the implied conception as to his students' futures and probable occupations. The fact is, he was not thinking of the student at all — that is why it was possible for him to hold such an opinion. Then, too, the investigator of minutiae gets enamored of the microscopic. He will lay stress upon the peculiarities of grammar instead of a speaking and reading knowledge of language. This is mere scholasticism and lack of vision; preoccupation with things, not with men and human needs. It has been proved that a modern language can be learned so as to be a resource in a non-specialist's life, by insisting upon an irreducible minimum of grammar and then reading interesting, human things and learning to talk about them in the language read. The contrasting methods are, first, the old one of insisting on the whole grammar and excusing most of it, and the modern one of insisting upon essentials and excusing nothing. There is no earthly reason why a non-specialist in Greek should carry in his head all his days the five aorist imperatives that accent the penult. What difference does it make to him if they do? The specialist should doubtless know them, but to insist upon them for anyone else is a gratuitous imposition. To insist and then excuse is not only bad teaching, but bad morals. The futility of the old method is clearly revealed in the fact that the language was not learned.

Before I go any farther in illustration of the specialized elementary course, I wish to recall a previous remark, namely, that the presence of such maladjustments creates after a while a tension in the atmosphere and an uneasiness prophetic of change. If education and teachers have not been under fire these last years, then they do not know when they are being sniped at. Puffs of dust have been rising at the feet of the profession for a number of parasangs back along the road, and there have been some palpable and painful hits. A vague realization has emerged that the colleges have not

been considering the needs of the students enough. If they had, they would never have allowed so many extraneous interests to divide the students' attention. And in the world at large there has appeared a significant indication of revolt against the arrogance and inarticulateness of the specialist. What do so-called orientation courses in colleges mean? In fact, why have courses that afford orientation — contemptuously denominated "mere information courses" by the specialists — always been popular, where courses with narrow field and no outlook have been avoided? As if the student had not wit enough to recognize a 22-short calibre, not capable of a range including the back seats. Or, in the outside world, what of the Five-Foot Shelf, or the "Outline of History," or the "Outline of Science"? Mr. Wells was probably the only man in a position to try it who had the nerve to attempt an Outline; and he is getting his reward. The book may be faulty and is foolish in parts; but it will be corrected and bettered until sometime there will be attained, by Mr. Wells or somebody else, a boon of orientation for the student who cannot force his mind to acquire the terms of some obscure treaty or the insignificant details of some Fronde-shindy. The signs of the times are not favorable to the gentlemen who have sneered at the theory that colleges have as their natural function the exposure of the adolescent mind to the various types of knowledge.

I return to the subject of the elementary college course. Too often, we have noted, it is a construction based inexpediently upon the theory that every taker is a potential specialist; that he must know all the minutiae, and also the very latest, even though it is not yet a verified, performance of the investigator. The trouble is that the people who lay out and teach such courses are fatally fascinated by detail; they are always steering the student into tree after tree and affording him no view of the woods. This is because they themselves are engrossed in the study of some tree, some branch of some tree, some twig of some branch, some knot or

microscopic gall, and have never ascended to view the perspective. What is a course in chemistry worth to a non-specialist the residue of which is a vague memory of formulas, experiments, explosions, and smells; or one in physics, where all that is retained is a distasteful mess of mathematical measurements? Far better the old-fashioned "natural philosophy," which made the world so much more interesting. It is well to observe the nervous system of a frog; but is a man educated if he does not know the evolutionary theory? Even if he wants to combat it, he had better know what it is, and not share the vulgar misconception, fostered and used by interested parties, that it merely means: Man is descended from a monkey. Is it enough to know the function of a mayor, and never to have considered the reason for existence of government and law?

There are big thoughts and little ones. The big ones were attained originally, if they amount to anything, by faithful attention to the little ones — by careful observation, inference, and accumulation in connection with small things. But it is not necessary for everyone to go through the process by which they were originally attained. That sort of thing can be abridged. It is perfectly possible for a student to get into his head the structure and wonder of the solar system without knowing how to calculate parallaxes. It is possible to get a pretty good idea of the likenesses and differences of the human races without ever measuring the nasal index. It is not slipshod to accept the reported findings of Mendel without raising a crop of peas. Everyone ought to learn scientific method — if possible — by practising it; but that does not mean hour after hour in laboratory after laboratory in course after course. And if he does not arrive at a generous insight, the mere filling and washing of test-tubes and the dissection of worms remain dull, lifeless, and uninforming. The mind cannot hold a host of unrelated facts. There must be big thoughts as binders, or as nuclei to support accretion. And there must be big thoughts for the expansion of the spirit,

which is the truest education. Even a fusillade of pop-guns cannot do the business of a siege-howitzer.

There must be not only big thoughts, but they must be of different tone and timbre. If specialization confers big thoughts at all, it does not confer them in much variety. Scope is lacking, and with it tolerance and sympathy for a variety of interests. A talent develops, we are told, in solitude, but character in the full stream of life. That is true enough on the intellectual range: a mind has no character if it is narrowly circumscribed in its interests; and it is likely to become case-hardened, opinionated, and senile pretty early. The broadest fact about knowledge is that it is one. High thoughts are consanguineous, as it were. You cannot really know them for what they are unless you can align them with their kith and kin. The more of that kin-group a man comes to know, the better is his insight into any one of its members. Not only should specialization within any one branch of knowledge be but sparingly prescribed for the average student, but all specialization should be resolutely held up until the process of exposure of mind is as nearly complete as possible. If we are to have a really significant course of study, with a degree at the end of it which will mean something and will elevate the teaching profession that provides it and the college that confers it, we must send out into the world, each June, not a few specialists and several hundred /more or less mishandled non-specialists, but a body of well-rounded products, fit in any case to form the understanding clientèle of the great genius, when fate vouchsafes that rare, and so often unappreciated, boon to men. For even a genius needs to be understood, and must often be interpreted. If this programme is realized, no one need again to feel soreheartedly that graduates should receive an engrossed apology instead of a diploma. Thereafter let us have as many wide-visioned specialists as possible.

It will not do to confine time and effort to the élite, to "honor men" — not in this country, anyhow — and let the

“pass men” get what they can or take what is left over. It is the non-specializing graduate that we are going to be judged by; and it is the country at large that is going to do the judging, not some imaginary, impressed, envious rival. It is also the common man who is going to support us in the future; and he is going to be enthusiastic about us just in proportion to what we have done for him, and, later, and more important still, for his sons. If we can help him, and them, to wider intellectual interests and breadth of outlook towards spacious horizons, we have nothing to regret or fear. And a system calculated to attain such ends will form a fertile soil for the nurture of any degree we like of specialization. Only the specialists that we shall so rear will be of far more generous intellectual proportions and symmetry, will get along better together, and will command an understanding respect which they often lack in the present.

FUNGI

By CHARLES WHARTON STORK

WHAT fascinates first a roving glance in the woods
Is fungi; they're so different, standing out
Like notes or colors in a higher key
Of values. Some are sconces fixed on trunks
Of withered trees, chalk-white against the black —
One wonders what strange candles may be set
By what strange hands to burn there after dark
With elfin phosphorescence. Then there are clumps
Of miniature green, yellow, purple, red,
Or brown pagodas clustered everywhere
About the mouldy roots, like pleasure parks
For Chinese fairies; and the waxen sheaves
Of Indian pipe, so delicately pale.

And yet they live on death. The whole wood lives
On death, but after death has been transformed
Through a wide gamut, has been purged with sun,
Cleansed with cool rain and purified with wind,
Then stored in earth to mellow for new life;
While the fungi — but let them have their due:
Their flaunting colors make the deep star-moss
Look tenderer still, and all the flowers more chaste.
What hints as well the wonder of the big
Essential things, the primal forest art,
Too quiet else to charm a careless eye?

THE FOLIO OF 1623

BY TUCKER BROOKE

IT is not often that factitious and intrinsic values coincide as they do in the First Folio of Shakespeare's plays. The most generally desired by collectors of all English books, and save for freak rarities the most costly, the Folio is, in fact, doubtless the most important volume ever printed in England. It is the sole source of our knowledge of twenty of Shakespeare's plays: from it we derive the only texts of "Macbeth," "Julius Caesar," "As You Like It," "The Tempest," "The Winter's Tale," "Twelfth Night," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Cymbeline," and twelve other dramas. From it we get also the only authentic texts of two other plays ("Henry V" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor"), and texts distinctly superior to what we should otherwise possess of seven more. Thus, of the thirty-seven plays in the Shakespeare canon, only seventeen would be known at all, and only eight in relatively unimpaired form without the Folio of 1623 and the later editions which owe their existence to it.

On the other hand, only a single play of the thirty-seven — the questionable "Pericles" — is missing from the Folio, and only five can perhaps be said to appear there in texts inferior to those found in the best quartos.

Without the Folio, which was rushed through the press, under conditions of evident difficulty and confusion, about November, 1623, it is, of course, possible that fate might have made amends. The work *might* have been attempted later, with a success that would have dwindled in proportion as the time passed. Shakespearean manuscripts, now provokingly non-existent, *might* have been permitted to survive.

But as the case stands, two-thirds of all we know of Shakespeare's writings is known by reason of the exertions of the curious copartnership (to be discussed later) which produced the First Folio.

In a broader, but not more important, aspect the Folio is an epoch-making book. Not merely did it introduce Shakespeare to the world of readers; it also introduced dramatic literature. To an extent scarcely equalled by any other printed volume it established the claim of modern drama to be regarded as a permanent vehicle of poetry and thought.

In the ordinary Elizabethan view the theatre had little connection with polite letters and no claim on the interest of posterity. Dramatic authors were actors' hirelings, and actors were mechanical rogues. A play was sold outright, like a suit of clothes (the staple price being £6), and it was not expected to outwear a season. If printed — and only the smallest number gained such distinction — it was printed with equally ephemeral intention, in unbound quarto form, to sell like a modern popular magazine for sixpence. It was the surprising work of Marlowe, Shakespeare, and Jonson that insensibly raised the prestige of dramatic art and with it the social importance of the actor and the playwright.

The contention that a stage play might be dedicated to a patron, like a work of real literature, was first asserted during the last years of Shakespeare's life. Thus George Chapman, in 1612, ventured to inscribe a quarto edition of his "Widow's Tears" to Mr. John Reed of Mitton in the following words:

"Sir, if any work of this nature be worth the presenting to friends worthy and noble, I presume this will not want much of that value. Other countrymen [that is, foreigners] have thought the like worthy of Dukes' and Princes' acceptations; *Ingiusti Sdegni*, *Il Pentamento Amoroso*, *Calisto*, *Pastor Fido*, etc. (all being but plays) were all dedicated to Princes of Italy. . . . This poor comedy (of many desired to see

printed) I thought not utterly unworthy that affectionate design in me; well knowing that your free judgment weighs nothing by the name or form, or any vain estimation of the vulgar; but will accept acceptable matter as well in plays as in many less materials, masking in more serious titles."

So, with a little increased confidence, in 1615, the publisher of the first quarto of Fletcher's "Cupid's Revenge" says: "It is a custom used by some writers in this age to dedicate their plays to worthy persons, as well as their other works; and there is reason for it, because they are the best Minervas of their brain, and express more purity of conceit in the ingenious circle of an act or scene than is to be found in the vast circumference of larger volumes."

The sturdy self-reverence of Ben Jonson, greater even than that of his friend Chapman, first seriously essayed the introduction of acting plays into the library. The 1616 Folio of Jonson's "Works" included nine dramas, craftily reinforced by more conventional literature in the form of epigrams, poems, entertainments, and masques. Gargantuan laughter greeted their appearance. Pray, asked an epigrammatist,

Pray tell me, Ben, where does the myst'ry lurk?

What others call a Play, you call a Work.

To which the following left-handed reply was made:

The author's friend thus for the author says:

Ben's plays are works, where others' works are plays.

The Folio of Shakespeare followed: the second library edition of English stage plays. Though less arrogant in title, since it avoids the offensive term "Works" and calls itself simply "Mr. William Shakespeares Comedies, Histories, & Tragedies," it is immensely more venturesome in fact. Instead of nine plays, it contains thirty-six, all unsupported by sonnets, poems, or other matter of orthodox kind. Some five hundred copies were printed, of which the strangely large number of 172 still survive the constant

handling they have had. The price was set high, at twenty shillings (the Folio has never been cheap), and the justification was complete.

A good-natured jest is reported in a joke book of 1639: "One asked another what Shakespeare's Works were worth, all being bound together. He answered, 'Not a farthing.' 'Not worth a farthing!' said he, 'why so?' He answered that his plays were worth a great deal of money, but he never heard that his works were worth anything at all."

But, "Works" or not, they were read. As early as about 1625, Richard James writes to Sir Henry Bouchier: "A young gentle lady of your acquaintance, having read the works of Shakespeare, made me this question" — an intelligent question concerning the historical Fastolfe and Shakespeare's Falstaff. And Milton wrote in 1630 his famous "Epitaph on the admirable Dramatic Poet, W. Shakespeare," in which he praised "the leaves of thy unvalued [that is, invaluable] book." A reprint of the Folio was required in nine years (1632), whereas Jonson's plays waited a quarter of a century for the second edition.

Two more editions of Shakespeare's plays appeared during the seventeenth century: the Third Folio in 1663/64 and the Fourth in 1685. A very few library editions of other Elizabethan dramatists were produced during this period. Thus Blount, one of the publishers of the first Shakespeare Folio, brought out in 1632 a collection of six of John Lyly's plays under the title, "Six Court Comedies." In 1633 six of Marston's tragedies and comedies were collected. In 1647 thirty-four previously unprinted plays of the Beaumont-Fletcher canon were issued in folio under the editorship of the dramatist, James Shirley, and in 1679 the second, more complete, Beaumont-Fletcher Folio followed. It is safe to surmise that the favorable acceptance of the Shakespeare Folio was the chief encouragement for all these later ventures.

Otherwise small effort was made for centuries to collect or print in permanent form the dramatic productions of Shake-

speare's age. The first collected edition of Massinger appeared in 1761, of Ford in 1811, and of Marlowe in 1826. Peele, Webster, Greene, Shirley, Dekker, Chapman, and Heywood were successively reprinted in the course of the nineteenth century from such contemporary quartos as then survived, and Kyd waited till 1901. That the casual quarto issues in which alone the plays of all these men and many more existed were preserved at all may be ascribed to the fact that the folio editions of Shakespeare, and in less measure of Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher, gave all the dramatic productions of the age a value they could not otherwise have enjoyed in the eyes of the reading public.

Historically as well as sentimentally, then, the year 1623 has a significance hardly smaller than that of 1564 or 1616. The production of the First Folio was an event of major consequence, whether we regard it as the means whereby the greater part of Shakespeare's work was saved from threatening and not improbable perdition, or whether we view it as the most important thing ever done to further the appreciation of English dramatic literature as a whole. It may be worth while to consider the men who made this history and the conditions that they faced. On both these points recent researches, notably by Mr. Pollard and Mr. Greg, have thrown some interesting light.

The men behind the Folio are a sufficiently various group. Fourteen in all are mentioned in the book itself. Of these, four appear as contributors of eulogistic lines on Shakespeare: first and foremost, of course, Ben Jonson, whose two copies of verses are familiar, and whose ardor on behalf of the edition probably arose not only from his cordial appreciation of the merits of his dead friend, "my beloved, the author," but also from a natural gladness to see the over-conspicuous novelty of his own "Works" relieved by so unexceptionable a companion volume. Less notable are the poetical effusions contributed by Hugh Holland, Leonard Digges, and "I. M." (James Mabbe). Holland was an

aristocratic poet, a well-known member of the Mermaid Club. The Petrarchan sonnet he contributes "Upon the Lines and Life of the famous Scenic Poet, Master William Shakespeare" is hardly worthy of its subject. Holland leans heavily upon alliteration's artful aid:

. . . done are Shakespeare's days:

His days are done, that made the dainty plays;

and he closes with a punning conceit which is considerably better as prophecy than as poetry:

For though his line of life went soon about,

The life yet of his lines shall never out.

Digges and Mabbe were both amateurs of Spanish literature and friends of Blount, who made rather a specialty of Spanish works (including "Don Quixote"), and published within the year a translation of a novel in that language by each of them. The odd place their encomiums occupy, between the table of contents and list of principal actors, has been thought to indicate that they were inserted on short notice as an afterthought. That of Digges, who later wrote an expanded version of it for the edition of Shakespeare's "Poems" in 1640, was well worth securing. It contains several valuable allusions to the contemporary popularity of certain of Shakespeare's scenes and an interesting reference to his "Stratford moniment," which, Digges says, the poet's book will outlast.

One other minor and incidental contributor to the volume must be mentioned, though not *honoris causa*. The title-page, it is well known, is doubtfully embellished by a counterfeit presentment of the dead poet — the work of Martin Droeshout. I think that Jonson's lines facing the portrait say quite all that can be said for the effort:

This Figure that thou here seest put,

It was for gentle Shakespeare cut.

. . . Reader, look

Not on his Picture, but his Book!

Little of the accustomed diffidence was felt about securing patronage for these plays. The editors aimed high and addressed the volume "To the most noble and incomparable pair of brethren, William Earl of Pembroke, &c., Lord Chamberlain to the King's most excellent majesty, and Philip Earl of Montgomery, &c., Gentleman of his Majesty's Bed-Chamber. Both Knights of the most noble Order of the Garter, and our singular good Lords." After speaking of their rashness and the comfort they find in the fact that "your Lordships have been pleased to think these trifles something heretofore, and have prosecuted both them and their author living with so much favor," the writers remark: "There is a great difference whether any book choose his patrons or find them: This hath done both. For, so much were your Lordships' likings of the several parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the volume asked to be yours." "We," they continue, "have but collected them . . . without ambition either of self-profit or fame: only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our Shakespeare, by humble offer of his plays to your most noble patronage." Since Spenser dedicated "The Fairy Queen" to Elizabeth, a nobler confidence had not been asserted.

It was usual in such cases, the author being dead, that the dedication should be signed by the printer or publisher; but in this case authority and dignity were added by the interposition of two of Shakespeare's chief colleagues in the King's Company, John Heminge and Henry Condell. They sign both the dedication to the earls and the address "To the great variety of Readers" — though there have not been lacking modern critics to conjecture that the actual composition of these admirable bits of prose must have been the work of Ben Jonson, or at least of the bookish publisher Blount.

With a zeal for the material interests of the publishers rather touching in view of their own avowed freedom from

ambition of "self-profit," Heminge and Condell plead for many purchasers, reminding the readers that "the fate of all books depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! it is now public, and you will stand for your privileges, we know: to read and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a book, the stationer says. . . . But, whatever you do, buy. Censure will not drive a trade, or make the jack go."

In a much quoted passage, the sincerity and accuracy of which recent investigations have vindicated, Heminge and Condell go on to say: "It had been a thing, we confess, worthy to have been wished that the author himself had lived to have set forth and overseen his own writings. But since it hath been ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you, do not envy his friends the office of their care and pain, to have collected and published them; and so to have published them, as where before you were abused with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them — even those are now offered to your view cured and perfect of their limbs, and all the rest absolute in their numbers as he conceived them."

Mr. Pollard has come effectively to the defense of the sometimes unduly condemned quarto editions, and has shown that they do not by any means all deserve to be set in the rank of the "divers stolen and surreptitious copies" reprobated by the Folio editors. But this necessary recognition of widely variant degrees of grace in the quartos only emphasizes (as Mr. Pollard also shows) the intelligent judgment of Messrs. Heminge and Condell. Of the sixteen plays available in quarto editions, the Folio makes use of only eight, these being the ones which there is inherent reason for believing the most authentic. In five of these cases ("Much Ado," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Richard II," "1 Henry IV," and "Titus Andronicus") the quarto text has

been corrected or expanded before being sent to the printer. In the case of eight other plays ("Merry Wives of Windsor," "2 Henry IV," "Henry V," "Richard III," "Troilus and Cressida," "Hamlet," "King Lear," and "Othello"), though quartos were available and obviously convenient, the Folio editors adopted the more conscientious course of ignoring them and printing from manuscript, as they did, of course, with the twenty plays yet unpublished.

The men concerned with the mechanical manufacture of the book are by no means the least interesting group. The title-page contains the brief statement: "Printed by Isaac Jaggard and Ed. Blount, 1623." The colophon on the last page is more explicit: "Printed at the Charges of W. Jaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley." Aspley and Smethwick appear also among the publishers of the Folio of 1632, but their part in the enterprise was relatively small. Aspley, who had once been a partner of Blount's, owned the copyright of "Much Ado" and "2 Henry IV," and may have had some claim on "1 Henry IV," "Richard II," and "Richard III." Smethwick held the copyright of "Love's Labour's Lost," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Hamlet," with a more dubious claim on "The Taming of the Shrew." They doubtless received shares in the Folio commensurate with these holdings, but the largest risks and honors in the venture evidently belonged to the two Jaggards, father and son, and to Edward Blount. The younger Jaggard, Isaac, figures as printer, and it was in the Jaggard printing house that the work was done.

Blount, known as the friend of Marlowe and a man of taste, publisher of "Hero and Leander," Florio's Montaigne, and the first English versions of "Don Quixote" and "Guzman d'Alfarache," was probably the most gentlemanly and literate of the stationers of his time. William Jaggard was one of the most ruffianly, though certainly a shrewd and ardent business man. It was with Blount, we may cheerfully infer, that Shakespeare's actor colleagues dealt in the

matter, and to whom they entrusted the unpublished manuscripts. Blount, accordingly, in conjunction with Isaac Jaggard as his printer (for Blount had no press), registered his copyright, on November 8, 1623, in sixteen Shakespearean plays. The list itemizes accurately and completely all the plays of Shakespeare which had not been previously printed, with the exception of the first and second parts of "Henry VI," "King John," and "The Taming of the Shrew." The explanation of the omitted titles is that "the third part of Henry the Sixt," which is mentioned, pretty certainly means the play that we know as the first part, while the other four plays (second and third "Henry VI," "John," and "Shrew"), though not yet printed in their Shakespearean forms, were all represented — in a more or less Pickwickian sense — by quarto prints of the pre-Shakespearean versions. All the sixteen plays registered remained Blount's property, and were by him transferred, in 1630, to Robert Allot, the chief publisher of the Second Folio.

William Jaggard had for a long time manifested a felonious interest in Shakespeare's works. In 1599 he caused to be printed a small octavo booklet, entitled "The Passionate Pilgrim. By W. Shakespeare." This contained two of Shakespeare's sonnets (the first to get into print) and three poems (one a regular and one an irregular sonnet) from "Love's Labour's Lost," of which a quarto edition had appeared in 1598. Otherwise the little book is made up of poems in which Shakespeare had no discernible interest. In 1612 it reached a third edition, in which Jaggard ventured to swell the volume by calmly annexing two poems out of Thomas Heywood's "Britain's Troy" (printed by Jaggard in 1609), and described the book as "newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakespeare." On this occasion, honest Heywood spoke his mind in words that leave no doubt concerning Jaggard's mechanical and moral imperfections or Shakespeare's opinion on at least the latter point. Heywood's "Apology for Actors" was printed by Nicholas Okes in 1612, and the

author appended to it a letter on the subject of Jaggard's enormity of the same year. It runs as follows:

"To my approved good friend, Mr. Nicholas Okes. — The infinite faults escaped in my book of *Britain's Troy* by the negligence of the printer, as the misquotations, mistaking of syllables, misplacing half lines, coining of strange and never heard of words, these being without number, when I would have taken a particular account of the *errata*, the printer [Jaggard] answered me, he would not publish his own disworkmanship, but rather let his own fault lie upon the neck of the author. . . . Here, likewise, I must necessarily insert a manifest injury done me in that work, by taking the two epistles of Paris to Helen, and Helen to Paris, and printing them in a less volume ["The Passionate Pilgrim"] under the name of another [Shakespeare], which may put the world in opinion I might steal them from him, and he, to do himself right, hath since published them in his own name. But, as I must acknowledge my lines not worthy his patronage [Shakespeare's] under whom he [Jaggard] hath published them, so the author [Shakespeare] I know much offended with M. Jaggard that (altogether unknown to him) presumed to make so bold with his name. These and the like dishonesties I know you to be clear of; and I could wish but to be the happy author of so worthy a work as I could willingly commit to your care and workmanship. Yours, ever, THOMAS HEYWOOD."

Jaggard was so far moved, either by Heywood's printed or Shakespeare's vocal objurgations, that he substituted in the unsold copies of "The Passionate Pilgrim" a new title-page in which Shakespeare's name is cancelled. If this was a mark of inward grace, it was not permanent. The discoveries of Mr. Pollard and Mr. Greg, less than twenty years ago, have disclosed how Jaggard and a kindred spirit, Thomas Pavier, plotted in 1619 to palm off as Shakespeare's works a group of such putative or derelict dramas as they could lay their hands upon, the book to comprise, probably in the following

order: the pre-Shakespearean versions of second and third "Henry VI," "Pericles," "A Yorkshire Tragedy," the pirated text of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Merchant of Venice," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "King Lear," the bad "Henry V" text, and "Sir John Oldcastle." Since the two Henry VI plays were combined under the new title of "The Whole Contention between Lancaster and York," the assortment would have consisted of nine plays, the same number as had appeared three years before in the Jonson Folio. The pirates seem to have been frightened into abstaining from their purpose of publishing this precious collection in a single volume as "Shakespeare's Works," but they brought them out separately, with an apparatus of false dates and fraudulent imprints which fooled the world for near three hundred years.

This was the situation when, four years later, the reputable Blount and the pious actor friends of Shakespeare enlisted Jaggard capital and the Jaggard printing press in the enterprise of the great Folio. Ironically enough, the identical fount of type which perpetrated the forgeries of 1619 was now re-set to print the *bona fide* texts. Such a consummation may well have produced unwonted enthusiasm and excitement in the Jaggard establishment. The Folio bears abundant marks of both. It is a grandiose affair, in which money and labor were evidently not grudged, but it was obviously pushed through with much hurry, rattle, and confusion.

As everybody knows, the plays were thrown into three groups with separate pagination: Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. These divisions are accurate enough, except for "Cymbeline," which comes at the end of all the tragedies, instead of beside "The Winter's Tale," as one would expect, in the comedy section. "Troilus and Cressida" and "Timon of Athens" got rudely buffeted, and "Troilus" was nearly omitted altogether. Originally set up to follow "Romeo and Juliet" among the tragedies, it was pulled out again to make

place for "Timon," which fails to fill up sufficient pages and leaves a tell-tale gap in the numbering; while "Troilus," with pages unnumbered (save for two accidental survivals from the old pagination) and no place in the table of contents, finally slunk into a no man's land between the last of the history plays and the first of the tragedies.

The chronological incoherence of the order of plays in the comedy and tragedy sections and the erratic manner in which act and scene division is attempted or abandoned, are well known. Through all this, as Mr. Pollard subtly argues, one decreasing purpose runs. The editors — Blount, Heminge-Condell, or whoever — "placed unprinted plays in all the important positions [at the opening and close of sections] and hid away those already printed in the middle of them." Thus the comedy section opens with five plays, of which only one, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," had ever been printed, and that in a pitifully truncated version; and it closes with five other unprinted plays, while in the middle are bunched four plays ("Much Ado, Love's Labour's Lost," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Merchant of Venice") which were available in good quarto editions. Similarly, the ambitious purpose of the editors was to provide act and scene division (not indicated in quartos or manuscripts), and to adapt the stage directions to the needs of the reader rather than the stage prompter; but they lacked time or patience to carry this intention through, doing it best in the plays marked for conspicuous positions. Therefore (to quote Mr. Pollard once more), "the position which a play occupies in the volume offers a very fair index to the amount of care which will be found to have been bestowed upon it."

Proof-reading was as spasmodic as might be expected. Printer's errors abound, and divergences between different copies (indicating attempts to purify the text after part of the impression was printed) probably exceed even the Elizabethan average. But these blemishes are venial, the result of honest haste. Most of the misprints are capable of

correction, though in their time they made plenty of work for Theobald and his brethren. Whatever their sins of negligence, the printers and editors of the Folio deserve an everlasting praise for resisting the impulse to tamper consciously with Shakespeare's text, even where they must certainly have failed to understand it. On the whole, the text of the book, with all its mechanical blunders, is admirably reassuring, and testifies to the truth of what Heminge and Condell say concerning the excellence of the poet's manuscripts: "What he thought he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers."

No less haste than that with which the Folio printers worked would have sufficed, in truth, if W. Jaggard were to enjoy the full fruition of his naughty pilferings and depart in the odor of bibliographical sanctity. On November 8, when Blount and Isaac registered their claim — a little unpunctually, it would seem — to the sixteen previously uncopyrighted plays, old Jaggard was blind and near the point of death. His will was proved on the seventeenth of the same month. His last act of which a record remains was to present a Folio, presumably an advance copy, to Augustine Vincent, a crony and ally in one of his printer's wars. The manuscript inscription is extant in a copy lately in possession of Mr. Charles Sibthorp Coningsby: "Ex dono Willi. Jaggard Typographi, a (nn)o 1623."

Nothing in his life

Became him like the leaving it. He died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd
As 't were a careless trifle.

EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL

By KATHERINE MANSFIELD

THE majority of the following passages of Katherine Mansfield's Journal are contained in one of the little exercise-books in which she did most of her writing. This one is a French exercise-book, for the passages belong to the winter of 1915-16, when she was living at Bandol, a little watering-place on the Mediterranean. The conventional spaces on the sky-blue cover have been filled up by her thus:

Appartenant à
Commencé le
Fini le

Katherine Mansfield
toujours
jamais.

One of the most potent reasons for her leaving England at this time — for her health was then excellent — was the death of her passionately loved younger brother, Leslie Heron Beauchamp, who was killed in France in October, 1915, at the age of twenty-one, barely a week after leaving England for the front. He had come from New Zealand to take a commission in an English regiment. Just before he left England for France with his regiment, he had spent a few days in London with his sister at her house, No. 5 Acacia Road, St. John's Wood. They talked together for hours of the things that were in New Zealand; and they talked of them not only in "the little top room" which was Katherine Mansfield's workroom, but in every corner of the house and at every moment. The book which Katherine Mansfield promised her brother she would write is "Prelude." It was originally called "The Aloe." The passages of her journal given here explain the mood in which that acknowledged masterpiece (now included in the volume entitled

"Bliss") was conceived and written. The title-page of the first edition was finally inscribed: "To L. H. B. and J. M. M." — JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY.

October 29th, 1915 [5, Acacia Road].

Awake, awake! my little boy.

A misty, misty evening. I want to write down the fact that not only am I not afraid of death — I welcome the idea of death. I believe in immortality because he is not here, and I long to join him. First, my darling, I've got things to do for both of us, and then I will come as quickly as I can. Dearest heart, I know you are there, and I live with you, and I will write for you. Other people are near, but they are not close to me. To you only do I belong, just as *you* belong to me. Nobody knows how often I am with you. Indeed, I am always with you, and I begin to feel that you know — that when I leave this house and this place it will be with you, and I will never even for the shortest space of time be away from you. You have me. You're in my flesh as well as in my soul. I give others my "surplus" love, but to you I hold and to you I give my deepest love.

[November, 1915. Bandol, France.]

Brother. I think I have known for a long time that life was over for me, but I never realized it or acknowledged it until my brother died. Yes, though he is lying in the middle of a little wood in France and I am still walking upright and feeling the sun and the wind from the sea, I am just as much dead as he is. The present and the future mean nothing to me. I am no longer "curious" about people; I do not wish to go anywhere; and the only possible value that anything can have for me is that it should put me in mind of something that happened or was when we were alive. "Do you remember, Katie?" I hear his voice in trees and flowers, in scents and light and shadow. Have people, apart from these faraway people, ever existed for me? Or have they always failed me

and faded because I denied them reality? Supposing I were to die as I sit at this table, playing with my Indian paper-knife, what would the difference be? No difference at all. Then why don't I commit suicide? Because I feel I have a duty to perform to the lovely time when we were both alive. I want to write about it, and he wanted me to. We talked it over in my little top room in London. I said: I will just put on the front page: To my brother, Leslie Heron Beauchamp. Very well: it shall be done.—

The wind died down at sunset. Half a ring of moon hangs in the hollow air. It is very quiet. Somewhere I can hear a woman crooning a song. Perhaps she is crouched before the stove in the corridor, for it is the kind of song that a woman sings before a fire — brooding, warm, sleepy, and safe. I see a little house with flower patches under the windows and the soft mass of a haystack at the back. The fowls have all gone to roost — they are woolly blurs on the perches. The pony is in the stable with a cloth on. The dog lies in the kennel, his head on his forepaws. The cat sits. . . . [The rest of the page is missing.]

[December, 1915.]

This afternoon I did not go for a walk. There is a long stone embankment that goes out to the sea. Huge stones on either side and a little rough goat path in the centre. When I came to the end the sun was going down. So, feeling extremely solitary and romantic, I sat me down on a stone and watched the red sun, which looked horribly like a morsel of tinned apricot, sink into a sea like a huge junket. I began, feebly but certainly perceptibly, to harp "Alone between sea and sky, &c." But suddenly I saw a minute speck on the bar coming towards me. It grew. It turned into a young officer in dark blue, slim, with an olive skin, fine eyebrows, long, black eyes, a fine silky moustache.

You are alone, Madame?

Alone, Monsieur.

You are living at the hotel, Madame?

At the hotel, Monsieur.

Ah, I have noticed you walking alone several times, Madame.

It is possible, Monsieur.

He blushed and put his hand to his cap.

I am very indiscreet, Madame.

Very indiscreet, Monsieur.

[January 22nd, 1916.]

Now, really, what is it that I do want to write? I ask myself, Am I less of a writer than I used to be? Is the need to write less urgent? Does it still seem as natural to me to seek that form of expression? Has speech fulfilled it? Do I ask anything more than to relate, to remember, to assure myself? There are times when these thoughts half-frighten me and very nearly convince. I say, You are now so fulfilled in your own being, in being alive, in loving, in aspiring towards a greater sense of life and a deeper loving, the other thing has gone out of you. But no, at bottom I am not convinced, for at bottom never has my desire been so ardent. Only the form that I would choose has changed utterly. I feel no longer concerned with the same appearance of things. The people who lived or whom I wished to bring into my stories don't interest me any more. The plots of my stories leave me perfectly cold. Granted that these people exist and all the differences, complexities, and resolutions are true to them — why should *I* write about them? They are not near me. All the false threads that bound me to them are cut away quite.

Now — now I want to write recollections of my own country. Yes, I want to write about my own country till I simply exhaust my store. Not only because it is a "sacred debt" that I pay to my country because my brother and I were born there, but also because in my thoughts I range with him over all the remembered places. I am never far away from them. I long to renew them in writing.

Ah, the people — the people we loved there — of them, too, I want to write. Another “debt of love.” Oh, I want for one moment to make our undiscovered country leap into the eyes of the Old World. It must be mysterious, as though floating. It must take the breath. It must be “one of those islands.” . . . I shall tell everything, even of how the laundry-basket squeaked at “75.” But all must be told with a sense of mystery, a radiance, an afterglow, because you, my little sun of it, are set. You have dropped over the dazzling brim of the world. Now I must play my part.

Then I want to write poetry. I feel always trembling on the brink of poetry. The almond-tree, the birds, the little wood where you are, the flowers you do not see, the open window out of which I lean and dream that you are against my shoulder, and the times that your photograph “looks sad.” But especially I want to write a kind of long elegy to you . . . perhaps not in poetry. Nor perhaps in prose. Almost certainly in a kind of special *prose*.

And, lastly, I want to keep a kind of *minute notebook*, to be published some day. That’s all. No novels, no problem stories, nothing that is not simple, open.

K. M.

February 13th [1916].

I have written practically nothing yet, and now again the time is getting short. There is nothing done. I am no nearer my achievement than I was two months ago, and I keep half-doubting my will to perform anything. Each time I make a move my demon says at almost the same moment: “Oh, yes, we’ve heard that before!” And then I hear R. B. in the Café Royal, “Do you still write?” If I went back to England without a book *finished* I should give myself up. I should know that, whatever I said, I was not really a writer and had no claim to “a table in my room.” But if I go back with a book finished it will be a *profession de foi pour toujours*. Why do I hesitate so long? Is it just idleness? Lack of will-

power? Yes, I feel that's what it is, and that's why it's so immensely important that I should assert myself. I have put a table to-day in my room, facing a corner, but from where I sit I can see some top shoots of the almond-tree, and the sea sounds loud. There is a vase of beautiful geraniums on the table. Nothing could be nicer than this spot, and it's so quiet and so high, like sitting up in a tree. I feel I shall be able to write here, especially towards twilight.

Ah, once fairly alight — how I'd blaze and burn! Here is a new fact. When I am not writing I feel my brother calling me, and he is not happy. Only when I write or am in a state of writing — a state of "inspiration" — do I feel that he is calm. . . . Last night I dreamed of him and Father Zossima. Father Zossima said: "Do not let the new man die." My brother was certainly there. But last evening he called me while I sat down by the fire. At last I obeyed and came upstairs. I stayed in the dark and waited. The moon got very bright. There were stars outside, very bright twinkling stars, that seemed to move as I watched them. The moon shone. I could see the curve of the sea and the curve of the land embracing, and above in the sky there was a round sweep of cloud. Perhaps those three half-circles were very magic. But then, when I leaned out of the window I seemed to see my brother dotted all over the field — now on his back, now on his face, now huddled up, now half-pressed into the earth. Wherever I looked, there he lay. I felt that God showed him to me like that for some express purpose, and I knelt down by the bed. But I could not pray. I had done no work. I was not in an active state of grace. So I got up finally and went downstairs again. But I was terribly sad. . . . The night before, when I lay in bed, I felt suddenly passionate. I wanted J. to embrace me. But as I turned to speak to him or to kiss him I saw my brother lying fast asleep, and I got cold. That happens nearly always. Perhaps because I went to sleep thinking of him, I woke and was he, for quite a long time. I felt my face was his serious, sleepy face. I felt that the

lines of my mouth were changed, and I blinked like he did on waking. —

This year I have to make money and get known. I want to make enough money to be able to give L. M. some. In fact, I want to provide for her. That's my idea, and to make enough so that J. and I shall be able to pay our debts and live honorably. I should like to have a book published and *numbers* of short stories ready. Ah, even as I write, the smoke of a cigarette seems to mount in a reflective way, and I feel nearer that kind of silent, crystallized being that used to be almost me.

TO L. H. B. (1894-1915)

LAST night for the first time since you were dead
I walked with you, my brother, in a dream.
We were at home again beside the stream
Fringed with tall berry bushes, white and red.
"Don't touch them: they are poisonous," I said.
But your hand hovered, and I saw a beam
Of strange, bright laughter flying round your head;
And as you stooped I saw the berries gleam.
"Don't you remember? We called them Dead Man's Bread."
I woke and heard the wind moan and the roar
Of the dark water tumbling on the shore.
Where — where is the path of my dream for my eager feet?
By the remembered stream my brother stands
Waiting for me with berries in his hands.
"These are my body. Sister, take and eat."

KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

[February] 14th [1916].

I begin to think of an unfinished memory which has been with me for years. It is a very good story if only I can tell it right and is called "Lena." It plays in New Zealand and would go in the book. If only I can get right down to it.

Dear brother, as I jot these notes, I am speaking to you. To whom did I always write when I kept those huge com-

plaining diaries? Was it to myself? But now as I write these words and talk of getting down to the New Zealand atmosphere, I see you opposite to me, I see your thoughtful, seeing eyes. Yes, it is to you. We were travelling — sitting opposite to each other and moving very fast. Ah, my darling, how have I kept away from this tremendous joy? Each time I take up my pen *you* are with me. You are mine. You are my playfellow, my brother, and we shall range all over our country together. It is with you that I see, and that is why I see so clearly. That is a great mystery. My brother, I have doubted these last few days. I have been in dreadful places. I have felt that I could not *come* through to you. But now, quite suddenly, the mists are rising, and I see and I know you are near me. You are more vividly with me now this moment than if you were alive and I were writing to you from a short distance away. As you speak my name, the name you call me by that I love so — Katie — your lip lifts in a smile — you believe in me, you know I am here. Oh, Chum-mie! put your arms round me. I was going to write: Let us shut out everybody. But no, it is not that. Only we shall look on at them together. My brother, you know, with all my desire, my will is weak. To do things — even to write absolutely for myself and by myself — is awfully hard for me. God knows why, when my desire is so strong. But just as it was always our delight to sit together — you remember? — and to talk of the old days, down to the last detail — the last feeling — looking at each other and by our eyes expressing when speech ended how intimately we understood each other — so now, my dear one, we shall do that again. You know how unhappy I have been lately. I almost felt: Perhaps “the new man” will not live. Perhaps I am not yet risen. . . . But now I do not doubt. It is the idea (it has always been there, but never as it is with me to-night) that I do not write alone. That in every word I write and every place I visit I carry you with me. Indeed, that might be the motto of my book. There are daisies on the table and a red flower, like a

poppy, shines through. Of daisies I will write. Of the dark. Of the wind — and the sun and the mists. Of the shadows. Ah! of all that you loved and that I too love and feel. To-night it is made plain. However often I write and re-write I shall not really falter, dearest, and the book shall be written and ready.

[February] 15th [1916].

I have broken the silence. It took long. Did I fail you when I sat reading? Oh, bear with me a little. I will be better. I will do *all*, all that we would wish. Love, I will not fail. To-night it is very wild. Do you hear? It is all wind and sea. You feel that the world is blowing like a feather, springing and rocking in the air like a balloon from Lindsay's.* I seem to hear a piano sometimes, but that's fancy. How loud the wind sounds! If I write every day faithfully a little record of how I have kept faith with you — that is what I must do. Now you are back with me. You are stepping forward, one hand in your pocket. My brother, my little boy brother! Your thoughtful eyes! I see you always as you left me. I saw you a moment alone — by yourself — and quite lost, I felt. My heart yearned over you then. Oh, it yearns over you to-night and now! Did you cry? I always felt: He never, never must be unhappy. Now I will come quite close to you, take your hand, and we shall tell this story to each other.

[February] 16th [1916].

I found *The Aloe* this morning. And when I had re-read it I knew that I was not quite "right" yesterday. No, dearest, it was not just the spirit. *The Aloe* is right. *The Aloe* is lovely. It simply fascinates me, and I know that it is what you would wish me to write. And now I know what the last chapter is. It is your birth — your coming in the autumn. You in Grandmother's arms under the tree, your solemnity, your wonderful beauty. Your hands, your head — your helpless-

* A shop in Wellington, New Zealand.

ness, lying on the earth, and, above all, your tremendous solemnity. That chapter will end the book. The next book will be yours and mine. And you must mean the world to Linda; and before ever you are born Kezia must play with you — her little Bogey. Oh, Bogey — I must hurry. All of them must have this book. It is good, my treasure! My little brother, it is good, and it is what we really meant.

[February] 17th [1916].

I am sad to-night. Perhaps it is the old forlorn wind. And the thought of you *spiritually* is not enough to-night. I want you by me. I must get deep down into my book, for then I shall be happy. Lose myself, lose myself to find you, dearest. Oh, I want this book to be written. It MUST be done. It must be bound and wrapped and sent to New Zealand. I feel that with all my soul. It will be.

[Spring, 1916. Bandol.]

Things happened so simply then, without preparation and without any shock. They let me go into my mother's room (I remember standing on tiptoe and using both hands to turn the big white china doorhandle) and there lay my mother in bed with her arms along the sheet, and there sat my grandmother before the fire with a baby in a flannel across her knees. My mother paid no attention to me at all. Perhaps she was asleep, for my grandmother nodded and said in a voice scarcely above a whisper, "Come and see your little sister." I tiptoed to her voice across the room, and she parted the flannel, and I saw a little round head with a tuft of goldy hair on it and a big face with eyes shut — white as snow. "Is it alive?" I asked. "Of course," said grandmother. "Look at her holding my finger." And — yes, a hand, scarcely bigger than my doll's in a frilled sleeve, was wound round her finger. "Do you like her?" said my grandmother. "Yes. Is she going to play with the doll's house?" "By-and-bye," said the grandmother, and I felt very pleased. Mrs. Heywood had just given us the doll's house. It was a beau-

tiful one with a verandah and a balcony and a door that opened and shut and two chimneys. I wanted badly to show it to someone else.

"Her name is Gwen," said the grandmother. "Kiss her."

I bent down and kissed little goldy tuft. But she took no notice. She lay quite still with her eyes shut.

"Now go and kiss mother," said the grandmother.

But mother did not want to kiss me. Very languid, leaning against the pillows, she was eating some sago. The sun shone through the windows and winked on the brass knobs of the big bed.

After that grandmother came into the nursery with Gwen, and sat in front of the nursery fire in the rocking chair with her. Meg and Tadpole were away staying with Aunt Harriet, and they had gone before the new doll's house arrived, so that was why I so longed to have somebody to show it to. I had gone all through it myself, from the kitchen to the dining-room, up into the bedrooms, into the drawing-room with the doll's lamp on the table, heaps and heaps of times.

"*When* will she play with it?" I asked grandmother.

"By-and-bye, darling."

It was spring. Our garden was full of big white lilies. I used to run out and sniff them and come in again with my nose all yellow.

"Can't she go out?"

At last, one very fine day, she was wrapped in the warm shawl and grandmother carried her into the cherry orchard, and walked up and down under the falling cherry flowers. Grandmother wore a gray dress with white pansies on it. The doctor's carriage was waiting at the door, and the doctor's little dog, Jackie, rushed at me and snapped at my bare legs. When we went back to the nursery and the shawl was taken away, little white petals like feathers fell out of the folds. But Gwen did not look, even then. She lay in grandmother's arms, her eyes just open to show a line of blue, her face very white, and the one tuft of goldy hair standing up on her head.

All day, all night grandmother's arms were full. I had no lap to climb into, no pillow to rest against. All belonged to Gwen. But Gwen did not notice this; she never put up her hand to play with the silver brooch that was a half-moon with five little owls sitting on it; she never pulled grandmother's watch from her bodice and opened the back by herself to see grandfather's hair; she never buried her head close to smell the lavender water, or took up grandmother's spectacle case and wondered at its being really silver. She just lay still and let herself be rocked.

Down in the kitchen one day old Mrs. McElvie came to the door and asked Bridget about the poor little mite, and Bridget said, "Kep' alive on bullock's blood hotted in a saucer over a candle." After that I felt frightened of Gwen, and I decided that even when she did play with the doll's house I would not let her go upstairs into the bedroom — only downstairs, and then only when I saw she could look.

Late one evening I sat by the fire on my little carpet hassock and grandmother rocked, singing the song she used to sing me, but more gently. Suddenly she stopped and I looked up. Gwen opened her eyes and turned her little round head to the fire and looked and looked at it, and then — turned her eyes up to the face bending over her. I saw her tiny body stretch out and her hands flew up, and "Ah! Ah! Ah!" called the grandmother.

Bridget dressed me next morning. When I went into the nursery I sniffed. A big vase of the white lilies was standing on the table. Grandmother sat in her chair to one side with Gwen in her lap, and a funny little man with his head in a black bag was standing behind a box of china eggs.

"Now!" he said, and I saw my grandmother's face change as she bent over little Gwen.

"Thank you," said the man, coming out of the bag.

The picture was hung over the nursery fire. I thought it looked very nice. The doll's house was in it — verandah and balcony and all. Gran held me up to kiss my little sister.

[Spring, 1916. Bandol.]

Jack's application is a perpetual reminder to me. Why am I not writing too? Why, feeling so rich, with the greater part of this to be written *before* I go back to England, do I not begin? If only I have the courage to press against the stiff swollen gate all that lies within is mine: why do I linger for a moment? Because I am idle, out of the habit of work and spendthrift beyond belief. Really it is idleness, a kind of immense idleness — hateful and disgraceful.

I was thinking yesterday of my *wasted wasted* early girlhood. My college life, which is such a vivid and detailed memory in one way, might never have contained a book or a lecture. I lived in the girls, the professor, the big lovely building, the leaping fires in winter and the abundant flowers in summer. The views out of the windows, all the pattern that was weaving. Nobody saw it, I felt, as I did. My mind was just like a squirrel. I gathered and gathered and hid away, for that long "winter" when I should re-discover all this treasure — and if anybody came close I scuttled up the tallest darkest tree and hid in the branches. And I was so awfully fascinated in watching Hall Griffin and all his tricks — thinking about him as he sat there, his private life, what he was like as a man, etc., etc. (He told us he and his brother once wrote an enormous poem called *The Epic of the Hall Griffins*.) Then it was only at rare intervals that something flashed through all this busyness, something about Spenser's Faery Queen or Keats' Isabella and the Pot of Basil, and those flashes were always when I disagreed flatly with H. G. and wrote in my notes — This man is a fool.

And Cramb, wonderful Cramb! The figure of Cramb was enough, he was "history" to me. Ageless and fiery, eating himself up again and again, very fierce at what he had seen but going a bit blind because he had looked so long. Cramb, striding up and down, filled me up to the brim. I couldn't write down Cramb's thunder. I simply wanted to sit and

hear him. Every gesture, every stopping of his walk, all his tones and looks are as vivid to me as though it were yesterday — but of all he said I only remember phrases — “he sat there and his wig fell off —” “Anne Bullen a lovely *pure* creature stepping out of her quiet door into the light and clamor,” and looking back and seeing the familiar door shut upon her, with a little click as it were — final.

But what coherent account could I give of the history of English Literature? And what of English History? None. When I think in *dates* and *times* the wrong people come in — the right people are missing.* When I read a play of Shakespeare I want to be able to place it in relation to what came before and what comes after. I want to realize what England was like then, at least a little, and what the people looked like (but even as I write I feel I can do this, at least the latter thing), but when a man is mentioned, even though the man is real I don't want to set him on the right hand of Sam Johnson when he ought to be living under Shakespeare's shadow. And this I often do.

Since I came here I have been very interested in the Bible. I have read the Bible for hours on end and I began to do so with just the same desire. I wanted to know if Lot followed close on Noah or something like that. But I feel so bitterly I should have known facts like this: they ought to be part of my breathing. Is there another grown person as ignorant as I? But why didn't I listen to the old Principal who lectured on Bible History twice a week instead of staring at his face that was very round, a dark red color with a kind of bloom on it and covered all over with little red veins with endless tiny tributaries that ran even up his forehead and were lost in his bushy white hair? He had tiny hands, too, puffed up,

*On the opposite page is a long list of the chief figures in the history of English literature, working backwards from the 18th century. Evidently Katherine Mansfield had been trying to test her knowledge. In the final result, though it is much corrected, the test is singularly accurate.—J. M. M.

purplish, shining under the stained flesh. I used to think—looking at his hands—he will have a stroke and die of paralysis. . . . They told us he was a very learned man, but I could not help seeing him in a double-breasted frock coat, a large pseudo-clerical pith helmet, a large white handkerchief falling over the back of his neck, standing and pointing out with an umbrella a probable site of a probable encampment of some wandering tribe, to his wife, an elderly lady who had to go everywhere in a basket chair arranged on the back of a donkey, and his two daughters, in thread gloves and sand shoes smelling faintly of some anti-mosquito mixture.

As he lectured I used to sit, building his house, peopling it—filling it with heavy furniture—cupboards like tiny domes and tables with elephant's legs presented to him by grateful missionary friends. I never came into contact with him but once when he asked any young lady in the room to hold up her hand if she had been chased by a wild bull and as nobody else did I held up mine (though of course I hadn't) "Ah," he said, "I am afraid you do not count. You are a little savage from New Zealand"—which was a trifle exacting for it must be the rarest thing to be chased by a wild bull up and down Harley Street, Wimpole Street, Welbeck Street, Queen Anne, round and round Cavendish Square. . . .

And why didn't I learn French with M. Hugenot? What an opportunity missed! What has it not cost me! He lectured in a big narrow room that was painted all over—the walls, door and window frames, a gray shade of mignonette green. The ceiling was white and just below it there was a frieze of long looped chains of white flowers. On either side of the marble mantelpiece a naked small boy staggered under a big platter of grapes that he held above his head. Below the windows, far below, there was a stable court paved in cobble stones, one could hear the faint clatter of carriages coming out or in, the noise of water gushing out of a pump into a big

pail — some youth, clumping about and whistling. The room was never very light and in summer M. H. liked the blinds to be drawn half way down the window. . . . He was a little fat man.

[The following passage, which is extremely hard to decipher, occurs in the middle of the manuscript of "Prelude." It drops into a kind of doggerel verse. A few words of explanation are needed. Chaddie was Katherine Mansfield's elder sister, then on her way to England from India, whom she intended to meet at Marseilles. At the time we were living in a little four-roomed villa in Bandol. We worked in the same room, at the same table, and the agreed routine was that we had to keep at it from 9 to the stroke of 12, when we simultaneously rose and rushed off to cook our lunch. We were always hungry. On this particular day Katherine Mansfield had secretly put the clock forward three-quarters of an hour. It was not discovered till after lunch. Finally, lest anyone should be surprised at her considering a half-pound of green peas — in March — an extravagance, it may be said that we were not very rich.— J. M. M.]

[March, 1916. Bandol.]

I must not go on thinking like this. My thoughts are all of Chaddie, of our meeting on Monday, of what we shall do and how we shall look. I keep wondering what I shall do if the boat arrives in the middle of the night, or what I shall do if someone robs me while I am there. A thousand different thoughts. And what she will say and if she will expect me. These thoughts fly through my head like mad things. They never finish. And then there is always the idea that I may by some awful error miss her. It isn't possible! And what we shall do when we *do* meet. This is sheer sin, for I ought to be thinking of my book, and instead I sit pretending here. But all these various things are really, really very difficult to keep up the fight against. And the desire for an omelette is really awful. I'm hungry beyond words — an omelette, hot

coffee, bread and butter and jam. I could cry at the very thought; only you see, fool who is reading this, I went out awfully early. Before eight I was down in the village with my *filet* [string bag] in my hand a-getting of the lunch and the dinner. And although it pleuvéd cats and dogs, I marched about the land and came back home a [*indecipherable*]. For the *petit pois*, I really must confess, were sinfully expensive, but I couldn't have bought less! I *bad* to buy a *demi-livre*, and that's by no means ample. By the time that they've been shelled and cooked *il ne reste plus qu'une* sample. Twenty to twelve, says our old clock. It seems to tell and slowly mock my chagrin and my real distress at giving way to wickedness. Oh, say a quarter! Say ten to! Whirr in the whiny way you do before you strike. But no, as I have oft observed, all clocks are deaf: this hasn't heard. And as it is — *grâce à* my doing — the brute is fast beyond all hiding. It is really only seven minutes past. . . . Now Jack has got up and made a move. But only to the shelves above! He's settled down again.

Before the wretch has chimèd well
I may be mad and go to hell.

[Later: in very clear handwriting.]

But it wasn't as bad as all that after all. I struck work, and we had no end of a good feed, and now it is two. (By our clock.) So I'll knock off this rubbish and really settle down.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

POETRY AD LIB

THE WASTE LAND, *by* T. S. ELIOT, *Boni & Liveright.*

INTRODUCING IRONY, *by* MAXWELL BODENHEIM, *Boni & Liveright.*

THE SARDONIC ARM, *by* MAXWELL BODENHEIM, *Covici-McGee.*

ROMAN BARTHLOW, *by* EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON, *Macmillan Co.*

A PUSH CART AT THE CURB, *by* JOHN DOS PASSOS, *George H. Doran Co.*

A CRITICAL FABLE, *by* A POKER OF FUN, *Houghton Mifflin Co.*

THE BLACK PANTHER, *by* JOHN HALL WHELOCK, *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

A FEW FIGS FROM THISTLES, *by* EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY, *Stewart Kidd Co.*

DOWN THE RIVER, *by* ROSCOE W. BRINK, *Henry Holt & Co.*

SHOES OF THE WIND, *by* HILDA CONKLING, *Frederick A. Stokes Co.*

GRANITE AND ALABASTER, *by* RAYMOND HOLDEN, *Macmillan Co.*

THE books before me are all interesting. The most important seem to me to be "The Waste Land," by T. S. Eliot, "Introducing Irony" and "The Sardoniac Arm," by Maxwell Bodenheim, and "Roman Bartholow," by Edwin Arlington Robinson.

There has been much discussion of Eliot's book already, and the best and last word upon it — to my mind — was said by Conrad Aiken in "The New Republic." I myself have but one thing to say about "The Waste Land" — that I found it deeply emotional underneath all attitudinizing, that it moved me (for all its eccentricity), and that its oddity fascinated.

That is *one* opinion. These feelings of mine about "The Waste Land" overcame my irritation at the pedantic "Notes" and at certain other posturings. After all, there may be beauty, pathos, the springs of sincere spiritual agony in

Silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends
Or other testimony of summer nights

— just as beauty and pathos are undeniable in

. . . Son of man,
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,

And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,
And the dry stone no sound of water.

You ask me just exactly what "The Waste Land" means in every line and phrase, and I can give you but a botched explanation. Go to Mr. Aiken for the best discussion of its peculiar structure or lack of structure. "The Waste Land" means in general no more than Mr. Eliot's earlier "Gerontion" meant, in "Ara Vos Prec." I have always cared strongly for Mr. Eliot's "apeneck Sweeney," whether among the nightingales or not, and for his apocalyptic hippopotamus. The jungle of his mind seems to me very fertile. And he can do remarkably moving things with reticences and sharply struck discords. For pendants to Aiken, look up the reviews of "The Waste Land" by Edmund Wilson, Jr. and Elinor Wylie: the former having appeared in "The Dial," the latter in "The Literary Review." I am one of those who feel that Mr. Eliot earned his two thousand dollar "Dial" prize.

Maxwell Bodenheim is a cerebral acrobat. His work glitters with epigram. He is acrid and mordant. And, by turns, he is deeply sympathetic with the odd welter of the world. The people of his poems and poetic short stories — like the people in his most peculiar novel, "Blackguard," talk and even think as I feel assured their possible prototypes never talked or even thought. But they conspire to fascinate the intellect avid of fine-spun riddles delicately lifted out of the tissue of experience. Mr. Bodenheim's supercilious sagacity, roiled often by his colossal conceit; the finicky nicety of his shadow-boxing with his remarkable vocabulary; the pirouetting and grimacing of his fantasy; all these things interest the mind. But rarely does he stir the emotions. He is too clever. "Words," he remarks, "conceal the essential helplessness; and the lurking emptiness behind life separates into little curious divisions of sound." We may leave it at that. Here are agile exercises in keen and pitiless reasoning about life and a superlative prestidigitation with words. If that is just what you wish and all that you wish, the work of Maxwell Bodenheim will thoroughly satisfy you.

Edwin Arlington Robinson's subtleties and obscurities are less brilliantly restless. His ruminations make the work of Bodenheim seem feverish — might I say Hecht-ic? "Roman Bartholow" is Robinson at his most ruminative, and I hate to declare that I

have found it dull. But such is the truth. For content, it is a closely knit psychological novel. But there is also too much circumlocution where plain and direct statement would as well — or better — have served. The defects of the Robinsonian style are implicit in its virtues. But here I find too much mysterious mutter overslaughing the acute, if a trifle prim, analysis. This book, like all of Robinson's, has a great deal of food for thought in it. But it has been, for me, indubitably hard to read. And Robinson remains to me, in spite of that fact, the greatest living poet in America. The ritual of his phrase is open to attack in somewhat the same way that the ritual of the phrase of Henry James was open to attack. But his psychological explorations seem to me at least as deep and fruitful and the spirit in which they have been made perhaps less embarrassed with trivialities.

To John Dos Passos life is a sharply vivid spectacle. His poetry is the poetry of a painter. He has indeed, as his publishers state, "a notable gift for descriptive writing." Spain and Italy and Paris — desires "in hunger of horizons" —

O douce Sainte Geneviève
ramène moi à ta ville, Paris.

"A Pushcart at the Curb" is an intoxication to the imagination straying through possibilities of foreign travel. Phrase and cadence are filled with beauty, filled with color. The mode of writing is the mode instituted by Amy Lowell, but the vigor and freshness of these poems spring from the poet's own individual observation and experience. John Dos Passos is an extraordinary, gifted young man, a novelist, essayist, poet, and painter of definite achievement, and of high potentiality.

"A Critical Fable"? I now definitely think Amy Lowell wrote it. It was worth writing. It is diverting. It contains some keen comment on the poets of our time. Metrically it is often on crutches. But that doesn't so much matter since the analyses of the poets included are for the most part excellent, sometimes even brilliant. And some of the rhyming is a lot of fun.

"The Black Panther" and "The Lion Cage" in John Hall Wheelock's latest book I greatly admire. Wheelock is a natural lyrist. His is a rich music. This book suffers less from diffuseness and emotional repetition than his previous volumes. His poems



emerge from the depths of genuine emotion. He freshens tradition in what he calls "the old weary rhythms of eternal love."

Edna St. Vincent Millay's position as a poet is sure and high. "A Few Figs from Thistles" is one of the books that won for her this year's Pulitzer award. It is a new and enlarged edition of a previous pamphlet. My greatest favorites among her work are not here. But this coquetting with life is full of Miss Millay's unusual charm both as a poet and as a person. There are frequent illustrations here of the maxim that brevity is the soul of wit. In "Requero" and "The Singing Woman from the Wood's Edge" there is a delightful lilt. But this whole little book is merely a hint of the really memorable Millay.

Roscoe W. Brink's "Down the River" is an adequate novel in verse; and I do not care to re-read it. It is not truly profound in insight, though passages are poignant and the whole testament is fairly convincing. I am not wholly convinced that that type of woman would express herself even in her thought, etc. — that is the stricture that rises into the mind after laying the book down. Well, I'm *not* certain!

Hilda Conkling is a child phenomenon. We all say so, and we all add that we hope she will not be spoiled. Her naïveté, and the shyness of her words that occasionally startle with their beauty, are, so far, genuine. She has succeeded in doing what many free versifiers have tried to do, just simply because she *was* what they desired to appear — a child, with a child's idiom for impressions. Theirs was — beside this — a labored and artificial spontaneity. Spontaneity of this particular kind will, of necessity, be forfeit when this child comes to maturity. We can but hope then that her mature poetic technique and inspiration will be as excellent after their kind as were those qualities in her work as a little girl.

In "Granite and Alabaster," Raymond Holden comes forward as a poet of a good deal of promise. There is a reminiscence of Robert Frost in some of his work. There is no particular triumph of phrase. But there is some work as unassumingly pleasing as "Different Streets," which I find entirely charming. And so we began, and so we end. This year has also brought forth selected volumes from the work of Masefield, George Sterling, and Sir William Watson, and the collected work of Alice Meynell. The era is full of poetry. So far as America is concerned, this is the

time of our second great poetic flowering. But it is still far too early for a proper general appraisal of the many practitioners.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

New York City.

OF MAKING UTOPIAS

THE STORY OF UTOPIAS, *by* LEWIS MUMFORD, *Boni & Liveright.*

MEN LIKE GODS, *by* H. G. WELLS, *Macmillan Co.*

It is a fair guess that the Western world is now launched upon a return to humanism. For the moment at least the Machine has defeated us, and our only hope is to retire. We have had our choice of a retreat out of the world into some supernal Arcady, or a retreat within the world and into ourselves. And we have chosen to retreat upon ourselves: it has more the appearance of a tactical manoeuvre. One of the results, in literature, of our election is an increasing interest in mankind, which finds expression in a perfect flood of outlines: outlines of history, outlines of science, outlines of art, outlines of thought. We must discover how we came to this pass. Like Theseus faced with the Minotaur, we tug anxiously upon the backward thread. Somewhere behind us the labyrinth must open upon the air; somewhere in the rear must stand the generation which first left daylight for the darkening maze.

An outline of human aspiration is a logical and harmonious addition to this literature. One of our greatest needs is to know what we want. Individually we want fervently, extensively, insatiably. But socially we want, if we want at all, half-heartedly, aimlessly, and without agreement of purpose. There are political scientists who would make the world over with two amendments to the Constitution of the United States and a new political party. There are apparently a large number of citizens of this country whose recipe for perfect happiness is the elimination of Irishmen, Jews, and negroes. There are fugitives from the Department of Justice who believe that one big union would save the world for humanity. But there is no agreement as to the positive essentials of a complete and happy social existence. It therefore becomes important to examine the desires of people who lived, as we delight to say, in a simpler age, when it was presumably possible to desire in tranquillity.

This Mr. Lewis Mumford has done in "The Story of Utopias." From "The Republic" to Mr. H. G. Wells's all but penultimate "New Utopia" he analyzes the characteristics of the ideal societies which have found their way into literature. That is, he analyzes the characteristics of the serious-minded utopias, the "utopias of reconstruction." The "utopias of escape" he leaves, with two exceptions, on one side, upon the ground that they represent "a primitive kind of thinking," "a vague and messy and logically inconsequent series of images." He would dispense with them all "bag and baggage in exchange for another 'Anna Karenin' or 'The Brothers Karamazov.'" But the "utopias of escape" are not so easily disposed of; for it is one of the two he includes, William Morris's "News from Nowhere," which, even in paraphrase and alone among Mr. Mumford's paraphrases, performs the first and foremost function of a utopia: to persuade of its desirability and human loveliness. The rest, not excepting "The Republic" and Andreae's "Christianopolis," of which Mr. Mumford thinks so highly, fail in the original and in abstract to picture an imaginable human existence. Some of them are great criticisms of human institutions. Some are trenchant essays on man. But as patterns and prototypes they are no more than working models of a social method. In action they might make possible the good life, but they would not of themselves create it. Consider for a moment the starkest statement of their formulae.

"The Republic" rests upon a Samurai class, bred, educated, and disciplined with the single purpose of producing good governors. Everything else is incidental or subservient to that end. Considered as a picture of utopia, all one can say of "The Republic" is that it might be good — for someone else. More's "Utopia" (1516) prescribes an agricultural society, based upon large family groups as the units of production, distribution, and political power, with a community of property. It is an economic nostrum. There is nothing "intriguing" about the life of the inhabitants of Amaurot except the provision for divorce on grounds of "insufferable perverseness," and the existence of religious toleration only restricted by the prohibition of violent dispute. Andreae's Christianopolis (1619) is a Renaissance city with an industrial enthusiasm maintained by a guild system and a group of marvellous laboratories. Housing is common and domesticity restricted. There is joy in

labor but apparently little joy in life. Fourier's "*Traité d'Association Domestique Agricole*" (1822) is a theatrical representation of a harmonious society. The whole show is acted in a central palace with three wings, material, social, and intellectual, a temple of material harmonies and a temple of unityism. Buckingham's "*National Evils and Practical Remedies*" (1848) is the progenitor of model towns and garden cities. Spence's "*Description of Spensonia*" (1795) is a utopia based upon the common possession of the land. Hertzka's "*Freeland*" (1889) rests upon a common right to the land and the means of production, with open book-keeping and free loans of capital. Cabet's "*Voyages en Icarie*" (1842) pictures a society regulated by the state from breakfast to marriage. It is early Soviet Russia all over again. Bellamy's "*Looking Backward*" (1888) is a solution of labor troubles by government ownership with a universal \$4,000 per annum wage. Wells's "*Modern Utopia*" (1905) is a reconstruction of the globe by monorails, universal registration, and non-nationalism, with a Samurai class to govern, and an Atlantic Island for the non-social.

To these must now be added Mr. Wells's last word on the subject, "*Men Like Gods*" (1923). This is his familiar romance of the Creative Impulse staged upon a world three thousand years older than our own but physically so like the earth that its stars and sun and moon and climate and plants and beasts are to all intents and purposes the same — or were until the men of that planet mastered themselves and then mastered their environment. The translation of the necessary group of humans to this more perfect world is secured by the intervention of a utopian Einstein who revolves some of the matter of his world in the F dimension and thus introduces into utopia a cloud of dust, three travelling automobiles, and a dozen human beings. In this utopia there is complete health. Noxious beasts and bacteria have been eliminated, men and women are free, naked, and beautiful, and even the weather seems to be orderly and fair. Competition has disappeared. There is no central authority but a co-ordination of purpose, a collateral independence of groups. "Our education is our government." Above all, there is freedom of the individual in the service of the common scientific state, in the service of knowledge, in the service of his own desire to know. But it is a world without sorrow, without pity, without contrasts of experience or emotion,

without storms or fair weather after storm. It is life in the perfect, the ideal aquarium.

These are not alluring communities. They do not inspire their readers to go out and construct them in Devonshire or the Mississippi valley. And, if Mr. Mumford had stopped with his history, his work, aside from a certain anthological interest, would hardly have been worth doing. But his examination of the classic utopias is the mere beginning of his project. Admitting their inadequacies and insisting only upon the validity of their purpose, he leaves the great utopias of the past to examine the problem of utopia-building in the present state of the world. And as a preliminary he attempts to isolate and describe the existing social ideals which control modern life in the West. These are three in number: the "Country House," in which possession is divorced from production and passive enjoyment from passionate creation; "Coketown," the industrial community, existing to manufacture in order to sell in order to replace, where work is attendance upon a machine and the size of the rubbish heap is the index of prosperity; "Megalopolis," the chief instrument of the national state, the great metropolis where life is lived on paper and action is at second-hand. "Coketown for the workaday week, the Country House for the week-end," and the national state to keep the one working for the other.

The problem is to replace these false ideals with true ideals. And Mr. Mumford's suggestions are interesting. First of all, he would re-establish relationship between science and the community. For a dominant aesthetic interest in science he would substitute a human direction, "a definite hierarchy of values — which shall have some relation to the essential needs of the community," and he would correlate separate branches of science with the whole field of scientific thought to the end that the builders of utopia might have a complete and permanent foundation of fact. In the second place, he would recall art from its pursuit of pure aesthetic experience and direct it towards the service of beauty, by which he means the expression of the adaptation of an instrument to its end, so that the artist might work to provide the community with an emotional pattern of experience, and thus unify and direct its action. In other words, he would have the plans for the new utopia "informed by science and ennobled by the arts."

All this is handled with a balance and poise as rare as it is persuasive. Mr. Mumford's style, as he advances into his own contribution to the literature of sociology, achieves an intensity and a fluency which contrast strangely with the intimate, airy columnese of the first part of the book and of Mr. Van Loon's irrelevant introduction. But in spite of this fact, or perhaps because of it, one is left with a sense of the inapplicability of Mr. Mumford's suggestions to the problem of utopia. It is a philosophic coat hung upon a romantic peg. A humanized science and art would undoubtedly provide a sounder basis and a more inspired direction to life. But a vision of utopia, in the sense in which Mr. Mumford uses the phrase, that is, as a provocative and persuasive agency of social change, is an utterly different thing. It is a metaphor of life; in a sense, a poem. It cannot be, as Mr. Mumford more than suggests, the product of a number of minds any more than any other poem can so result. Its whole value lies in its symbolic and dramatical expression of a mode of life which philosophies must describe and teach only in abstraction. It is in its highest form a literary production, and a literary production it will remain whether the sociologists like it or not. Like William Morris's picture of the Thames valley, it must appeal through the emotions or it becomes a mere tract on sociology. And above all, it must remain a utopia. Once it is realized it is lost.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH.

Cambridge, Mass.

NEW LIGHT ON A DARK CAREER

LORD BYRON'S CORRESPONDENCE, *edited by JOHN MURRAY, 2 vols., Charles Scribner's Sons.*

THE character of Byron, like that of Shakespeare's Hamlet, is an enigma. In both cases the causes of the enigma are the same: a great personality, a touch of mental morbidity, and a man born with both of these when "the time is out of joint." To get a clear-cut, unified conception of Byron's character is impossible, for his character was not a consistent unit. He himself, posing as Manfred, described it as "an awful chaos"; and the judgment, though exaggerated, is shrewd.

On the whole, these valuable and interesting volumes raise our estimate of Byron. His sins were many, and he himself would have

scoffed at the sentimentalist who tried to belittle them. But every man must be judged in the light of his environment and opportunities. He lived in an age not yet "purified" by Victorian illumination, and he did as others did in that realm of darkness. But still more important than his age was his social class. We are apt to forget that "the rhyming peer" was perhaps the only great author of his age who belonged to the upper aristocracy. He moved among families trained for generations to feel that.

That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

On the whole, his code, bad as it was, was fully as high as that of his associates. Dissolute as he was with willing females, he showed himself a man with whom a really virtuous woman was thoroughly safe. Even if she were madly in love with him and could not trust herself, she could trust him if he were once convinced that she wished to remain pure. That is more than could be said for thousands of cads who have maligned his memory. More than that, Byron's rank, beauty, and brilliance frequently made him the hunted instead of the hunter. He was no Joseph, but he was often a fleeing Actaeon.

Many-sided himself, and mixing with all types of humanity, he naturally showed in his letters traits akin to those of his correspondents. The letters in these volumes were frequently to people whose character he admired, and almost always to people whose intellectual keenness he respected. Consequently they naturally show the better side of the man.

In the last analysis, however, these letters, like all Byron's letters, leave us with a negatively critical attitude towards his character. What we really admire remains, now as always, his intellect. The keen mind that cuts to the very heart of life, the sinewy, athletic style with its unerring blow, these are continually in evidence, here as elsewhere. "The youngest offspring of authors, like that of mothers, is generally most cherished because 'tis the *weakest*." "Here is Miss Seward, with 6 tomes of the most disgusting trash, sailing over the Styx with a fool's cap over her periwig as complacent as can be." "And here hath been, in the city of London, a female cousin of mine going for her health (and a husband, which is the same thing) to the Bermudas." "As

Lady Oxford used seriously to say, a broken heart means nothing but bad digestion."

Furthermore, these letters offer additional evidence that Byron's attitude towards life was never genuinely romantic. Most of his romantic poems were concessions to popular taste, hastily written and carelessly regarded. His literary virtues in all his letters and most of his best verse are those of the disillusioned eighteenth and twentieth centuries. His moral vices even, contrary to general belief, were not those specially characteristic of romanticists. They were the typical vices of a social class, that very class, moreover, which first developed, and has since preserved, the neo-classic literary tradition.

FREDERICK E. PIERCE.

Yale University.

THE MYSTERIES OF DEATH

THE BIOLOGY OF DEATH, *by* RAYMOND PEARL, *J. B. Lippincott Co.*

AT THE MOMENT OF DEATH *and* AFTER DEATH, *by* CAMILLE FLAMMARION, *Century Co.*

THE word "death" in the title of a book by a scientific man always attracts attention. It suggests that there may be something in the book contributed from that body of presumably precise knowledge called scientific which may throw new light on the age-old mystery of death, a mystery which many men of many professions have, through the centuries, attempted to illuminate from various angles of reflection. As we more and more come to rely on science for tangible and enduring contributions to our knowledge of Nature and human life, we more and more call insistently on science for news about death. Do scientific men know anything more about death than the theologians, philosophers, and mystics? Meaning by this, more about the significance of death in its relation to the fate of the individual, the personality, the spirit? It is not in the chemistry and biology of death that we are primarily and acutely interested. It is in the answer to the question: does death end all?

So we eagerly open each new book by a scientific man in the title of which the word "death" occurs — and we usually sadly close it again. We have learned little to bring us new understanding of the great mystery.

Several years ago Mr. Leuba, Professor of Psychology at Bryn Mawr, wrote a book about "The Belief in God and Immortality." He meant the belief of scientific men. We learned from that book that some scientific men believe in God, and more in immortality, and that some believe in neither. The proportion of believers to non-believers cannot be exactly determined even within the limited groups of samples chosen (carefully at random) because almost every scientific man seems to have his own peculiar definition of God and immortality. As far, however, as Professor Leuba's conclusions, expressed in terms of numbers, go, it seems that something more than one-half of American scientific men are non-believers, and that the proportion of non-believers increases with the eminence of the men questioned. But this does not take us far in knowing, from scientific sources, anything about death. Nor does Professor Leuba pretend that it does.

Certain recent books, notably one by Professor Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins, and three — a trilogy — by Camille Flammarion, the picturesque astronomer of Paris, seem to offer promise, although the title of Dr. Pearl's book, which is "The Biology of Death," should tell us at once, because the author is an honest man, that his book does not pretend to discuss the relation of death to the human spirit or to after life. It does discuss, most interestingly and, in some degree, freshly, why we die, what makes us die when we do, and our chances in the future — or, rather, the chances of later generations — of living longer than we now do. He finds that death seems to be largely a result of our extreme structural and physiological specialization, or complexity, and that a major factor in determining the limit of existence for any one of us is our heredity. Long-lived ancestors have long-lived offspring. Heredity means more than environment, barring brutal accident or undue exposure to parasitic infections, in the determination of when death shall come to us. And Professor Pearl, in the course of this interesting volume, draws some rather startling conclusions about the value of public health and preventive medical work.

But of what becomes of us after death, of what death really means to the spirit of us, no word in this book by an eminent scientific student of death. And no such word was intended by the author to creep in.

Very different are the books by Flammarion: "Before Death," "At the Moment of Death," and "After Death." And very different was the intention of the writer. But very unsatisfying are these books to anyone looking for a truly scientific discussion of the significance of death.

I have not seen "Before Death." It is, anyway, by the titles of the other two that our special interest is attracted. What happens, extra-biologically, if one may use the term, at the moment of death; and what, if anything, is there of us after death? Flammarion would tell us by handing us two rather bulky volumes filled with stories collected at first-hand, second-hand, and third-hand from eyewitnesses, friends and reporters of eyewitnesses, and from books, magazines, and newspapers, of apparitions, intangible auras, mysterious movements of material objects, sounds from indeterminate sources, and all the other and similar phenomena that are so sadly familiar to us as offered evidences of the escape of the spirit from the body at the moment of death and the persistence of this spirit for long, presumably unending, periods, after this escape.

Flammarion lays little emphasis on what may be called the professional materializations of mediums. He recounts, by agreeable preference, stories of unprofessional phenomena. But he calls these stories scientific evidence.

Flammarion's name has, of course, long been familiar as one in that extremely limited list of "eminent scientific men who believe in spirits" which is so constantly and tiresomely thrown at the public as triumphant proof of scientific acceptance of spiritism. Lodge, Crookes, Wallace, Flammarion, physics, chemistry, biology, astronomy, all affirm the reality of spirits. No one seems to refer to the scores and hundreds and thousands of other eminent men of science who deny the existence so far of any scientific proof of spirits. But for one Lodge there are hundreds of other eminent physicists, for one Crookes hundreds of other eminent chemists, and for one Wallace hundreds of other eminent biologists, who do not accept spiritism as proved. It is a curious quality of men's minds that impels them to demand rigorous scientific proof of the facts of physics and chemistry and biology, and permits them to accept the material of which Flammarion's books about death are composed as proof of spirit life after death and of the peculiar

behavior of these sad spirit existences. I say sad, for from a merely mortal point of view, the trivial and silly behavior of these spirits, as revealed by the stories about them, cannot but be most saddening to the behavers.

I have no heart to refer in any detail to Flammarion's curious conclusions derived from his analysis of his innumerable stories of spirit doings. He finds the spirits behaving differently in the first hour of their escape from the body from the way they behave in the remaining hours of the first day, and still differently in the remainder of the first week, and still differently in the first month and still differently in the remainder of the first year, and differently again in the second, third, and fourth years, and differently again in the period from four to thirty years! They stay more closely around the scene of death in the earlier days and weeks and wander more in the succeeding months and years!

But this is impossible to discuss. I resent the crime — one cannot call it less — of a scientific man's putting such evidence and conclusions from it into the public's hands as scientific evidence and conclusions to be accepted on that public's trust in whatever may come from a man of eminent name in science. If Flammarion had offered his astronomical and scientific colleagues statements of observations and conclusions on the same basis as he offers the trusting public hope in a spirit life after death, he would not be known as an astronomer. He would not be known at all.

VERNON KELLOGG.

Washington, D. C.

ARTHUR MACHEN

THINGS NEAR AND FAR *and* THE HILL OF DREAMS, *by* ARTHUR MACHEN, *A. A. Knopf*.

"THINGS Near and Far," the sequel to Mr. Machen's "Far Off Things," is a different sort of book altogether. Both are autobiographical, to be sure; but whereas the first volume is a chronicle of spiritual development, and leads us, in time, only to the beginning of the author's literary career, the second is largely concerned with facts and gives us a detailed account of that career down to the present. Arthur Machen's best work is pre-occupied with the interior life of the spirit; it is the higher "real-

ism" which suggests rather than states — which expresses the core rather than the surface. Such is the method in his greatest work, "The Hill of Dreams," and, with but slight modification, in "Far Off Things." In these books he proves his right to sit with that group of imaginative artists — Sir Thomas Browne, Malory, Poe, De Quincey, and Coleridge — a group where every one is a master. "Things Near and Far" is a departure from Mr. Machen's usual manner; it is not as fine as much of his work, but it is necessary and interesting.

Had he not given us the facts of his existence, they would have been recorded by less competent hands or left in doubt. As it is, he has presented with perfect candor the situation which confronts a man who devotes himself to letters, who gives himself, with almost mediaeval rapture, to a calling that has no place in the modern scheme of things. It is a sorrowful story told frankly but not bitterly. And indeed, I cannot agree with those critics who are awakened to pity and anger by the tale. My first feeling was one of admiration for a writer who so robustly held to his own destiny, and compromised only the happiness of his existence, never the perfection of his style, to make a living; my second feeling was one of pleasure that, almost alone among the great authors who have suffered temporary neglect, Mr. Machen has been recognized while he is still here to enjoy recognition.

The facts he reviews are of high interest. While his spiritual life continued in all its exalted mysticism, his external life passed through the most amazing vicissitudes. Finding that starvation would be the only result of an attempt to butter his daily bread with fine letters, he resolutely applied himself to one thing after another: book-cataloguing, tutoring, translation, acting (the only one of these occupations which he really enjoyed), and journalism (which he detested). Meanwhile an almost Rabelaisian *joie de vivre* solaced him with the best books in the world, odd corners of London, an occasional glimpse of the blue sky of Touraine, an occasional cup of her yellow wine. And his mental curiosity led him into all sorts of occultism, from the serene ecstasy which the true mystic finds in his heart, to the shoddy hocus-pocus of a dubious secret society. And to all experiences, sacred and profane, he puts the question: How is it of consequence? And he answers: Not in physical phenomena but in any spiritual

change which will raise human beings to decency, perhaps to something higher.

Arthur Machen is both mystic and humanist. "The Hill of Dreams" is his masterpiece of mysticism; "Things Near and Far" his masterpiece of humanism.

ROBERT SILLIMAN HILLYER.

Cambridge, Mass.

SOME CRITICS OF THE ENGLISH MIND

COUNTRIES OF THE MIND, *by* JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY, *E. P. Dutton & Co.*

SOLILOQUIES IN ENGLAND, *by* GEORGE SANTAYANA, *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

STUDIES IN LITERATURE, *by* SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH, *G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

AN OLD CASTLE AND OTHER ESSAYS, *by* CALEB T. WINCHESTER, *Macmillan Co.*

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF MY ELDERS, *by* ST. JOHN G. ERVINE, *Macmillan Co.*

To the lucid and straightforward mind of Mr. Middleton Murry the business of being a critic seems to involve defining once more what criticism is. So he publishes, in this new volume of essays, a "critical credo," with its talk of laws and principles and technique; its urgent effort to force stability and, in a sense, uniformity upon criticism in general. But the more definitely a critic thus expresses himself — even so able a critic as Mr. Murry — the more strongly does the perverse and light-minded reader suspect that such laws are merely the affair of the individual writer, or of his special tradition, and that criticism may merely be, as the opposite school will have it, art refracted through personality, or even, as the heretical Mr. Santayana simply puts it, "enjoyment." And perhaps it is pushing heresy no further to suggest that if criticism be one of the arts, as Mr. Murry himself holds — "a good criticism is as much a work of art as a good poem" — then the conclusions it reaches are not of primary importance so long as the performance is stimulating, the instrument one of beauty and fineness.

A point one is particularly tempted to make in the case of Mr. Santayana. For it is not merely that the soliloquist of these informal essays of his thinks and speaks in an intellectual idiom of his own, rather than in any current in England or America. The

truth is that his conclusions are often probably as unacceptable even to the charmed follower of his imaginative beckonings as they were to William James himself. But since he has wit and poetry at his command, and subtlety and learning, this talk of his will be to most minds highly provocative. His inadequate and rather supercilious page on Shelley, for instance — introduced as a detail under Skylarks! — might possibly serve as effectively to set a reader independently thinking as the fifty pages of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's thoroughly sympathetic study of Shelley. It is probably true that Mr. Santayana prefers the titles of philosopher and poet to that of critic, but it happens that in the greater part of this book he is engaged in the same concern as the critics of sheer literature, that is to say, appraisal of the English mind and its expressions. His judgments are entertaining. He writes as a professed lover of England, and the subject does indeed appear to obsess him. But he is condescendingly amorous, his attitude being much like that of the old-fashioned mere man to the old-fashioned merely pretty woman. The look of the Englishman, the way he lives, the games he plays, these are ravishing so long as the admirable blond creature, happily for the most part inarticulate, does not make the mistake of opening his painfully unoriginal mouth. The English mind is barren of ideas, says its critic, in effect, over and over. It "instinctively halts short" of "speculative truth." "No comrades on earth," he declares heartily, "could be more congenial to my complexion." Yet he protests that when these "semi-divine animals" attempt to function intellectually, they destroy their own charming integrity, they become "acrid and fussy and eccentric and sad." And the vast bulk of English poetry and fiction he dismisses, with an exception or two, as a mere escape-valve for the shy sentimentality of this unintellectual race. When Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, too sensitively ready to ally himself with a bygone day, allows himself to become broken-hearted over Mr. Lytton Strachey's vivacious disparagement of a few conspicuous figures, merely, of the Victorian period — even to the extent of dragging forth exhibits, aesthetic, humanitarian, and other, to establish Victorian achievement — one wonders how he would meet the countless sweeping challenges to English greatness that are so lightly scattered through "Soliloquies in England."

Negligible frivolities these would be, however, to Mr. Murry, so very far from his concern is it to debate whether the English mind can think, yet so satisfactory is his proof that it does. One would suppose him peculiarly competent to act as the geographer of English thought, but it happens that those Countries of the Mind upon which he now reports so reliably — and of which he offers, of course, no hasty tourist-impressions, but thoroughly clear topographies — are not English alone, but French also. It is the French half of the book, whatever the explanation may be, that seems to have been more energetically conceived. Mr. Murry is traditional in discussing Shakespeare, spirited and thoroughgoing in his attack upon the Flaubert legend, almost revolutionary in his convincing study of Baudelaire, engaging in his talk on the poet Clare, and at his best, perhaps, so far as mere writing goes, in the short essay on Doughty's "Arabia Deserta." He praises what he considers incomparable writing in prose that is itself beautifully strong and shapely.

If it seems important to the adult reader that a critic shall have communicable fire in addition to his severer virtues, this quality is more than important, it is notoriously indispensable, in approaching readers and hearers just short of maturity. The teacher who really captures students can be no mere brooding scholar. "I have never liked the taste of academic straw," says the quotable Mr. Santayana, "but there are fat grains and seeds of novelty even at universities, which the lively young wits that twitter in those shades pick up like hungry sparrows." It was not only that Mr. Santayana's own enchanted following at Harvard had far richer nutriment than this suggests, but that through contact with his lustrous and flexible mind they must have learned, among many other things, to think. It did not matter that he may have had, even then, to tear down whole nations and literatures to make his delicate and airy points. And the English youth of to-day is evidently just as impetuous as the Harvard youth of Mr. Santayana's day in its response to that very different gift of Professor Quiller-Couch's — that astonishing gift of direct human approach to such familiar figures of the class-room as Chaucer and Milton. He perhaps even transcends the office of critic when he succeeds in making Milton, too fatally linked with the lofty and sublime, stand sharply out as an imperfect human being of the

day before yesterday, with a strong yearning to write for the stage. There is no dogmatism in these college lectures, no discourteous intimation that because his audience is young it is inferior in understanding. Nothing could be more disarming, on the contrary, to youthful impatience than his beautifully sane and unpedantic tone, by which one does not at all mean mere smoothness. He is master of the art of presentation.

And very fortunately, something of this same imaginative introduction to great writers that Professor Quiller-Couch has been offering to the young men of Cambridge seems to have been enjoyed in this country by the students at Wesleyan University of Professor Caleb Winchester, who is on record as having impressed Sir Walter Raleigh of Oxford as the most interesting man he met in a tour of America. This collection of lectures, delivered many times both to his students and publicly, and assembled and edited since his death by his former student, Louis Bliss Gillet, is extremely fresh and winning in style and reveals a mind both vigorous and acute — a mind also thoroughly saturated with its subject, which was nothing less than the whole field of English literature. Professor Winchester was inclined towards a perhaps excessive kindliness of judgment. And one expects to find in him, and does, traces of his evangelical origin. But with a mind of his calibre, these facts do not affect the value of his general performance. His studies of the eighteenth century are extraordinarily good reading. Young minds must have found them irresistible. A born critic, one would say of this American teacher, if one may mean by that a born interpreter, a born enkindler of other minds.

But there can surely be no definition of a critic elastic enough to include Mr. St. John Ervine, at least in the attitude he displays in discussing a group of contemporary English writers — Shaw, Wells, Bennett, Galsworthy, Chesterton, Moore, Yeats, and AE. This ungracious comment would be superfluous if Mr. Ervine had kept to his declared intention of setting down remembered personal impressions, only, of these older men. But where, as in the case of Mr. Galsworthy, personal reminiscence seems to have been a little scanty, he has in place of it attempted criticism that has an undisguised personal bias. Nearly twenty pages are devoted to the expression of Mr. Ervine's unfavorable view of a single play of Mr. Galsworthy's. There are vivid, even valuable bits in

the book, particularly in the chapters on Mr. Yeats and AE; but the author seems to have been unable to withstand the temptation to digress, and to digress quite intemperately, into bypaths of prejudice.

OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR.

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FOR A LATIN-AMERICAN BOOKSHELF

LATIN AMERICA AND THE UNITED STATES, *by* GRAHAM H. STUART, *Century Co.*

THE NEW LATIN AMERICA, *by* J. WARSHAW, *Thomas Y. Crowell.*

HISTORY OF THE LATIN-AMERICAN NATIONS, *by* WILLIAM SPENCE ROBERTSON, *D. Appleton & Co.*

SIX YEARS IN BOLIVIA, *by* A. V. L. GUISE, *E. P. Dutton & Co.*

INCA LAND, *by* HIRAM BINGHAM, *Houghton Mifflin Co.*

WORKING NORTH FROM PATAGONIA, *by* HARRY A. FRANCK, *Century Co.*

POLITICS, history, travel, archaeology, all these and more are offered in this collection of recent books about Hispanic America. The range is wide, and the quality is generally excellent. The historical volumes are especially welcome in a field notoriously lacking in works of genuine scholarship, whether written in English or in another language. Professor Stuart's book is a worthy addition to the new Century Political Science Series. The form of the title, "Latin America and the United States," betrays quite properly the emphasis in the book itself. It is a study of the Hispanic American countries and their relations with the United States, rather than a history of North American diplomacy in the Western Hemisphere. It is also a text-book, aimed primarily at college classes, but it is very readable, and should prove interesting and valuable to the general public. Three-fifths of the space is given to the countries about the Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico, and about a hundred pages to Argentina, Brazil, and Chile; an apportionment which reflects the relative importance in the nineteenth century of our relations with these two American areas. Venezuela is alluded to only in connection with the developments in the Monroe Doctrine between 1895 and 1903, and Ecuador apparently is not mentioned.

The book is based on extensive reading in the scattered literature on the subject, and careful utilization of most of the available printed documentary sources. The survey is necessarily brief, yet

well-balanced in form and in judgment, and generally accurate (although Porfirio Diaz was not a full-blooded Indian, and Henry Lane Wilson has not the last word to say about Madero). Where our diplomatic policy has been lacking in foresight or in sympathetic appreciation of the factors involved, as has so often happened during the past century, the case is stated with fairness and consistency. It is a book which Hispanic Americans should be glad to read.

Our southern neighbors will also find Professor Warshaw's volume *muy simpático*. Its aim is "to present a faithful picture of . . . the onward moving Latin America of the present moment"; also incidentally to help us see ourselves as the Hispanic American sees us. The book is concerned with recent industrial developments, foreign commercial and political interests, social and educational movements, and achievements in literature and the fine arts. There is nothing to indicate that the writer has ever been in South America, but his range of information is extraordinarily wide. One suspects the intervention of a very efficient press-clipping bureau, for the book is absolutely up to the minute.

There are good chapters on the Monroe Doctrine, on education, and on the emancipation of women. The essay of twenty-five pages sketching the literary accomplishments of Hispanic Americans since colonial times is an excellent short statement. The discussion of international questions is usually sound and to the point. But there is every evidence that the book was written rather hastily from second-hand knowledge. Facts, flung at the reader with gay abandon, are often misinterpreted. If it is true, for instance, that 134 vessels were constructed in yards at Barranquilla, Colombia, between 1912 and 1916, they must have been small fishing boats or river launches, and the fact is incommensurate with the construction of docks at Vera Cruz, Valparaiso, or Buenos Aires, mentioned in the same sentence. Colombia in reality possesses no shipbuilding industry. We find such statements as that the climate of the Gran Chaco is that of a perpetual Mediterranean spring, and that the Palace of Fine Arts at Santiago, Chile, is perhaps the finest art building in the Western Hemisphere. The history in the volume is generally inexact. Brazil did not receive a federal constitution in 1887, nor did Paraguay regain her independence in 1870. Mexico was not "racked . . . by

internal upheavals" during the Diaz régime, and the Indians at that time certainly did not become prominent in government and industry. Pages 184-189 are a jumble of inaccuracies.

Nevertheless, to the average North American reader Professor Warshaw's volume will prove valuable and enlightening. It will help dispel a dangerous Anglo-Saxon provincialism, and show us that in social and political ways most of the Hispanic American nations are subject to similar influences, and undergoing as significant changes as ourselves. The author is alive to the immense difficulties which Hispanic Americans in the nineteenth century have had to overcome, and even pays his respects to the presidential dictator. The book as a whole is an eloquent plea for Pan-Americanism.

Professor Robertson has written an outline for college classes. His "History of the Latin-American Nations" is a text-book with a vengeance. It is notable, however, as offering a comprehensive account of the Hispanic portions of America from earliest times to the present day, tracing the fortunes of the modern republics separately to the outbreak of the great war. The allotment of space is generally excellent, and the narrative is reasonably accurate, but the style is bald, pedestrian, uninspired, and the effort at compression is not always felicitous. The book is not light summer reading, but as a work of reference for the student in or out of college it commands respect and sometimes admiration.

The three volumes of travel and adventure will make first-rate reading at any time. This is especially true of A. V. L. Guise's "Six Years in Bolivia," describing the experiences of an engineer, English born but American trained, who managed a tin mine in the Andes 15,000 feet above sea-level and dredged the river sands for gold in the tropical forests of the upper Beni. The story is simple, direct, shrewdly humorous, and extraordinarily vivid and convincing. It may be recommended for its pictures of the natives, on the plateau and in the lowlands, their habits and manners, their feuds and religious rites. We are introduced to the "tropical tramp," to outlaw communities in the jungle fringe of the eastern Andes, to the atrocities of rubber-gathering in Amazonia, to the Carnival at La Paz, and the idiosyncrasies of an Indian bull-fight. Nowhere can the reader obtain a livelier impression of the insistent, almost overwhelming, tropical luxuriance of the Bolivian *yungas*.

Professor Bingham's "Inca Land" is an interesting account of travels and explorations in a neighboring country, southern Peru. The story is compounded of experiences on expeditions made with other explorers in 1911, 1912, and 1915, under the auspices of Yale University and the National Geographic Society. Some of the material appeared as articles in "Harper's Magazine," the "National Geographic Magazine," and the Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society, but the reader is glad to have it collected and preserved in book form. The writer describes his ascent of Mt. Coropuna in 1911, in company with H. L. Tucker and Dr. Alejandro Coello, discusses Indians and archaeology about Lake Titicaca and along the railway from Puno to the ancient Inca capital, Cuzco, and relates the finding of various interesting Inca ruins in the valleys of the Urubamba and Vilcabamba Rivers, especially the remarkable highland fortress town of Machu Picchu.

Professor Bingham apparently accepts the entire authenticity of Fernando Montesinos' account of the Peruvian empire, for upon Montesinos he bases most of his argument about the probable history of Machu Picchu and of other aboriginal remains in its neighborhood. Altogether one wonders if Inca traditions as reflected in the writings of sixteenth-century Spaniards are to be taken too literally in reconstructing the pre-Columbian history of Peru. Incidentally, the custom of displaying on the ends of lances the heads of one's enemies was a Peruvian as well as a European custom. Juan de Santa Cruz Pachacuti, whom the writer several times uses as a source of information for Peruvian history, refers to the practice, as does the seventeenth-century Bernabé Cobo in his "Historia del Nuevo Mundo." Likewise the practice of mumifying human heads as trophies or talismans was probably not peculiar to the savage tribes of the Amazonian lowlands. Dr. Julio Tello has shown that it was common among many tribes in the Inca area as well. But these are minor matters. The book makes capital reading. Except for awkward and unnecessary variations in the spelling of some Quichua place names, the narrative is simply and gracefully told, and will repay perusal by anyone interested in exploration along unbeaten paths in Andean and aboriginal America.

Harry A. Franck has produced another of his many entertaining travel books, "Working North from Patagonia," sequel to "Vagabonding down the Andes" published several years ago. Mr.

Franck writes easily, voluminously, and is always diverting. His books are popular. But he lacks certain qualities essential in an impartial and accurate observer. He admits to a scanty supply of patience, a virtue requisite for successful travel or exploration anywhere, but especially in tropical or Latin lands. He is strangely lacking in sympathetic insight among strange peoples and foreign ideas, and is wholly wanting in historical-mindedness. He appears to suffer from an innate suspicion of city-bred youth, of the better dressed portion of society in general, and of those who labor not with their hands. And he is consumed with race prejudices, which is curious in one whose profession is that of the international literary tramp.

Where he found conditions more nearly approximating those at home, the note of carping criticism is less obvious. To the intelligent, progressive little republic of Uruguay he does full justice. Occasionally even a shy expression of enthusiasm escapes him.

In Buenos Aires Franck was a bit less happy, perhaps because wealth and the social amenities that often go with it are there more in evidence. The Calle Florida plainly irritates him, as doubtless does fashionable Fifth Avenue or the Rue de la Paix, and some of his remarks about those who frequent it are not only unnecessary but misinforming. To refer to the students of the University of Buenos Aires as giving "exclusive attention to the color of their gloves and the brand of their perfumes" is sheer nonsense.

Chile seems to be another shade less *simpático* to our writer. One receives the general impression that it belongs in the same class with the Andean countries farther north, which is a gross misreading of its history and of present conditions. Yet Franck does well in calling attention to the shabby, "down-at-the-heel" appearance of the principal Chilean cities in contrast with those of Argentina, Uruguay, or even Brazil, and to the shortcomings of government in a country rightly regarded as one of the most progressive on the southern continent. Chile has been dominated in the past by a relatively small aristocracy of landed families, which has often been compared with the Whig aristocracy of a bygone England, a cultivated, intelligent, public-spirited class, inclined, however, to cast the burden of taxation upon those beneath it, and stooping to shameless methods of corruption at the polls to

maintain its political control intact. Yet even Chile since Franck's visit has a radical government.

The bulk of the volume is devoted to Brazil, a country in which our author was able to indulge his humor without stint. As in Chile he was unfortunate in his first impressions, and all later observations seem to have been colored thereby.

Many of the shortcomings that Franck discovers in Brazilian life and politics are of course true. There is no doubt that superstition and illiteracy are rife among the lower classes, as they are among the negroes and "poor whites" of our South. Without question the government of Brazil leaves much to be desired in the way of honesty and efficiency. Graft and other forms of political corruption flourish to an extraordinary extent. But it is not so many years ago that the governments of most of our own cities were a byword among the nations, while many intelligent Brazilians to-day are alive to the need of reform. Brazil faces difficult problems, of race, inheritance, and environment, and from more fortunate or more progressive peoples she has much to learn. She shares the vices of most civilized communities, and if they deserve the attention of the foreign visitor they should be presented in a proper perspective. There is no perspective in Franck's volume — only studied exaggeration — till in some of his passages he verges on the grotesque. The scenery is often superb, but man is everywhere vile.

The race prejudices of the author are evident on every page. "The Portuguese," he writes, "were the cheapest race in western Europe, who won their place in history simply because they happen to live upon the sea." The government is always a "mulatto government," and its citizens are all "tar-brushed." His jests about Brazilian money are rather threadbare, and his remarks about the Portuguese language, doubtless intended to be humorous, are scarcely worthy of his intelligence. Portuguese is not an "absurd, mispronounced dialect," but has had as long and distinguished a career as Castilian. He describes derisively the new, half-built, splendidly laid-out capital of the state of Minas Geraes, but neglects to add that it is not different from Washington, D. C., a century ago. He complains of the stupidity of life in a small Brazilian town, but appears never to have heard of Main Street. He groans over the taxi fares in Rio, although they were no higher

than in New York in wartime, while the cars, he *might* have added, were cleaner and handsomer and "gas" cost a dollar a gallon! For two pages Franck vents his spleen upon the workings of the splendid National Library at Rio, but has evidently never tried to make use of similar institutions in the more "civilized" countries of Continental Europe. The reviewer can state confidently that it is *not* "entirely *comme il faut* for [a man] to come down to the early morning meal in the best hotels in his pajamas."

Altogether the reviewer cannot agree with the publishers that Franck's volumes constitute a complete picture, physical, social, economic, and political, of South America. He hopes, however, that Franck will write a similar book about the United States. It will be filled with vivid pictures of East-Side New York and the profiteering *nouveau riche* as typical of American civilization, and to most of us it will doubtless prove an eye-opener!

C. H. HARING.

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FREEDOM IN MODERN RELIGION

WHAT IS THERE IN RELIGION? *by* HENRY SLOANE COFFIN, *Macmillan Co.*

CHRISTIANITY AND PROGRESS, *by* HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK, *Fleming H. Revell Co.*

THE CHURCH IN AMERICA, *by* WILLIAM ADAMS BROWN, *Macmillan Co.*

THE times are not what they were. Nowhere is this more evident than in our modern books on religion. Not for many a generation has there been so free a discussion of vital religious problems on the part of religious men. It is no longer this or that traditional doctrine that absorbs attention, in spite of the Fundamentalists and the undue amount of notice they attract. Religious leaders are writing to-day on matters of human, not merely sectarian, concern.

"What Is There in Religion?" Not in Episcopalianism or Congregationalism or Protestantism or even Christianity, but in religion. That is a question that a man like Dr. Coffin knows how to answer and he has answered it in this little book in a way to meet the needs not only of college students, for whom it is primarily intended, but of other inquiring minds as well. For there are many among us who are eager to know the real values of life

but are doubtful whether this old and time-worn thing we call religion has any worth at all in these modern days. There is no arguing in the book. It is simply a parable related with a charm of style, a richness of imagery, and a wealth of illustration that make it refreshing and invigorating like the great river that runs through it from beginning to end.

In "Christianity and Progress" Dr. Fosdick is dealing with no merely superficial theme but with what is, after all, for the men of to-day the central question about this Christian religion of ours. Is it a living, growing thing or only a fossil from an ancient past? If anyone imagines it is the latter, let him read this book with its splendid breadth of vision and its resistless sweep of thought. He will learn here not only that Christianity is indeed alive but what it means to be alive, a lesson sadly needed in these curiously obscurantist and reactionary days.

And then the church: "The Church in America." A very different book this, not a series of lectures like the other two but a painstaking presentation of a mass of contemporary facts having to do among other things with boards and societies and other fruits of the inveterate human instinct for organization — and yet big and vital questions emerge here too, and the permanent value of the book lies in the way the author envisages all the practical problems in the light of large issues. It is a book that is bound to have a wholesome effect on the thinking and the functioning of our American churches.

What is there in religion? What is there in Christianity? What is there in the church? we might phrase these successive titles. If anyone wants to know he cannot do better than read these three books, and if he thinks he does not care to know and by any chance were to look into them nevertheless, he would speedily find himself mistaken. For, after all, thoughtful and open-minded men and women everywhere would like to know if they thought there were any chance of finding out. There is a better chance to-day than for many a day past, for frankness and fearlessness belong to this generation in uncommon measure, and religion happily is profiting thereby as are many other great and enduring things.

ARTHUR C. MCGIFFERT.

Union Theological Seminary.

INTERNATIONAL LAW AS IT NOW STANDS

INTERNATIONAL LAW: CHIEFLY AS INTERPRETED AND APPLIED BY THE UNITED STATES, *by* CHARLES CHENEY HYDE, 2 vols., *Little, Brown & Co.*

INTERNATIONAL LAW AND THE WORLD WAR, *by* JAMES W. GARNER, 2 vols., *Longmans, Green & Co.*

THE concrete limitations which Professor Hyde has imposed upon himself of dealing with American law and practice, serve to make his book not merely of scientific but also of practical value to the student of American foreign policy and to the lawyer. The dangers of writing a book on international law in a period so unstable and emotional as that through which we have just passed are not to be minimized; yet the author has exercised the "cold critical faculty" with a remarkable degree of impartiality. The very existence of these volumes, systematizing a voluminous mass of statutes, court decisions, treaties, state papers, arbitral awards, and scientific opinions, is a standing refutation of the not uncommon question: Is there such a thing as international law?

There seems to be. Courts and foreign offices apply it, and nations govern themselves by it, under penalty for violation, even in war, though the self-imposed function of plaintiff, judge, and sheriff is not always calculated to inspire respect. If during war its principles seem more open to question and uncertainty, this is but a reflection of the ordinary experience that in time of stress, self-restraint and obedience to law are likely to become lax, not to mention the fact that this part of the law is the most uncertain of all. Yet neutral pressure or post-war tribunals afford a means of determining principles and their application. It is when neutrals surrender their positions that established rules of law even during war are likely to be most grievously violated or challenged. How far these concessions to expediency can be deemed to have either violated or altered the law is the difficulty with which the commentator must deal, and his prejudices or emotions are not always without influence in guiding his judgment.

This problem was one of the most difficult which confronted Mr. Hyde; and, on the whole, his excellent discrimination attests the value of his work. His disposition to support changed methods of visit and search by belligerents of neutral commerce, his will-

ingness to sanction limited war zones, his distinctions between the armed and the unarmed merchantman, and the conclusion that by availing itself of the privilege of arming the former forfeits some of its immunity from unwarned attack, a position now supported by France, are contributions of interest and importance. He doubts the practicability of making neutrality obsolete by compelling all nations to join in a war against the hand-picked pariah, the theory of the Covenant of the League of Nations; he is rather inclined to believe that wars can be more successfully starved out by making it the duty of neutrals to forbid aid of any kind, even by private persons, from being extended to belligerents from neutral soil.

On the other hand, Mr. Hyde seems perhaps too much inclined to regard as changes of law some of the violations of law effected during the recent war by Orders in Council reminiscent of the Napoleonic wars. For example, it is unfortunate that he appears willing to abandon the age-long struggle for foodstuffs as goods conditionally contraband, on the ground that a belligerent has a right "to intercept traffic designed to aid its enemy." This was never, it is believed, unqualifiedly true, the belligerent's privilege being strictly limited to goods absolutely contraband or which were proved to be destined to and useful to the enemy's armed forces. The mere capability of food being used by an army was and is insufficient legally to justify its capture, as Lord Salisbury made very clear in the Boer war. Like many rules of law operative in time of war this was a practical compromise between the admitted claim of the belligerent to stop aid to the enemy's armed forces and the neutral's right to trade in non-hostile goods. It would be unfortunate if the neutral claim to trade were to be abandoned, as would follow almost necessarily from the obsolescence of the category of goods conditionally contraband. In the interest of future generations, it is desirable that post-war tribunals establish the distinction between belligerent violations and legitimate changes of law. So eminent a statesman and lawyer as John Bassett Moore has recently avowed his refusal to believe that the present generation would "consciously relinquish the conception that all human affairs in war and peace must be regulated by law and abandon itself to the desperate conclusion that the sense of self-restraint, which is the consummate product

and essence of civilization, has finally succumbed to the passion for unregulated and indiscriminate violence."

Whatever minor differences one may now and then have with Mr. Hyde's views on particular questions of law — on all of which it would be futile to expect universal agreement — no one can, I believe, fail to recognize in the author a master of his subject, with fine powers of analysis and reasoning, an excellent grasp of the mass of materials he had to control, a commanding literary style, and an incisive method of expression. The arrangement is all that could be desired, and every topic with which the author has dealt has been subjected to a critical judgment. Among general treatises on international law, it is undoubtedly the best in the United States since that of Wheaton, and among modern works it takes rank with those of Hall and Westlake.

The author of "International Law and the World War" set himself the task of reviewing "the conduct of the belligerents in respect to their interpretation and application of the rules of international law . . . and wherever infractions appeared, to endeavor to determine the responsibility and to place it where it properly belonged." This task at best is no easy one; but Mr. Garner labored under handicaps of bias and partiality, perhaps not unnatural, which to some extent deprive his work of the judicial character which it purports to assume.

The greater part of the work was written prior to the entrance of the United States into the European war and covers the principal questions of law which arose between the respective belligerents and the neutrals. Written at the height of the conflict, with sources of information steeped in propaganda and advocacy, its partiality is easily comprehensible. Mr. Garner's most useful service consists in summarizing by subject matter the legislation of the various countries and the diplomatic correspondence connected with the controversies between belligerents and neutrals arising out of the measures adopted by the respective belligerents in the prosecution of the war. The various chapters often begin with some background of pre-war rules and practices, so as to make more intelligible the measures adopted during the war. It is when Mr. Garner draws conclusions from the facts — not always ascertainable at the time and frequently unreliable by reason of their source — that commendation must be more sparing.

Mr. Garner's views of the "measures of blockade" under the British Order in Council of March 11, 1915, commanded neither the support of the United States government nor of authoritative writers like Moore and Hyde. The assumed "right of a belligerent to cut off the overseas commerce of the enemy" is conceded by neutrals solely on the condition of compliance with the rules of contraband and blockade. Once one acquiesces, as Mr. Garner frequently does, in the breach of these conditions, neutral trade becomes a mere matter of belligerent license. This never had been the law. Mr. Garner makes no reference to Sir Samuel Evans's stricture in the case of the *Hakan* that the "blockade" was "not a blockade at all, except for journalistic and political purposes." The Order in Council of March 11, 1915, was the central factor in the reciprocal series of belligerent reprisals which ultimately brought the United States into the war. The chapter on the "transfer of flag" is one of the best in the book. On "armed merchantmen" the author's position is not sound, it is believed, as comparison with Hyde's analysis will probably show; this may account for Mr. Garner's relegating to a footnote the important Note of January 18, 1916, in which Secretary Lansing proposed that submarines should be required to adhere to the customary methods of visit and search in return for an inhibition against armament on merchant vessels, any degree of which, said Lansing, had the character of "offensive armament." Nor does Mr. Garner subject to any criticism the ambiguous Memorandum of March 25, 1916, on the same subject, wherein the Department of State reversed itself and assumed inconsistent positions. The author will probably not insist on his view that rules of neutrality could not be changed in time of war, when it is realized that it was principally in time of war that they were both made and altered. Valuable as much of the information in this book undoubtedly is, one cannot help feeling that it might have been better to postpone the judicial weighing of evidence until a period when the evidence was more abundantly and impartially available, and until a period more propitious for the exercise of the "cold critical faculty" which Marshall deemed essential to any exposition of the law.

EDWIN M. BORCHARD.

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SCIENCE FOR THE GENERAL READER

THE OUTLINE OF SCIENCE, *edited by J. ARTHUR THOMSON, vols. iii & iv, G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

THE third and fourth volumes of "The Outline of Science" constitute the final volumes in this noteworthy attempt of the distinguished British biologist, Professor J. Arthur Thomson, to present to the public at large an untechnical account of modern science and its multitudinous ramifications in present-day civilization. In the present volumes, there are twenty-three articles covering a wide range of subjects from the bacteria up — or shall we say down? — to psychic science by Sir Oliver Lodge. These articles are copiously illustrated, both with colored plates and photographs. A considerable number of the latter are of exceptional interest.

But what is to be said about the contents of the various articles? At least this, that they show a remarkable degree of variation. Thus the first article in volume iv is a comparatively long and, for the most part, technical discussion of the bacteria by Sir E. Ray Lankester. It is splendidly done, but it can hardly be said to be "A plain story simply told." On the other hand, a great many of the articles, most of which are written by Professor Thomson himself, are not technical, but beautifully and interestingly written in accordance with the stated purpose of the series. One thing that seems quite incomprehensible is the almost complete absence of any logical arrangement of the various articles. They jump from the psychical to the botanical; from the lower vertebrates to the Einstein theory; from bacteriology to geology. At times I have an almost overwhelming desire to pull the books apart, arrange the articles in a series which is logical, at least to me, and then have them re-bound.

The query comes as to why this valuable contribution should be seriously marred by the disarrangement. This is a matter of speculation, but the first explanation that comes to the mind of the present reviewer is that the printers were begging for copy, and so, as a general rule, the articles which were first available were the first to be printed. One wonders if, perchance, any of the material was too late to be included in the final volume before the presses started whirring. I am inclined to the opinion that a

considerable portion of the series on applied science may have had this fate, for the three articles which are given, on "The Marvels of Electricity," "Wireless Apparatus," and "Flying," hardly scratch the surface. May we hope for a fifth volume, which might well be entirely given over to applied science?

However, notwithstanding the defects noted, these books present an enormous number of scientific facts in a very interesting and accurate fashion. It is hard to see how they can fail to be of great interest and real value to any normal person, adolescent or adult, whether such a one be a Poet, Plumber, Pupil, or Professor.

GEORGE A. BAITSELL.

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LABOR PROBLEMS

STEEL, by CHARLES RUMFORD WALKER, *Atlantic Monthly Press*.

THE LABOR MOVEMENT AND THE FARMER, by HAYES ROBBINS, *Harcourt, Brace & Co.*

LABOR AND DEMOCRACY, by WILLIAM L. HUGGINS, *Macmillan Co.*

IT would be interesting to know what proportion of the owners of large industrial enterprises have ever been in, or indeed have ever seen, the plants in which they own shares. Undoubtedly it would be surprisingly small. And among the general public, ignorance of how articles of daily use are produced and what their making involves is unquestionably greater. How few of us have been in a textile mill, a clothing factory, a coal mine, a steel mill, a shoe factory, a logging camp, or a packing plant.

The understanding and sympathy with which business owners and the public treat the demands of labor depend in large degree upon how vividly they realize the nature of the work and the conditions in modern industry. Quite evidently then, in our highly specialized and impersonal society, books such as Husband's "A Year in a Coal Mine," Williams's "What's on the Worker's Mind," Hapgood's "In Non-Union Mines," and Walker's "Steel," which describe their authors' experiences as manual laborers, have a peculiarly important function to perform. In many ways "Steel" is the best book of its type in recent years. It is brief, it is extremely vivid, it is replete with dialogue and incident, and, best of all, it asks neither pity for the men nor censorship for the employers. It gives the facts and lets the reader form his opinion. Because

shows so clearly what the twelve-hour shift in steel really means, its appearance at this time, when the investigation of the Federated American Engineering Societies has made this a subject of public discussion, is most opportune.

Mr. Robbins's book would better have been called "The Labor Movement and the Public," for it is written from the standpoint of the public, not of the farmer. Indeed, its neutral and fair-minded attitude and its appeal to understand the labor movement before judging it, are the outstanding merits of the work. Despite these important virtues, however, the book is disappointing. It touches a vast variety of topics and demolishes many current misconceptions concerning injunctions, the closed shop, restriction of output, strikes, and the walking delegate; but it fails to assist one very much to understand the general significance of the labor movement, the forces behind it, or the results to be expected from it. Why is it that relations between capital and labor are so chronically strained and so difficult to adjust? Absence of personal relations affords no explanation; for in the sweat shop, where relations are most intimate, they are also least satisfactory. Miserable conditions and starvation wages are not the answer; for discontent and strikes are as prevalent among the prosperous workers as among the downtrodden. What forces lie behind the labor movement and whence comes its extraordinary ability to overcome obstacles? During its century and more of existence in this country, it has encountered the desperate and unrelenting resistance of employers. Hordes of immigrants, alien to the idea of unionism, and divided from native workers and from one another by language and culture, have impeded its development. Time and again depression has all but completely destroyed it. In its inexperience it has tried many disastrous experiments such as producers' co-operation, one big union, and independent political action. Yet, despite these obstacles, the movement has survived and grown. To-day it has over four million members in this country, and during the last twenty-five years its membership has increased ten-fold. Whence comes this amazing vitality? What enables unionism to survive its mistakes? And where is this remarkable movement leading us? What goals does it seek? What effects may we expect from it? To questions such as these, Mr. Robbins, absorbed by particular aspects of the movement, gives little attention.

In "Labor and Democracy" we meet the much discussed Kansas plan for adjusting labor disputes. As is well known, Kansas has made illegal strikes and lock-outs in certain industries — food manufacturing, clothing, fuel, railroads and other public utilities — and has established a court to decide disputes when the parties fail. Judge Huggins, who is the presiding judge of the court, tells us little concerning the work of the court, but he states well the individualistic philosophy upon which his faith in it rests. His defense of the court's failure to do more to prevent the packing strike in 1920 is unconvincing. He minimizes unduly the importance of the strikes of the coal miners against the court. Unfortunately the book was written before the railroad and coal strikes of 1922. Suffice it to say that the court did little in the face of these troubles, and the men struck in Kansas as elsewhere.

But if, to settle labor troubles, it is necessary only to forbid strikes and lock-outs and to establish a court to hear disputes, why have students of labor problems not generally advocated this plan? Reference can be made only to several of the numerous reasons. When wage-earners are denied rights which they honestly and firmly, although possibly erroneously, believe they should possess, radical and uncompromising labor movements usually develop. The likelihood of stimulating such a labor movement is felt to outbalance the gains from the prohibition of strikes. Furthermore, when men cannot strike off the job, they are likely to strike on the job. Sabotage is in many ways more injurious and more difficult to control than open resistance. Finally, the maintenance of good relations between capital and labor is regarded as more important than the prevention of strikes. If strikes and lock-outs are forbidden and an industrial court established, litigation replaces bargaining as the method of settling differences. But litigation creates, not good will or understanding between the litigants, but antagonism and mistrust. Negotiation, on the other hand, at least tends to establish good relations.

Judge Huggins insists that the industrial court does not preclude negotiation. To bargain, however, each side must have a basis on which to make or to refuse demands. If the strike is outlawed, the workers have no basis on which to bargain — unless they threaten sabotage. Consequently, prohibition of strikes and lock-outs is likely sooner or later to make bargaining perfunctory and to render litigation the usual method of settling differences.

To test the Kansas plan thoroughly it would be necessary for one or two industrial States to adopt it. If this is done the method of appointing the court should be improved. In Kansas, appointment is by the governor. In industrial States, the labor vote, if concentrated, could elect the governor. Were so much at stake as the appointment of a body to fix wages in basic industries, sooner or later labor would unite behind a candidate representing it, and a biased court would result. For this and other reasons it would seem preferable for the court to be appointed by an Industrial Council equally representative of the employers and the unions involved.

SUMNER H. SLICHTER.

Cornell University.

THE OLDEST STORY OF THE DELUGE

A HEBREW DELUGE STORY IN CUNEIFORM AND OTHER EPIC FRAGMENTS IN THE PIERPONT MORGAN LIBRARY, *by* ALBERT T. CLAY, *Yale University Press.*

FOR more than a decade Dr. Clay has devoted himself to the reconstruction of the early history of the ancient empire of the Amorites, and to the dislodgment of the prevailing idea that Israel's traditions were borrowed from Babylonia, a theory that is generally called Pan-Babylonism. The present work offers evidence of an important character to prove his thesis. It is based on a Babylonian inscription in the Pierpont Morgan Library, which he has been able to read and interpret to a far more complete extent than his predecessors; and he finds the key for its elucidation in the discovery of the presence of many Hebrew words. That is, the story must have a Hebrew background, and in its passage into an Assyrian version there have been carried over many of the words of the original language.

What then are the relations of this text to the famous flood stories of the Babylonian literature? The best known of these is that found in the Gilgamesh Epic, but several other versions were also current. By critical comparison Dr. Clay is able to show that one of the Assyrian versions of the legend is a later recension and expansion of the Hebrew Deluge Story which he has successfully deciphered. He shows how the author of the later recension was not always able to understand the early original from which he

copied, that he sometimes mistranslated the strange Hebrew words, sometimes added a gloss to give an explanation of an unintelligible word or phrase. Thus he is able by critical comparison to prove that one of the Assyrian versions of the legend is secondary to his new Deluge Story. In matter of fact the text he presents is, as text, the most ancient of all the cuneiform Deluge Stories, being dated by its scribe in the year 1966 B.C., 1300 years earlier than the establishment of Assurbanapal's library, to which we are indebted for most of the literary remains of Babylonia. The oldest text of the legend has ultimately a Syrian provenance.

Following farther this clue of Hebrew vocabulary, Dr. Clay discovers several similar cases in the Gilgamesh account of the deluge, and this increases the plausibility of the belief that the whole cycle of flood legends had its origin in a Hebrew-speaking land, that is, Syria or Amurru, as the learned scholar prefers to call it.

Dr. Clay has given all students of ancient civilization and of the Bible a most stimulating discovery. He has revealed the presence of an early literature in the land contiguous and intimately related to the land of the Bible, for an age when we had no information except the Bible data, which it is the fashion to treat as unhistorical fiction. It is of vast interest to discover these earliest remains of the Hebrew language. We had known that Hebrew was the tongue of Syria in the second millennium; now we can trace it back into the third millennium, as the language of a cultivated people.

We can but briefly remark upon some points of theological interest. In this oldest form of Deluge Story the Deity is called by the absolute term *ilu*, "God" (Dr. Clay might have added that in the Senjirli pantheon *ilu* or *el* is one of the gods.) The author rightly connects this usage with the thread of biblical monotheism and holds that it is testimony to the biblical tradition concerning the El Elyon, "God Almighty," of Abraham's day and similar theologoumena. There is no question but that the "legends" of the Bible have been treated by recent scholarship in a cavalier and sophomoric manner, for it is the vogue to appreciate the Babylonian religion and to depreciate that of the Bible. We need new discoveries, such as Dr. Clay has made, to stimulate biblical scholarship to fresh and independent thinking about the biblical problems.

The value of the volume is increased by new contributions to the Etana and Adapa legends, with various original discussions of interest to the history of religion, which no specialist can afford to ignore. It is concluded with a presentation of all the known forms of the Deluge Story, so that the student has the whole corpus of material at hand. Both Yale University and the Yale Press have reason to be proud of the distinguished Yale Oriental Series of publications to which this volume belongs, which places New Haven in the forefront of Assyriological scholarship.

JAMES A. MONTGOMERY.

University of Pennsylvania.

EDUCATIONAL UNREST

MODERN DEVELOPMENTS IN EDUCATIONAL PRACTICE, *by* JOHN ADAMS, *Harcourt, Brace & Co.*

THE REFORM OF EDUCATION, *by* GIOVANNI GENTILE, *Harcourt, Brace & Co.*

EDUCATION IN A DEMOCRACY, *by* DALLAS LORE SHARP, *Houghton Mifflin Co.*

THE THREEFOLD COMMONWEALTH, *by* RUDOLPH STEINER, *Macmillan Co.*

THE spirit of unrest that is passing through the world to-day is not passing over the educational dwelling. From every quarter there comes criticism of education and educational institutions. In his "Modern Democracies," Lord Bryce concludes that in its results popular education has fallen far short of the hopes and expectations of those eighteenth and nineteenth century reformers who fought the battles for political democracy. From this estimate of what education has actually accomplished there is no appeal. Yet the faith in education persists. While recognizing the relative failure of particular educational programmes, we maintain an undiminished confidence in the possibilities of education. There is much disagreement about the nature of the ideal programme, although many think they have found it. In the four volumes under review is revealed the interest of two continents in this search.

Professor Adams has endeavored to bring within the compass of one small volume an interpretation and criticism of the more recent developments in educational practice. Mental tests, educational measurements, the Dalton plan, the Gary contribution, the

project method, free discipline, are all recognized in the chapter headings. And he has broken somewhat new ground by devoting a chapter to the place of psychoanalysis in education. Throughout the book he exhibits a surprising familiarity and sympathy with what is taking place on this side of the Atlantic. Although each topic is handled in a detached and critical manner, the position taken on most questions would be regarded as advanced even in America.

The central contention of the author is that, because of the development of a genetic psychology, education is undergoing a process of re-orientation. He feels that a genuinely *new* education is coming into being; that all recent changes, however unrelated they may appear to be on the surface, are bound together by a common principle; that through them all there runs a common thread; and that each represents an attempt to bring education more closely into harmony with the nature of the child. In this interpretation there is undoubtedly much of truth. Since the days of Rousseau the child has come to occupy increasingly the centre of the educational stage. But latterly, especially following the work of Herbart and Dewey, the social principle has demanded and received recognition.

From Professor Adams's account one gains the impression that educational changes move at a slower pace in England than in the United States. This is due in his opinion to external examinations which "form the dead hand that tradition places upon all attempts to get out of the rut of established educational custom." Not infrequently these examinations make it exceedingly difficult for the teacher of vision and energy to attend to the real purposes of education. His vision is strangled by the chains of bureaucracy, and his energy is consumed by the demands of routine. The writer, however, should not overlook the fact that, while his own country probably has more than its share, it certainly has no monopoly of these cramping influences. Although our elementary schools are relatively free from external control, our secondary schools enjoy no such freedom. The college, through the entrance examination in the East and through the prescription of subjects for admission in every section of the country, has greatly hampered all efforts at bringing about that thoroughgoing reform of secondary education which the needs of modern life make necessary.

In direct contrast with Professor Adams's book, which deals chiefly with the more practical concerns of the teacher, is "The Reform of Education" by Professor Gentile. This volume is composed of a series of lectures, slightly modified for the American audience, which were delivered before the school teachers of Trieste by one of Italy's most brilliant philosophers shortly after that city fell into Italian hands. It is an introduction to idealistic philosophy as well as a treatise on education. The writer makes a plea for freedom in education, for the recognition of the unity of education, and generally for a return to the idealistic philosophy. The chapter on "The Bias of Realism," in which he examines critically the place of science, methods, programmes, manuals, and composition in education, contains his most valuable suggestions for the American student. To-day there is a strong tendency among us to think of education in terms of technique and formulae, to confuse education with its husk. "The Reform of Education," therefore, comes like a breath from another world. Indeed, on laying down the book one cannot help wondering in what city in America a series of lectures on idealistic philosophy could be appreciated or even understood by the teachers of its elementary schools.

In his "Education in a Democracy" Professor Sharp has enlarged upon his earlier papers in this field. He seems to be rather completely dissatisfied with present tendencies in education and social life. In taking this position he is not without company, for it is not characteristic of this generation to be satisfied with any institution. In his constructive proposals, however, he at times follows less frequented paths. The four chapters of the little volume centre about four theses: first, that the public school should be a national school; second, that education for democracy must come through the public school; third, that education for individuality must come through the home; and fourth, that education for authority must come through life and nature. In each case, the author outlines his position with the skill and charm of a poet and with the earnestness and assurance of a prophet. He has apparently banished all doubts from his mind and sees stretching away in front of him the one straight and narrow way that leads to salvation. We can here examine only the first of his four theses.

Professor Sharp maintains that the public school is the agency

through which the state should put its special stamp on the mind and character of the growing child. Through this institution a common culture and a common social philosophy should be given to all the citizens that compose the nation. Through it the people should be stirred to great collective achievement. Especially bitter is the attitude of the author towards the private school. All the children of all the people must be brought together in the public school to mingle on equal terms and to learn the lessons of social living. "Let one look with contempt or suspicion or indifference upon so fundamental an institution as the public school; let him draw off and leave it to the poor, the colored, the 'foreign,' the unholy, and thus divide the House of Democracy — that one is the enemy of America." The public school is a sacred institution.

The true democrat can only respond sympathetically to the idealism which permeates the volume. It would delight the eye to see the children of the rich and the poor, the Hebrew and the Gentile, the white and the colored, the meek and the proud, the clean and the unclean, the wise and the foolish, the saint and the sinner, all attending the same school and learning to live together in peace and good will. Christianity could ask for but little more. But how is such a condition to be brought about? Would Professor Sharp usher it in by a state edict that would override the convictions of many citizens? Would he favor an amendment to the Constitution, abolishing all private schools? Or would he merely contribute to and await the development of a social conscience to which the private school would be abhorrent? Furthermore, is not the private school the symptom rather than the disease itself? There is good reason for believing that the forces which create social classes run far deeper into human nature and into the American social order than Professor Sharp assumes.

Another and more subtle point that should be raised here pertains to the wisdom of bringing education wholly under the control of the state. The author apparently has no serious misgivings regarding its essential goodness. Although he is very critical of all other governments, he maintains an unquestioned faith in the American state. It is, nevertheless, a commonplace that in a political democracy, government frequently reflects the interests of powerful minorities. Even when representing a majority of the citizens, it may commit the most indefensible stupidities and be

as tyrannical as any despot. Many thoughtful persons to-day, therefore, feeling that the political state has become too powerful, favor some form of decentralization; and certain social and political movements are pointing towards a pluralistic social order.

This mistrust of the all-powerful political state is clearly revealed in the last of the volumes under review, "The Threefold Commonwealth." While not primarily a book on education, it suggests the place that educational institutions should occupy in the social order. Dr. Steiner agrees with Gentile that the malady from which society suffers to-day may be traced to the impotence of the spiritual life. The spirit of man has been subordinated to and even enslaved by the mechanisms of the political and economic life. It must be freed. But, according to Steiner, this freedom is possible only through a fundamental reorganization of society in which the economic life, the political life, and the spiritual life will each be accorded a certain autonomy. The point of interest to us is that he would place education in the third division and thus separate it entirely from the control of the political state. Especially does he emphasize the need of guaranteeing to the spiritual life an independent status so that it may be "free within the body social to expand and govern itself according to the impulses inherent in it." That this is a desirable ideal in many respects is admitted, but Dr. Steiner throws little light on the methods to be pursued in attaining it.

GEORGE S. COUNTS.

Yale University.

LETTERS AND COMMENT

Captain Roy C. Smith, U. S. N. (retired), a writer and lecturer on naval science, has sent us the following comment on Professor Stevens's "Scrapping Mahan":

THE very interesting and remarkably well written article in *THE YALE REVIEW* of April, 1923, by Professor William Oliver Stevens of the Naval Academy, presents a view of naval policy recently prominent, which must be taken into account in future; that is, the regulation of armament by agreement.

The treaties formulated at the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armament will be effective for ten years, and may be renewed. These treaties will stop competition in the building of certain naval types. It may be that other leagues, or federations, or associations of nations, or alliances, by the time the present treaties lapse, will also be effective in maintaining peace and territorial integrity, without the necessity of further competition in armaments.

But, in any case, does such cessation of competition really involve a scrapping of Mahan? The main title of Mahan's works is "The Influence of Sea Power upon History." He shows (and before his time it was not generally recognized) that sea power had been a dominating influence in most of the great wars of the past. When he tells of England's grim ships that the Grand Army had never looked on, which, nevertheless, barred Napoleon's further advance, he brings home to all minds the gist of his argument — that sea power was a mainspring, often working silently and unperceived, which was productive of widespread results. The principles underlying the use of sea power which he deduced historically, are, of course, immutable. Results may vary with circumstances; but in any case they are the result of causes. They follow a law, and Mahan's writings are the nearest expression of the law.

The doctrine of sea power does not seem to have suffered in the late war. The German submarines were superior for a time, because the Allies, though superior in sea power as a whole, were not able at first to contend with them successfully. Sea power made it

possible to close Germany to the world and throttle her supplies, and so contributed in a most prominent degree to the success of the war. This is the essence of Mahan's teaching.

If a nation, imbued with Mahan's teachings, strives feverishly to increase its sea power, instead of coming to an agreement with possible rivals on an existing ratio of strength, and the rivals in self-defense follow the same policy, the principles of sea power are in no wise affected. To whatever degree the ratio is limited, or if it is unlimited, one power in case of war, or several allied powers, will gain command of the sea, which is the object of sea power; and all Mahan's principles will apply with equal force, whether the armaments are great or small. It is relative strength that will decide.

There is no evidence that Mahan wrote his books to advocate winning world power by the creation of sea power. Sea power is just as necessary to maintain the position a nation has already won. What is needed in either case is the sea power that the nation's foreign policy demands. The fact that a nation strives for sea power to dominate the world cannot be a reproach to Mahan. Good tools are often used for unworthy purposes.

Professor Stevens's statement that none of the "causes that led to the world war was more potent than the expansion of the German navy" must be a little open to doubt. The German navy was built, of course, to meet some day that of England; but it is the very general belief that Germany did not at that time expect England to join France and Russia, which countries were her main objectives. That England went in when she did, basing her action on the violation of Belgium's neutrality, was a great blow to Germany. It was Germany's militaristic policy that brought on the war, and it was the same policy, Mahan's teachings no doubt aiding, that expanded the fleet; but it was not the expansion of the fleet in itself that brought on the war, or even in the most important measure.

With reference to the sentence which Professor Stevens quotes from Mr. C. C. Taylor's biography of Mahan, about the mental distress of the Admiral for his part in the war, I may say that to those who knew the Admiral personally, and his supersensitive nature, it was no surprise to learn that he suffered, however remote the actual connection between his teachings and the

catastrophe of the world war. And in the statement immediately following, that Mahan left out of calculation the possibility of agreement and faith, consideration should be given to the circumstance that Mahan was not writing about the maintenance of peace (there is a book on the subject, of which more later), but on the influence of sea power on history. With his disposition, Mahan would have been one of the first to agree to the limitation of armament by agreement. His writings treat of one thing, this is another; the two have no connection. As long as the world keeps peace by agreement Mahan is in abeyance. When it goes to war again Mahan is revived. For the principles he elucidated resemble the law of gravity, or other natural laws; given certain situations and surroundings, they always operate.

In speaking of Mahan's contempt for nations that, having the opportunity, allowed sea power to slip, account should probably be taken of their necessity for sea power, and how much sea power was essential to support the policy of those nations. All nations do not need the most powerful navy in the world. Mahan did not advocate that. Our representatives at the Washington Conference thought that the treaty navy would be sufficient for our purposes.

As to the illustration given by Professor Stevens of Norway's shipping, the reason that Norway does not need a large navy to protect her shipping is that all the world knows that Norway is not a dominating world power and is innocent of any intention to become one. If a dominating world power is considered, then Mahan's dictum that a large navy is required to protect a large commerce is quite undisputed.

During the naval holiday that results from the Washington Conference there will be no increase in capital ships. Sea power consists also of other types. It is certainly the duty of all the signatories of the treaties drafted at the Conference to add such other types as may be needed to balance the capital ships under the authorized ratio. If any nation goes farther than this, that fact will be known in time. There are only two remedies — another conference, to limit all types, or competitive building of types not limited. The former is of course simply an extension of the present limitation; the latter reverts to the disastrous practices of the past.

Peace by other means than war has been very fully treated in a book, to which allusion has already been made, by Colonel S. C. Vestal, U. S. Army, entitled "Maintenance of Peace," published in 1920. It should be read and pondered by every person interested in our foreign relations. A striking point brought out by Colonel Vestal is that it has frequently happened in history that a nation has excelled either in its army, or in its fleets, according to its needs; but the instances are rare when it has excelled in both. And, that when a nation is striving to excel in both, that nation will bear watching; its object is probably world conquest.

It appears that there are two separate questions under discussion in Professor Stevens's article — one the doctrine of sea power in its bearing on warfare, the other the maintenance of peace. The Washington Conference adopted some of the recognized methods of maintaining peace; and if in the discussions Mahan was not mentioned, it must be that in the view of the participants his doctrine was not involved.

The argument sustaining the title of the article may possibly be expressed briefly as follows: Mahan elucidated the doctrine of sea power. Ships are the basis of sea power. The Washington Conference scrapped ships. The Washington Conference scrapped Mahan. This is an interesting syllogism — whether or not it is a *non sequitur* may be left to logicians.

Leaving out the question of "scrapping Mahan," the remainder of the article, which takes up our duties with regard to the navy under the treaty, and our future naval policy, is altogether thoughtful and commendable. With a different title and some changes in the text, little exception could be taken to the article. It is, however, a pity that the public should gain the idea that any doubt has been cast on Mahan, who is not only our greatest naval writer, but who has given a doctrine to the world that is practically impervious to attack.

Professor Robert Herrick has given us this additional note upon the correspondence between William and Henry James:

IN my article in THE YALE REVIEW for July of this year entitled "A Visit to Henry James," I made the statement (on page 729): "That discreet editor — the too discreet Mr. Lubbock . . . — has carefully 'lifted' from the correspondence the reply to this

ardent brotherly flagellation"; and again in referring to another letter from Henry James of November 23, 1905, I wrote: "Either the editor of Henry's correspondence has boldly — and baldly — shifted this letter out of its true sequence in order to disguise the family jar on literary convictions — or, what is equally likely, the controversy was perennial, beaten into immediate flame by the brothers' recent meetings in the United States." It appears from a letter received by me from Mr. Henry James, of New York, that neither assumption is correct. He calls my attention to the fact that in his collection of his father's letters (vol. ii, p. 280, of "The Letters of William James") he stated, "This letter appears never to have been answered"; and, further, he writes me that "Diligent search for an answer was made, and no answer found, and no allusion to an answer occurs anywhere in the correspondence between the brothers." In view of this authoritative statement my suggestion that the editor of the Henry James letters had either suppressed or shifted his material is wholly unwarranted. If it were not that the tenor of my article was more jocose than serious and that I myself recognized the probability of another hypothesis in the words, "or what is equally likely the controversy was perennial," a more urgent apology would be due the editor, Mr. Lubbock. In any case, I wish to take this opportunity of stating that on further consideration of the matter, especially in light of Mr. James's letter to me, I believe that Mr. Lubbock should be largely absolved from the charge of a too great discretion or reticence in his handling of the novelist's literary remains. It seems likely that Henry James himself did the suppression, and prepared for his literary executors and for posterity the decorous, and quite colorless (compared, for example, with his more outspoken brother) record of his life. Whether he accomplished this by destroying anything of lively personal interest before his death or by abstaining from impulsive revelations of himself to his correspondents which so endeared his brother William to all, must be left to the judgment of those interested in the personality of the novelist. For myself I should prefer to believe that Henry James had the capacity on occasion to "let himself go," unconscious of the impression he might make on posterity.

And through the courtesy of Mrs. Frances Carruth Prindle we are enabled to bring out still another unpublished letter from Henry James,

written in answer to Mrs. Prindle's questions about "The Bostonians" and "A New England Winter":

Lamb House, Rye, Aug. 1, 1901

*DEAR MADAM: —

I am afraid I'm not able to help you much in the matter of the addresses of persons in the couple of fictions of mine concerning which you so kindly enquire — and I may add that in general my productions themselves contain and exhaust (as I hold that *any* decent work of art does, and should,) the information to be desired or imparted about it. I haven't either *The Bostonians* or *The N. E. Winter* under my hand, haven't seen them for years, nor re-read them since they were published — which must have been some fifteen years since; and I so detest, as it were, my books after they are done, and I've got rid of them, that I cherish no remembrances and can pass no examinations. I can only recall in respect to your questions that Miss Chancellor must have lived in Charles St. on the left side from Beacon; and that her house had one of the white doors, partly glass, that open on a short flight of steps before the house door proper is reached. But heaven forbid that I should risk a number! I only remember in the N. E. W. Mrs. Daintry as in Marlborough St. — and the other names you cite have passed from my recognition. Didn't the Tarrants, surely, live in a suburb, and isn't Cambridge specified? I seem dimly to recall Miss Birdseye lived in — oh, I forget! I must have meant one of the streets in the neighborhood of the old Worcester station — or the Boston and Albany. I think vaguely of *Essex* — or of something off it, and I *smell* the house, inside, even yet; but I can neither name or number it. Pardon my extreme helplessness — I haven't been to Boston for nearly 20 years, and that in itself is enfeebling. I am much obliged to you for the tribute of your interest and am yours

Very truly

HENRY JAMES

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THE HUMOR OF MAX BEERBOHM

BY WILBUR CROSS

THIS essay is to be mainly about Max Beerbohm. Inevitably he will be compared with other humorists; and it will be impossible, I fear, to refrain from slipping in a paragraph or two on what makes humor, as do most humorists curious of their art and many philosophers also when in frivolous mood, in order to give the touch of completeness to their aesthetic theories. Cicero, Fielding, Schopenhauer, Bergson. As I write, a hundred recent volumes of light essays and stories stare at me in a continuous row; all of which were intended to be humorous, even if some of them may not quite hit the mark. On the table lie two interesting books not yet old. One is Masson's "Our American Humorists." The other is Bohun Lynch's "Max Beerbohm in Perspective." The first has led me to look into those hundred volumes; and the second has taken me back to Max Beerbohm's early "Works" (as he then called his skits contributed to "The Yellow Book," "Pick-Me-Up," and "Vanity Fair"), which I had almost forgotten in my delight over "And Even Now" and his wonderful cartoons of the last years. It will be taken for granted, I trust, that I am not posing as the discoverer of Max Beerbohm, though the "remainders" of one of his first

books, it has been said, were burned in the United States as not salable. But that was long ago.

Apparently there were never so many humorists alive as at the present moment. Masson gives an account of thirty-odd major American humorists, with specimens of their style. Don Marquis and Christopher Morley, for instance. Beneath them sit many more minor humorists. Heywood Broun, Clarence Day, and Donald Stewart, to name but three of them. (The distinction between major and minor is Masson's, not mine. And why is there no word for William Lyon Phelps, whom, being my colleague, I must not praise, or for Frank Moore Colby — the keenest of our satirists now that Peter Dunne, though still living, has long since deserted Mr. Dooley?) In a sort of summary Masson appends a list of more than a hundred "American Press Humorists" and another of a hundred and fifty "Comic Artists" of yellow fame. With this array of names before him (far outnumbering all our extant poets and novelists), he can say: "The professional wit is the peculiar product of America. It is true that there are paragraphists in all countries, but when one studies the newspapers of other countries, and sees the pitiful showing they make, one turns with a kind of subdued whoop of joy to the journals of the United States."

Here in the old phrase is "God's plenty." Humorous sketches, essays, and paragraphs from the columnists, caricature, parody, burlesque, slang, and nonsense in prose and rhyme. All the tricks are here one can imagine with words, phrases, and ideas. Everywhere fabrications to amuse and perplex innumerable readers of newspapers and magazines. Nobody can say any longer that we have no humorists now. For writing in the standardized styles Masson gives the necessary instructions. A professional humorist, it would appear, may work all his lifetime on a single design and rarely does he try to master more than three. Only two designs were required for the fifty thousand jokes Masson himself wrote in the course of twenty years. His book does not

do full justice, I am certain, to American humor, much of which in those hundred volumes is perfectly genuine. It rather illumines the broad field of professional humor, wherein humor, not spontaneous, is sought, forced, and contrived, wherein nature is not so much moulded into a humorous art as manipulated by the deft hand of the mechanic. Masson's mind is on the gestures of humor.

The gestures of humor is an apt phrase, which brings me before expectation to the *détour* on what constitutes the ludicrous in art. No one has done quite so well with the subject as Schopenhauer. The trouble with Bergson, whose book we were all reading a few years ago, is that his acquaintance with literature was too limited for an explanation of laughter such as he attempted. He appears to have no knowledge of Fielding, who wrote wisely on humor and was master of all its modes. Cicero gave up the problem of humor as insolvable; and as an aspect of human consciousness humor is still as much a mystery as ever, despite Freud's effort to find it somewhere in the subconscious mind. So we can do no better than fall back upon Schopenhauer's descriptive psychology. "The source of the ludicrous," he wrote, "is always the paradoxical, and therefore unexpected, subsumption of an object under a conception which in other respects is different from it, and accordingly the phenomenon of laughter always signifies the sudden apprehension of an incongruity between such a conception and the real object thought under it." This is the language of philosophy. The meaning is that the ludicrous arises from some misfit in character, act, incident, or appearance; and when on a sudden we become aware of the misfit we experience an emotional pleasure that may manifest itself in laughter.

Hephaestus limping about among the gods, his hunchback rising and falling, was to the Greeks a comic character, for the sight of him on Olympus was inconsistent with the preconceived idea that the gods are perfect in form, whatever their morals may be. Traditional English humor, as we have

it in drama and fiction, deals primarily with the affectations and illusions common to all mankind. Everybody has a blind side. An old comic almanac which I used to read in boyhood, quoted someone as saying that every man is three persons: what he thinks himself to be, what others think him to be, and what he really is. By playing off the three concepts, one against another, for contrast the humorist awakens our mirth. The climax comes when by some unlooked for incident the character is unmasked and we see him shorn of every pretense, or illusion about himself. As a background to humor, we should add, in agreement with Schopenhauer, that there must be a serious mind, either real or assumed, for the best effects. Harlequin, Thackeray remarks, is a very sober gentleman when off the stage. Shakespeare saw humor in certain aspects of tragedy even. Mercutio, when Romeo tells him that the hurt from Tybalt's rapier cannot be much, answers: "Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a *grave* man." And with these words he dies. If Shakespeare wishes to portray a rascal he puts no humor into him. That is good psychology. To convict a man of a lack of humor, Max Beerbohm remarks, "is to strike him with one blow to a level with the beasts of the field — to kick him, once and for all, outside the human pale."

There is, of course, no one sense of humor common to all. Rather there are many divergent senses. The humor of Meredith asks of the reader nothing more than a faint smile. The comedian of the music hall fails unless he can distort the features of his audience with the loud laugh. Between the subtle and the grotesque the gradations are infinite. Still, it will be found, I think, that some incongruity is always involved, either real or factitious. A hump is not humorous because it is a physical defect. On the back of a child a hump stirs our pity. On the back of Richard the Third as he is depicted on the stage, it sends a thrill of terror along the spine. But a man with a hump on the back who would take his seat among the gods as the husband of Aphrodite or who would

dress and pose as a dandy in rivalry of a Beau Brummel is a humorous character. Likewise none of the virtues and vices catalogued by the moralists is humorous in itself, but probably every one of them may be humorous in certain manifestations. All rests with the manner of treatment. Ambition, for instance, in Macbeth puts the hair on end, whereas in the drunken sailors who form a futile conspiracy against Prospero, it excites laughter. Avarice is a detestable vice; but it becomes humorous when we see a man driving a sharp bargain with his only son and heir or stealing oats from the manger of his horse. On all sides the behavior of man and nature is irrational and absurd. To the majority this is a dull, monotonous, commonplace world, in which everything is taken for granted. Then comes along a man of keener perceptive powers who lights up the world of his time with the humor of its inconsistencies. He may have no theory about his art. He merely lets himself go and trusts to intuition for what is humorous, in the hope (never the certainty) that a situation, character, act, or gesture that appears comic to him will appear comic to others also. "I am convinced," wrote Fielding, "I never make my reader laugh heartily, but where I have laughed before him."

The philosophers on the ludicrous have been the amusement of Max Beerbohm, the man to whom all contemporary humorists should lift their hats. Of a period long past, he says, "I wrestled for a day or so with Schopenhauer, in vain." Afterwards he read Bergson and was "floored" by him. Thereupon, in order to convince himself that he was not "an absolute fool," he wrote his own discursive essay on Laughter, showing that, though he really did understand and remember Schopenhauer, he had learned his art, not by meditating over theories, but out of the practice of others and in close relation with the human comedy of his day. Beerbohm has the distinction of expressing himself, perhaps equally well, through two media. Humorists before him, Thackeray most conspicuously, have practised two arts, but

one of them has always been secondary; whereas opinion is at variance on whether Beerbohm is better with words or with line and color. Since boyhood he has made drawings of his friends and acquaintances not from life but imaginatively from memory. The more casual the relation, the better, apparently, the drawing. In all his drawings, there is, he says, that "taint of exaggeration" which makes for caricature. The exaggeration may be slight as in his beautiful head of Tennyson (Mrs. Tennyson standing by and inquiring for the halo which, to her disappointment, is not there); or it may be exorbitant as in his George the Fourth with multiple chin tinged with red and an enormous abdomen. Whatever the exaggeration Beerbohm's caricatures rarely approach portraits; they are what one imagines the victims might have been had nature and circumstance dealt more harshly with them, in this or that feature, in this or that mental or moral bias or characteristic.

Beerbohm's original impulse, I should say, is towards caricature. Somewhere he protests that writing comes to him "with great difficulty"; whereas of his sketches he says: "I have seldom met anyone whom I did not, within a few hours of parting from him, try to portray with pen or pencil." In his "Seven Men" the drawings antedate by several years the tales woven about them. On the other hand, an essay on George the Fourth was published simultaneously with the caricature. Everywhere Beerbohm's two arts interact. As Bohun Lynch has said before me: "There is hardly a turn of thought in his writings which does not find its counterpart in his caricatures. To and fro we may go from one to the other, backwards and forwards and back again, and we find each time the same wit, the same sense of what is ludicrous, the same intelligence behind the sense." If I were to put side by side the two things of Beerbohm's that give me most delight, I should take his twenty-three caricatures published as "Rossetti and his Circle" and his essay on Swinburne in "And Even Now." In both there are not only those fine

artistic qualities that Bohun Lynch observes, but a similar employment of contrast for the final humorous impression. Upon the ugly Victorian background, made uglier than it was, Beerbohm projects the Preraphaelite Brotherhood — Rossetti's wonderful portraits of women "with curled-up lips and amorous hair," and Swinburne with the lovely rhythms of "Atalanta in Calydon." And at the same time these men endowed with the Renaissance passion for beauty all accept as a matter of course their alien ambient — folding-doors, if it be a room, gas-brackets, and window sash bisecting the view of beautiful gardens. By that ambient from which they imagine themselves free, they, too, have been contaminated, as may be seen in their pose and manners, in what their faces say, and in their dress — crumpled frock-coats, with unnumbered wrinkles, and bags for trousers touching the floor. In the drawings the humor is conveyed directly through visible images. In the essay on Swinburne the way of coming to it is longer and more complex, but it is as nearly the same as humor can be in another medium. The caricatures of Swinburne give him the legs and trunk of a pygmy, with a long full neck and a large head surmounted with a flaming aureole of hair. The essay can add that Swinburne had "the eyes of a god, and the smile of an elf," and can say of those delicate hands, seen in the drawing also, that they "fluttered helplessly, touchingly, unceasingly." Above all, we can hear Swinburne talk, "uttering a sound like the cooing of a dove." Each in its kind — essay and drawing — is high art. No one ought to say that one is superior to the other. And yet the insistence on physical peculiarities essential to caricature is less pleasing to many than the flexible humorous portraiture through a felicitous use of the written word. For me nothing elsewhere in Beerbohm quite equals his account of the "great moment" when he first saw Swinburne as he entered the dining-room at The Pines: "Here suddenly visible in the flesh, was the legendary being and divine singer."

Akin to caricature is parody, or burlesque (if we are to distinguish between them), which Beerbohm has refined to an art unequalled since Thackeray told the story of Ivanhoe's discomfort with Rowena and his escape to the arms of Rebecca and the quiet life of the synagogue. Parody, as I understand it, has to do outwardly with style, with imitation or mimicry of a writer's mannerisms; through style parody necessarily reaches ideas and sentiments. Burlesque has to do not so much directly with style as with ideas, sentiments, and characters; it admits of greater exaggeration than parody. Such a distinction, however, is theoretical rather than real. In practice the one passes into the other. Caricature hits the victim plumb in the face by magnifying a want of harmony detected there; and as are the features, the inference is, so is the mind. Parody and burlesque at once lay bare the weaker side of the victim's mental and artistic equipment as displayed in his writings. Like Lucian, Beerbohm usually begins with parody and ends in burlesque. Remembering a well-known passage where Stevenson says that, in learning to write, he "played the sedulous ape" to various writers dead centuries ago, Beerbohm remarks that he, too, in his youth, "acquired the habit of aping, now and again, quite sedulously, this or that live writer — sometimes, it must be admitted, in the hope of learning rather what to avoid." His books are strewn with comic apings of novelists, historians, essayists, poets, and "statesmen."

The cleverest of his parodies he collected some years ago in "A Christmas Garland," where a number of popular authors are made to write essays or brief stories appropriate, from their point of view, to Christmas. Usually a just comparison between the authors of any age is difficult, for they do not write on precisely the same subject or take for their novels and plays precisely the same phases of life. And if they are poets they have their own metres. Hence the continuing dispute over the respective merits of Dickens and Thackeray. Beerbohm simplifies the problem for us by

assigning to his authors an identical theme so that we may pass easily from style to style and at the same time gauge the mind of one writer by the side of another, comparatively. It was a shrewd device. Within the compass of a single small volume we have here before our eyes, as it were, the whole world of contemporary letters. Each story, each essay, so far as it goes, is complete in itself, and it is usually very interesting also. Quite easily a reader may imagine it to have been written by the assumed author, were the balance between his strength and his weakness so upset that the latter should tip the scales half way down. The burlesque, which is derivative from the parody, consists in the sober narrative of trivial incidents or the sober treatment of ideas utterly commonplace.

Henry James's little boy and girl lying in the bed clothes on Christmas morning cannot see their stockings hanging at the foot of their bed because of "the mote in the middle distance"; they see only the silhouettes of their stockings on the wall and begin to speculate on what Santa Claus has put into them. It does not occur to them to jump out of bed and look into the stockings. This same Santa Claus, as he came floating down from a roof to the pavement with a pack on his back, is arrested by Kipling's policeman ("P.C., X, 36"), and taken to the station as a burglar. A. C. Benson's Percy spends Christmas quietly alone in the country "out of harm's way," and when evening comes, lights the candles, and takes from the shelf "some old book that he knew and loved, or maybe some quite new book by that writer whose works were most dear to him because in them he seemed always to know so precisely what the author would say next, and because he found in their fine-spun repetitions a singular repose, a sense of security, an earnest of calm and continuity." H. G. Wells breaks away from a Christmas party in the country to devote himself to making over mankind — women as well as men — and fitting them into a new calendar with a twenty-hour day in accordance with "an in-

genious scheme for accelerating the motion of this planet by four in every twenty-four hours, so that the alternations of light and darkness shall be re-adjusted to the new reckoning." To bring this about he feels that he has "got to do a lot of clear, steady, merciless thinking — now, to-night." Chesterton exposes "some damnable errors about Christmas," proving beyond question that Christmas comes, not as most people think, only once a year, but every day of the year. Likewise it is a fallacy to imagine that All Fool's Day is restricted to the first of April. Mankind seems to have lost "the glorious lesson" that we are all fools all the time.

Frank Harris, the Shakespearean critic (with whom silence is equivalent to a positive statement of fact), wonders why Shakespeare has no words worthy of his genius on Christmas, and concludes "through the logic of the heart" that the day was hateful to him because Anne Hathaway was born on that day. True, Shakespeare nowhere says that her birthday was Christmas. "But mark how carefully Shakespeare says never a word about the birthdays of the various shrews and sluts in whom, again and again, he gave us his wife." Emily Wrackgarth of Arnold Bennett's *Five Towns* gets a husband by filling the Christmas pudding with scruts which her lover crunches and swallows. John Galsworthy lets a robin starve and die in the snow on the window-sill because he has "no right to meddle in what ought to be done by the collective action of the State."

Edmund Gosse (who likes to tell of the conversations with the great men he has met) brings together, while in Venice during Christmas week, Browning and Ibsen, neither having heard of the other. The portraits of Browning and Ibsen are among the finest contrasts Beerbohm has ever drawn. "He [Ibsen] asked me whether Herr Browning had ever married. Receiving an emphatically affirmative reply, he inquired whether Fru Browning had been happy. Loth though I was to cast a blight on his interest in the matter, I conveyed to him with all possible directness the impression

that Elizabeth Barrett had assuredly been one of those wives who do not dance tarantellas nor slam front-doors." In "A Straight Talk" by way of preface to "Snt George," Bernard Shaw, patronizing Shakespeare and Dickens, glories in the fact that he stole the plot of his play — its "dramatic inventiveness, humor and pathos, eloquence, elfin glamour and the like" — stole everything — but stiffened it with "civistic conscience" which made a masterpiece out of a poor thing. George Moore, who has spent his life in kneeling to false gods, or scrubbing the wrong doorsteps, finally discovers the doorstep of Charles Dickens — the only doorstep worth scrubbing. His acquaintance with Dickens, as it turns out, is confined to one chapter of "Pickwick" — Mr. Wardle's Christmas party — from which he disengages for the reader "the erotic motive," which, he says, is all there is to literature, though there may be in real life "moments when one does not think of girls."

Burlesque like this is satire, but not in the old meaning. Pope and Byron pilloried their social and political enemies. Beerbohm cannot do that, for he has no enemies. No more is he of the genial satirists of the mid-Victorian era, who felt that society imposed a restraint upon their talents. It is well known that Thackeray suppressed a burlesque of Dickens, and among his contemporaries chose the lesser names. (His burlesque of Disraeli was never forgiven of him.) Likewise Dickens, whose novels are pervaded with incidental burlesque. They both concealed the individual in the humorous portrayal of the class or the institution. The main exception to the rule was the conspicuous political leader, who at all times has been regarded as fair game. Otherwise, it was held, personalities had better be confined to men and women who are dead. Beerbohm has sometimes gone to the dead. But always, both in his drawings and his essays, as in his recent cartoons, "Tales of Three Nations" in "Things New and Old," he adjusts his past to the present. If he sometimes dips into history it is because, so he says, men of the moment, "nu-

merous though they always are, are not numerous enough to satisfy my interest in mankind." They should not take an occasional lapse into the past as "a slight" upon them. He is the most modern of satirists since Fielding, who likewise kept close to his contemporaries. "Satire," he once remarked, "should be irresponsible, tilting at the strong and the established as well as at the momentary follies of the day." The satirist should have "the courage of his own levity," showing no favors. Of Beerbohm's levity there are just fears, but it rarely gives offense. His "sheer, delicious, damned cheek," as Bohun Lynch calls it, is neutralized by wit and humor in which no malice appears. Criticism he would disarm by quoting the old proverb: *On se moque de ce qu'on aime*. He had no dislike for the late William Watson, although he once referred to the poet's search "for adjectives long enough to express unqualified approval." He can admire "the wondrous works" of Meredith, "seething with wit, with poetry and philosophy," and yet legitimately have some sport with Meredith's cryptic style and "pagan young womanhood, six foot of it that spans eight miles before luncheon."

Whenever he so desires, he knows equally well how to generalize his satire. The phonographic record he gives of a stammering and blurting speech in the House of Commons has no name attached to it — for it is an average speech that may be heard any day, meaning nothing, until a clever reporter gets out of it an epigram that isn't there, for the newspapers. The attack is on no particular "statesman," but upon "dufferdom." Similarly, without mentioning "The Times," he exposes the pretense and tricks of the editorial writer, who, having nothing to say, makes up for the lack by pouring forth "the longest and most emphatic words" on the simplest subjects so as to give the impression of a weighty and judicious mind. The law courts appeal to his "aesthetic" sense, and the miscarriage of justice on a legal technicality amuses him as it did Fielding. Perhaps his dealings with

royalty have awakened most criticism as an overreach of good taste. Last year he withdrew from exhibition a cartoon caricaturing the Prince of Wales's long delay in taking a wife, wherein Mr. Edward Windsor, formerly heir apparent, is shown as a man of seventy just married to Miss Flossie Pearson, a quite ordinary woman on the sunny side of forty. So he has usually found it the better way to be not quite direct with those members of the royal family alive at the time of his skits upon them. The reason, he says, why we can give few "authenticated instances of intelligence on the part of our royal pets" (no more than enough for half a column in "The Spectator") is because "their lives are so full they have no time for thought." It is his opinion that Great Britain is hardly justified "in preserving an institution which ruins the lives and saps the human nature of a whole family" and he would suggest that royal functions be "performed by automata made of wax," and he tells a story to illustrate how it may be done. "Certain guttural compliments" (it was in the time of Prince Edward) made absolute the vogue of Zuleika Dobson. It was, too, in the time of Edward and the days of baccarat that Beerbohm wrote his little essay on "A Good Prince" — a child in the cradle, whose life was "almost blameless," who had never touched a card, never entered a playhouse.

Too much generalization blunts satire. To keep the edge keen, Beerbohm comes out with personal thrusts somewhere. Thus, in reducing to absurdity the Baconian theory about Shakespeare's plays, he tells us what would happen if it were ever proved "that he who had been the mightiest of our philosophers had been also . . . the mightiest of our poets." We should have the pleasure of reading in the newspaper some morning the following literary note concerning an author who has long cultivated a resemblance to Shakespeare:

"Mr. Hall Caine is in town. Yesterday, at the Authors' Club, he passed almost unrecognized by his many friends,

for he has shaved his beard and moustache, and has had his hair cropped quite closely to the head. This measure he has taken, he says, owing to the unusually hot weather prevailing."

Again, it is an essay written in youth on the Aestheticism of 1880, when Beauty made her *début* under the patronage of Oscar Wilde, when "Robert Browning, the philosopher," was "doffing his hat with a courtly sweep to more than one Duchess," and "Mrs. Langtry, *cette Cléopâtre de son siècle*, appeared also, stepping across an artificial brook, in the pink kirtle of Effie Deans." With a parting thrust at two eminent historians more conspicuous for exactness than for grace of style, he concludes: "To give an accurate and exhaustive account of that period would need a far less brilliant pen than mine. . . . And I look to Professor Gardiner and to the Bishop of Oxford." Once more, it is an essay on King George the Fourth, with the humorous contrasts between the license of the old manners and the restrictions of the new. Where, Beerbohm asks, has the old freedom gone? "We are born into a poor, weak age. We are not strong enough to be wicked, and the Nonconformist Conscience makes cowards of us all." In former times statesmen took their politics easily and had time left over for their pleasures if for nothing else; but now all our best men are crushed and lost in the political machine. "That Mr. Gladstone did not choose to be a cardinal is a blow under which the Roman Catholic Church still staggers. . . . What a fine voluptuary might Lord Rosebery have been!"

Irony, one sees, is everywhere. Not that simple irony where words taken literally say just the opposite of what is meant. But a subtle irony which brings truth and half truths into felicitous relations. Reliance for the intended effect is placed upon the reader's intelligence and sense of humor. He must assume that the author is but half serious. "Only the insane," remarks Beerbohm, "take themselves quite seriously." While still an undergraduate at Oxford, he con-

tributed to "The Yellow Book" "A Defence of Rouge," announcing, several years in advance of the event, the end of the Victorian era and the approach of a new epoch. Already he saw men "rattling the dice-box" and ladies "dipping their fingers in the rouge-pot" — premonitions that Sancta Simplicitas was being driven into exile and Artifice was coming into her rightful kingdom, bearing "gifts innumerable" from Science whose ministers had for a century been promising human perfection at last. "Too long," we are told, "has the face been degraded from its rank as a thing of beauty to a mere vulgar index of character or emotion"; but hereafter, "we shall gaze at a woman merely because she is beautiful, not stare into her face anxiously, as into the face of a barometer."

Likewise "Zuieika Dobson" is all irony from title to the last page, where the girl who has fascinated a whole college of Oxford students into suicide sleeps soundly after the sentimental exploit and orders a special train the next morning to take her to Cambridge. The novel (which is not a novel) casts the light of ironic humor over romantic love, the suicide compact, dandyism, *noblesse oblige* ("It is the privilege of nobility to condescend"), and Oxford with its so-called movements — those "faint, impossible appeals to the god of retrogression." To complete the "great Catholic pattern" of his university whose very name is fraught for him "with most actual magic," he builds a new college, giving it a warden and students, and naming it Judas after that disciple best remembered as best understood in these days — by men in whom original sin predominates.

From irony Beerbohm's humor runs into delightful whim and fantasy. In one of his stories he tells how he once met the Devil (whom he had several times encountered in London) on the Rue d'Antin in Paris and "noddled and smiled to him," but the Devil merely stared and walked on, deliberately cutting an old acquaintance. Elsewhere he has a man who while shaking off the influenza tells fabulous

tales about himself. The influenza passes and the man is normal again, until the next attack when he becomes a liar once more. And more extravagantly, the author of "Ariel in Mayfair" is haunted by the ghost of his rival, the author of "A Faun on the Cotswolds," who will neither let him sleep nor write. This, I daresay, is the only instance in our literature where the ghost of a man still living works the ruin of a brother novelist.

Things seen do not interest Beerbohm so much as things half-seen or seen not at all. That which eludes but not quite escapes him has the most charm — like the girl never overtaken by the lover on a famous Grecian Urn. At one time it is "the fragment of a fan" which a beautiful woman broke in anger. He saw her but once as she passed quickly by him in the moonlight on the terrace of a casino in Normandy. She was dressed in white. He heard the fan snap and crackle and saw the little white pieces drop on the asphalt. Quickly the door behind him flapped open and a little fat man in black rushed along the white trail in hot pursuit. Beerbohm awakens our curiosity and then leaves the story less than half-told. At other times he writes of unfinished books, paintings, and statues, or of works of art merely projected but never begun — of "Kubla Khan," "Edwin Drood," of the blank spaces and bare pedestals for the pictures and sculptures of Michelangelo in the Baptistery of San Lorenzo, and of the veiled statue of Umberto which he saw near Genoa under the dim light of the stars. Around the incomplete and the imperfect he likes to let his imagination play. There is a delightful essay on books that are not books, for they were never written. They are the books that brought fame to characters in novels. There is "Walter Lorraine," for instance, which started Arthur Pendennis on his literary career. Lord Steyne thought the novel "very clever but wicked," though we should probably not call it wicked now. And was there ever a better title for a novel than "Who Put Back the Clock?" — which came

anonymously from the pen of Stevenson's Gideon Forsyth and somehow met with "alarming failure," instead of paying off the poor author's debts, with a fortune left over for wife and children, as usually happens in the case of imaginary novels. And who was the clergyman (whose name Boswell does not give) who, breaking into a conversation over pulpit eloquence, ventured to inquire of Dr. Johnson whether Dodd's sermons were not addressed to the passions, and received his quietus from the great lexicographer: "They were nothing, Sir, be they addressed to what they may." Who was this clergyman that met with instantaneous death?

Fantasy may give a reflected life to the inanimate — to an old rocking-horse even that stands riderless on the cold pavement, remembering the happy days of the nursery, or to an old hat-box that has been one's companion in France or Italy and is sent to a trunk-maker's for repairs and is by mistake shorn of all those labels which depict its history and so must begin its career all over again — just as Carlyle, when his manuscript of the French Revolution was burned by John Stuart Mill's housemaid, had to rewrite the book from beginning to end. These are sentimental distresses not unlike Sterne's. Those busts of the Roman Emperors along the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford ("by American visitors frequently mistaken for the Twelve Apostles") not only stare down at Zuleika as she rolls by in her landau, but, to the amazement of an old don who has been reading too much Mommsen, "great beads of perspiration glisten on their brows." And the moment the Duke of Dorset falls in love with Zuleika the two white pearls in his shirt turn to black and pink. Costume, if planned with fine sensibility, Beerbohm says in an essay on Dandies, should thus "change with the emotional changes of the wearer, automatically." Once he had proof of this marvellous affinity as he sat at the club watching Lord X., who had bet heavily on the races, nervously fingering the ribbon of the tape-machine. Within an hour, says Beerbohm, "I saw with wonder Lord X's linen

actually flush for a moment and then turn deadly pale. I looked again and saw that his boots had lost their lustre. Drawing nearer, I found that grey hairs had begun to show themselves in his raven coat." In "The Happy Hypocrite," a fairy tale for children, it is a magic mask that transforms the wicked Lord George Hell, who used to sit up until long after bedtime, playing at games and drinking far more than was good for him — who had, in fact, not a single virtue except the negative one of not smoking, for smoking was not then in fashion. He had not seen a buttercup, he boasted, since he was a boy. He falls in love with a girl, beautiful and virtuous, and to win her he puts on the mask of a saint, which though of wax, will not melt until the wearer doffs it. On the anniversary of their wedding the mask fell to the ground, his old face which had once been so horrible that it frightened children, was no longer there. His face was now exactly like the mask's, line for line. It was a saint's face.

Occasionally humor yields to sentiment. A lonely wayside inn (named the Golden Drugget), on the coast-road near Rapallo (where Beerbohm now lives), is a blot on the landscape as one passes by in full daylight and sees the mountains behind gray all over with olive trees, and the cliff in front falling down sheer to the sea, but on a thoroughly dark night when the cliff and the mountains are invisible, and the ugly little box appears only as a "strip of yellow light cast across the road, from an ever-open door," then, says Beerbohm, "great always is its magic for me." It was, too, on the approach of such a night that he visited the deserted cottage of William and Mary (an old Oxford friend and his wife), which was falling into ruins. As he stood on the verandah before the locked door, his imagination revived the scenes within of twenty-five years before when William and Mary were alive and dwelling there. He pulled the door bell and there came "a whole quick sequence of notes, faint but clear, playful, yet poignantly sad, like a trill of laughter

echoing out of the past." It was the lovely laugh of Mary that once rang through the house.

Like Mary's lovely laugh, Beerbohm's style is an echo out of the past. "I am cursed," he says, "with a literary conscience." Who is now cursed with a literary conscience? H. G. Wells? Arnold Bennett? Beerbohm began writing in the eighteen nineties, in the period of Whistler, "The Yellow Book," and Aubrey Beardsley, when essays were built round sharp epigrams and brilliant phrases, when it was almost a virtue that words should have no meaning provided they had an exotic beauty. Among these writers Beerbohm first learned his art. For years he affected strange involutions of style, revived old words and coined new ones out of Latin and Greek. He was more interested, he once said, in the proper placing of a comma than in the political fortunes of the British Empire. Since then he has dealt with the 'nineties in light satire — with its "odd apparitions" like Enoch Soames and Savonarola Brown, with its verse which at some point was certain to deviate into nonsense. Beyond the old "elaborate ingenuities," to quote his phrase, he has now matured; but he still worships "the *mot juste*, that Holy Grail of the period." This care for style may have its defects, but they are lost in its virtues. He is unable, he says, to begin a piece of writing before he knows just how it shall end. He pares, whittles, and polishes in a manner long "outmoded." Every sentence and phrase appears to have been examined after it was once written, for exactness, aim, color, cadence. The technique of his other medium, so far as it is available, is made use of here. Whatever he writes, he does not let go until it is as complete as one of his drawings. Artifice is made over into art. If, as Beerbohm wrote to Bohun Lynch, "my gifts are small," he has used them discreetly and well. His mind is not so capacious as was the mind of Dickens or Thackeray; but within the liberal bounds nature set for it, his art runs close to perfection.

A VISITOR TO THE BROWNINGS

EDITED BY LEONARD HUXLEY
FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY O. S. HOLT

IN the 'fifties of last century there flourished at Manchester a little company of eager and enthusiastic young men, keenly interested in art and letters, in science and philosophy, who, being eight in number, called themselves the Octagon Club. Some of them were business men to whom business was not the be-all and end-all of life; some were artists by profession; one or two of them in their several degrees contributed something to literature, in prose or verse. Hero-worshippers they were, assuredly, but not of one another; friends, but not a mutual admiration society.

Among their many letters which have been preserved, one set in particular is of interest to-day, for it tells with much detail how one of the coterie, who went out to Italy to represent his firm in a business partnership at Leghorn, made acquaintance at Florence with the two English poets he most admired, Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and was privileged to see something of their intimate life at the Casa Guidi.

This young man was named Walter Richard Cassels; the friend to whom he wrote, and whose easy, conversational letters he declares were as meat and drink to him in his exile, was David Holt, the author of three volumes of verse and the son of one of the pioneer cotton-spinners who about the time of the French Revolution began to transform Manchester from a quiet little market town into a spreading city filled with all the smoke and wealth and clatter of a huge industrial centre. Cassels, like Holt, was not only an ardent lover of poetry, but a writer of poetry himself, who had published one book, and was now engaged, with much self-

criticism even to the destruction of half the lines he wrote, in shaping another volume. He was a writer, moreover, whose ambitious scope reverberated to the lofty impulse and the large thought alike of Mrs. Browning, then in the heyday of her fame, and of her husband, whose essential greatness was as yet recognized by only a few. As a diligent student of philosophy, too, he stood on common ground with his admired poets, and with Browning he lived in the active belief that difficulties are a tonic, and that by an Emersonian compensation failure will work us good in another way. Music also afforded another link with Robert Browning, for Cassels was both a lover of music and a practised musician.

Although the letters that follow give a very full account of the Brownings and of their personal talk in the intimacy of their home surroundings, it must not be imagined that Cassels had so little delicacy as to "make copy" deliberately out of their private life. He felt that to see them, to take part in their conversation, was a rare privilege, only to be shared privately by another worshipper at the same shrine as devoted as himself. Time and again he insists that what he says must be treated with the strictest confidence; the letters must not be given to the world. His trust in his friend was fully justified, but now that seventy years have passed since these close impressions were committed to paper the need for secrecy has gone. These contemporary notes, set down by a friendly and discriminating hand, may serve to-day to throw an illuminating sidelight upon the Brownings' life at Casa Guidi, confirming or amplifying what we already know of it.

The letters to David Holt now take up the tale. It is the spring of the year 1852; Cassels is settled at Leghorn, and from Leghorn a pilgrimage can be made to Florence, though he lacks a formal letter of introduction to the Brownings.

"*May 25, 1852* . . . How I wish you had been with me in Florence—that was a visit that will be for ever memorable in my life . . .

"As you may imagine, I made a point of looking out for the Casa Guidi. I had infinite difficulty in accomplishing anything, but at last by dint of great perseverance I discovered the famous windows. The house is very near the Pitti Palace, in another street but with an opening nearly opposite, by squinting round the corner of which it is just possible to get a glimpse of the palace. At the back of the Pitti are the beautiful and very extensive Boboli gardens, the most delightful spot you can conceive, and freely open to the public, which can be reached from the Casa Guidi in about one minute. The house is a very nice one, and is in the street called Via Maggio. In Italy, houses are numbered right on through all the streets of a quarter, and the number of this one, for your edification, is 1902. I hoped to catch a glimpse of the Brownings, but in vain. At last I thought by way of making sure that I had found the right house I would ask the porter whether they lived there. He said 'Yes,' but they were then in Paris (I suppose returning from England) and were expected every day. I look at the arrivals here by steamers from Genoa every day, but have not yet seen them mentioned. However, they misspell English names so outrageously, and there are other routes to Florence [so] that they *may* have returned without my knowledge. Florence is so large a place and there are so many English that an introduction of oneself is impossible, therefore cast about, like a good fellow, and see whether you cannot by some means or other get me a letter to them. I am trying also, but have not yet succeeded . . .

"I was very sorry they were not at home, as I might have caught a glimpse of the fair author of 'Lady Geraldine'! but better luck next time."

The fact was that the Brownings had left Florence in May, 1851, spending the winter and spring in Paris between two visits to London. Instead of returning from Paris to Florence, as the porter expected, they went in June to London

for their second visit, and only reached Florence in the middle of November, 1852, staying there till the following July.

Holt endeavored through a friend to secure the desired introduction from "Festus," Philip James Bailey, but his move came to nothing. The months went by without result, and the next letter reports news of the Brownings at second-hand. "With regard to making their acquaintance," Cassels wrote, "failing other resources I shall take bold measures." At length he could wait no longer, and adopted the "bold measures" he had threatened. The Brownings, who, as has been noted, had returned in November, took to him at once, invited him to visit them whenever he came to Florence, and talked freely with him, as will appear in the following letters:

"1852. *October 23, Leghorn.* . . . By the way, tell me in what tone Mrs. Browning writes about Guerrazzi in 'Casa Guidi Windows.' The Brownings have not yet come back, and I much fear they will not do so at all. An artist was telling me about them the other day who was passing through here, and who, I believe, has taken portraits of them. He says that Browning is a very shy, silent, man, who dislikes being introduced to strangers, and who gets very nervous on being so. One can understand part of that well, but the shyness and silence are bits of character."

"1853. *January 26, Leghorn.* — . . . Some months ago, as I had promised you, in default of a regular introduction I wrote to the Brownings expressing my sentiments with regard to them, and begging Mrs. B. to receive me if unable to get a proper introduction. I took the liberty of calling during one of my visits to Florence. I sent the book [his volume of poems], at the same time saying that I could not consider it any passport. I soon discovered that they were still away and continued so until a very short time ago. A young lady

with whom I am acquainted here, however, being lately in Florence on a visit, happened to mention my name at a party, and a gentleman, a literary man I believe, immediately began to ask about me, saying that he had heard the Brownings speaking of me in kind terms, and supposing that I must have left Italy. Of course she undeceived him on this head, and a few days afterwards, evidently after they had seen this gentleman again, I received the following note, which, as I know it will interest you, I copy verbatim.

‘We shall be very glad indeed to make Mr. Cassels’ acquaintance whenever circumstances bring him into Florence: very glad to receive him, and thank him for his book, which floats in a poetical fragrant atmosphere, and is very well adapted to interest us in the writer. We owe Mr. Cassels many apologies for not saying this sooner, but we found the proofs of his kindness — book and letter — on our arrival in Florence, months after he had sent them, and we too hastily concluded he had been a mere traveller in Italy, who had taken up his staff long since and gone away. It is pleasant, as far as we are all concerned, to be able to correct this impression.

‘(Signed) ROBERT AND ELIZABETH BROWNING.

‘Florence, Casa Guidi, January 18, 1853.’

“Imagine, old fellow, how busy I have been when I have not yet been able to go to Florence! I wrote, however, immediately, thanking them for this note, and saying that I hoped soon to be able to avail myself of their kind permission to call. By the first train on Saturday I shall go, if all be well; and in this letter you shall have an account of my journey, if I be fortunate enough to find them at home. I need not say that I am looking forward with anxiety for the pleasure, and only feel that nervousness which one naturally would on such an occasion; but one should make that figure before such judges as may lead to constant and closer intercourse. An occasional meeting would trouble me little, but in a call of this kind it is difficult to get opportunity or

one's steam up to run the engine thro' formality and diffidence; however, *coraggio!* 'Faint heart never won fair lady,' and as I want to win her I mustn't funk. If they are talkative people my fears will vanish like morning mist, but I am only afraid to find them silent, and that the ball may rest with me. Browning, I have heard, is so, and those who write well cannot generally speak as much up to the mark — *Vedrimo*. It will be a memorable visit for me in any case, and at the same time I shall see the galleries and other beauties of the loveliest city on the earth; therefore I hope to make this, ere I am done with it, a pleasant epistle for you and worthy of a long and speedy reply, for it's few letters I have lately been getting.

"Anything about Florence and its treasures must bear a breath of the sweet south over a bank of violets to you in smoky Manchester, and if it be coupled with news of the private life of such dear friends, unknown though they be, as we have always spiritually considered the Brownings, it will be doubly sweet, and quite overpower the cloud of 'baccy' you will blow over it. I trust we shall neither of us be disappointed. Mrs. Trollope, I am told, lives at Florence and is a great friend of the B.'s. She may be a great *acquaintance*, but I exceedingly doubt the *friendship*, unless Mrs. T. is very different from what her books show her, and from what I have always heard of her from those who have met her in society. . . .

"You have never told me what view Mrs. Browning takes of Guerrazzi in 'Casa Guidi Windows.' I am anxious to know. . . .

"*February 1.* — Well! old fellow, I have spent two delightful days in Florence, and to come to what I know you will want to learn about most, here goes for the Brownings. I called about one o'clock and found only Mrs. Browning in. I sat with her an hour or so and was invited to spend the evening, she saying, 'I should so much like you to know Mr. B. I hope you have no engagement.' Of course I had not,

and spent a most delightful time of it, there being only we three. They were kind beyond all I could have possibly expected — treated me in the most cordial manner possible — and repeatedly expressed their pleasure at having made my acquaintance, saying also that I must always call when I came to Florence, and that they were always at home in the evenings. In short, they were all kindness. Thus much for the general reception. Now for something further. Mrs. Browning is a little ladylike person with black ringlets and very delicate looking; besides, she has a cough that goes through one. However, she says she is always very well so long as she takes care of herself, and that during the winter she rarely goes out. She told me, talking of the English climate, that she was confined five years in one room, and therefore that in coming to Italy she felt she was coming to liberty. Her hand shows the delicate constitution, so thin and emaciated. However, she seems generally well, and I only mention these things to make up the picture.

“Browning is a very nice fellow, with a great deal of *bonhomie*; he is rather under than over the middle height, dark, with whiskers all round the face; but that portrait gives no idea whatever of him. They seem tremendously attached to one another, and exactly fitted for domestic happiness. A more simple, unaffected, kind-hearted couple don't exist, and I admire them both, now, more than I did before — not from any brilliancy of conversation, but from their frank, unassuming, and thorough goodheartedness. Mrs. B. was speaking very well of Swedenborg, whose doctrines she said were extending tremendously. She said she did not know him at all deeply, but admired a good deal of what she did. For instance, his theory of correspondencies. I cut him up, and said I greatly preferred Fichte's 'Divine Idea,' which was another form of the same view. She did not know Fichte, but afterwards, when, talking of Emerson and the spiritualists, I expounded his doctrine, they did not agree — she not being able to receive anything which did not

give a distinct Ego to the Divine Spirit. She could not see how this was quite allowed by Fichte. However, as Browning said, the half of all these things arose from one man choosing to call things by a different name: thus, one man named an animal horse, another equus, another Hippos, another Cavallo, but all meant the same. They admired Emerson much, were most curious in asking about him, and Browning said that some of his poems were beautiful, tho' deficient in music.

"They had only seen portions of Tennyson's Ode [on the Death of the Duke of Wellington], which they were most glad to have a loan of from me, so I sent it, to be likewise lent to Tennyson's brother Frederick who is settled (as a walking gentleman) at Florence; so perhaps I shall meet him one of these days. I asked about the new book. They said it was not to be a continuation of the epic, but a series of short poems linked in the way of 'In Memoriam,' treating of the legends of the Round Table. They agreed with me in thinking the epic the best thing he had written. They also greatly admired the series of pictures in 'The Lady of Shalott,' which was another of the poems relative to the Table, which Tennyson had already written. They regretted his omission from the original copy of a verse about 'landing at the plankèd wharf.' I spoke about Lowell, whom they know personally. They didn't think very much about 'Conversations on the old Poets,' but liked his poems, especially his humorous ones, much, and himself personally. They knew Margaret Fuller well, and her last day in Florence was spent in the room in which we sat. They said she was anything but one of the cold intellectual class, but was a very fine and warm-hearted woman.

"They spoke in the very highest and most admiring terms of George Sand, of whom they had seen a good deal in Paris lately.

"They asked me particularly about Leghorn as a summer residence, and I should not wonder if I induce them to come,

which would be jolly. They talk of going to Rome the end of March, where Mrs. B. has never yet been. I said I had always set the Holy Week as the time when I should endeavor to run there myself. She seemed quite pleased. It would be pleasant to see the Coliseum in their company — wouldn't it? Talking of the Germans, we had a long discussion about Goethe, Schiller, and Richter. They evidently knew little about Richter, and not deeply about the other two. But I at last brought them to agree in thinking Goethe too cold and egotistical. Browning confessed he talked too much as 'Grand Chamberlain about his petty Majesty the Duke.' Mrs. B. said she liked *mysticism* but not *mist*, and thought that when the Germans tried to explain they lost themselves. She, however, admitted that where they really had depth they were fine. From them we came to Carlyle, whom they knew, and of course admired tremendously. Carlyle was in Paris when they were there, going to visit Lord Ashburton. They say there never was a man who was so utterly indifferent to criticism as he. Browning said he had shown him some of the Great Frederick's original letters with great gusto, and one he remembered in particular: it was talking of some treaty or investigation that was proceeding, 'and in the meantime,' says Frederick, 'things are going to the devil'; this is the end of the letter, and under he has made a dash with his pen denoting supreme disgust. Carlyle thinks very highly of him. C. said that he could see some things in the 'French Revolution' which some people could not understand, and he said if he had to do it over again he might perhaps alter slightly. We all agreed that he'd better not. Browning's favourite is the 'Sartor Resartus.' He said that Carlyle liked Tennyson, but as to their being '*great friends*,' he did not see any grounds for saying it. I said I wished Carlyle would give us a life of Goethe, and that there was no one so well fitted for the task. They heartily joined in the wish, and said they thought it a good idea. We canvassed whole lots of other people, and had a long talk about music. But enough

this for one spell; I'll give you bits as they occur to me hereafter. Now in being thus minute in giving you their opinions and words, I act on the assurance that I can well trust *you* with such matters, and I therefore tell you everything in confidence, relying entirely on your discretion. It would ill accord with my feelings or intentions to act as a spy on them, hearing at their fireside private sentiments never intended to be made public and then blowing them through a trumpet in the market place — but this caution I know is unnecessary, your own delicacy being quite sufficient guide. . . . ”

“*1853, September 15, Leghorn. . . .* I went to Florence the other day to see the Brownings, who have been asking very kindly and with complimentary additions about me from certain friends lately. I unfortunately found them away at the Baths of Lucca, but they return at the end of the month, when I hope to see them, and may perhaps have some literary news to give you.”

For the next twelve months fortune was unkind. In January, 1854, Cassels records that on his last two visits to Florence he has failed to see the Brownings. Once they were away from home; the other time they were dressing for a party and he would not go in. In March he hears from “a good friend” in Leghorn, “the best lady painter I have ever seen, who is very intimate and corresponds with the Brownings, that they are in Rome,” where, in fact, they spent the winter and spring of 1853-4. The note of interest is that “Mrs. Browning is now writing some kind of a story. What, Browning, who gave the information, said he did not exactly know. I am told that Browning’s acquaintance with strange and out-of-the-way books is immense. I am very anxious for their return that I may meet them again.” The “story” in question was “*Aurora Leigh*,” published after the Brownings’ return to England in 1855. Browning

had not seen a line of it until half the poem was written.

The letters, meanwhile, are mainly concerned with talk about books read; with criticism of Holt's new volume and of specimen pieces to be included in Cassels' second book of "Poems." The only Florentine news consists in a denunciation of the scandalous tongues that wag there incessantly, and the silly lengths to which gossip would go in sheer invention. Not but that Cassels roundly declares Florence to be "the most scandalous and depraved town (in a refined way, some would say, but I don't) in the world." The best society is no better than it should be. "The beautiful galleries and churches have no effect upon its inhabitants and I should no more dream of living there with a wife and family than I would of going to the moon. The mind must become deteriorated by constant contact with such people. Of course, people living like the Brownings are exceptions."

He hopes soon to be introduced to Frederick Tennyson, the laureate's elder brother and himself a poet, who was living in Florence in a "splendidly furnished house" and had "married an Italian peasant girl who was very pretty. She cannot speak English and has as little education as can well be. She admires her husband and, I believe, is continually talking to strangers of his talent."

The long looked-for meeting at last took place in September, 1854. Cassels had been very hard pressed for some time. His partner, Benni, was very ill, and indeed died soon afterwards. All the business fell upon Cassels, who, moreover, helped to nurse the sick man. A brief holiday proved doubly delightful.

"1854, September, 11, Leghorn. . . . I'll now go on to tell you of a visit to Florence, from whence I only returned yesterday. I was long looking forward to going, but unable to leave from Benni's state. But being anxious for a change, I determined to run up tho' even for a few hours, so I went on Saturday afternoon and returned Sunday night.

"Mrs. Browning had before sent to a great friend of hers

and mine a message of very kind remembrance of me, and on calling she welcomed me in the most cordial and kind manner, which increased up to the time I left, and then they gave me many invitations to come to see them, and never to come near Florence without so doing, which, of course, I was but too happy to promise. I only found Mrs. B., he being out with the child for a drive; however, he returned before I left, and was most kind and cordial. She sent for the little boy to make my acquaintance; he is a beautiful little fellow of five years old — most intelligent-looking, with blue eyes and yellow golden hair. Browning says they have to repress his mind as he is very much beyond his years in capability. He writes and reads well, with only an hour's tuition per day, and they are acting wisely in keeping down his precocity. They are tremendously fond of him, and told me many beautiful anecdotes of him. They are also tremendously fond of each other, charmingly so. Unfortunately, they were going out that evening, so I only spent some hours with them in the middle of the day. At first I had only Mrs. B., and we talked of everything interesting that could be crammed into the space. We had a regular philosophical discussion, and here, before telling you anything more, I do so with the understanding that you let it be *entre nous* entirely, as, indeed, I'm sure your own delicacy would at once tell you without this request. For I would not for worlds that conversations that have passed between them and myself thus in confidence, and without dreaming that others should know, should by any chance go wandering from mouth to mouth. After some indifferent talk she asked me what I had thought when in England last of the goings on of mind. I said that I saw decidedly a tendency to progress in some respects, tho' at the same time a woeful lack of largeness of mind and freedom of thought in many quarters, and I said that certainly the great belief in table-turning and spirit-rapping then prevalent was anything but a favourable sign; and I went on to quiz and ridicule the whole system,

especially the latter part (rapping). She surprised me by saying playfully, 'I see you are an unbeliever, like Mr. Browning, but take care, for you speak to a believer.' I was surprised, and still spoke laughingly against both systems, saying that the most noted table-mover had never succeeded in stirring a table in my presence, and that I held that as far as electricity was generated, it would pass through the table into the floor, which was as good a conductor as itself. As for the spiritual agency or rapping, nothing could overthrow one broad reason in my mind for discarding any belief in it, however supported, viz. that the occupation of spirits in the next world, or, in other words, of spirits who had ceased to be visible to us, could not be that of answering the call of every bread-and-butter miss or schoolgirl who wished to know the name of her future husband. It was quite beneath the dignity of spirit, and if I thought I should have to do such things, I confessed I would not look forward to a future state as to a Blessed Life.

"She told me of wonderful things in table-movings — of tables which rose from the floor and otherwise moved without being touched, but with hands two feet from it. I asked whether she had seen this herself, for I had heard equally wonderful things, but when attempted to be done in my presence they had never succeeded. She had not seen this herself, but had heard it from friends in whom she had the fullest belief. She then went on to tell me that two American ladies who had been with them were wonderful mediums — that one evening in her house they had done extraordinary things with tables, and after they went away *she* said, 'Now! let us sit down and try the experiment, giving our word of honour not to do anything to assist, but to attempt every means to detect the causes. We shall now find the table charged with electricity, or whatever it may be, after the trials which we have just been making.' She and Mr. B. and other two gentlemen did so, merely resting the points of the fingers on the wood. She said that shortly the table

began to tilt towards Mr. Browning, which is considered indicative of a desire to address the person. Then tapping commenced, and Mr. Lytton ["Owen Meredith"] took down what was said by the taps, which was 'Be earn —'; arrived so far, some one cried, 'It is *Be earnest*': upon which the taps ended and they all rose; and she said that on discussing the matter, the only argument that could be produced against spiritual agency was that an injunction to be earnest would not likely be made by spirits to Mr. B., who they would know was so remarkable for earnestness. I said that was no argument at all, no need to detail reasons, they are evident. Well! this she told me as having been done in her own house by persons of mind and education as you see. She went on in answer to my objections, etc., that we perhaps made too much of the dignity of spirits as it was, seeing that spirit in this world did not sustain its dignity, and might not even in the next, as there were so many degrees of spirits. She also told me not in so many words, but certainly in sense, that she is a Swedenborgian. She believes in his theory of infinite grades of spirits, and, as she said, is a decided and firm 'spiritualist.' She said that she thought that the spirits of the departed might well be supposed desirous of communicating with this world and of advising and giving information to their fellow-spirits here, and that therefore she did not see any abstract reason why these phenomena might not be thus explained. She said once to me, 'I am afraid, Mr. Cassels, that you will laugh at me and think me a great fool for what I have said to you now.' I answered sincerely, 'No! Certainly I have hitherto treated the matter with ridicule, and laughed at such grave matters being presented to the notice of *men* thro' a parcel of silly boys and girls, but tho' I see no possibility of agreeing with you, I treat with respect, and shall certainly think the question over again more seriously since it is come to me with the weight of having gained the belief of a person like yourself.'

"Browning laughs and says he won't believe, and quizzes

her, she says. Regarding her spiritual theory, I told her I could not hold her theory, as I felt fully convinced of another and far nobler philosophy, that of Fichte. (Fichte has been my delight ever since I have been here; I love the man and his philosophy, and I have studied him so well now that I could well speak of him.) She had evidently an erroneous idea of the man, and conceived him to hold that we had no individuality, but would be, as it were, sucked up finally into God. I showed her how this absorption, according to Fichte, was not one of our essence (or spirit or *ich*), but simply of our views, as was, in short, that of the common Christianity, viz., that the end of all progression and the perfection of the Blessed Life was by love of God to arrive at that union with Him that we became one in thought and act — that we could wish nothing but what He wished — could love nothing but what He loved. In this way alone could we be re-absorbed into the Deity, for by the absolute necessity of life our co-existence must be preserved, and I proved this latter point to her in Fichte's way, forcing her to admit its force. She said I placed his doctrine in a new way to her. I gave her a sketch of the whole system and its objects and results, which she said was a great one and noble, but she had never understood this admission of our individuality on the part of Fichte — but that indeed she had never studied him. She saw how in the main he agreed with Swedenborg, taking S. in a spiritual aspect, for S. is really, as I forced her to admit, one of the most material and unimaginative of men. She denounced Emerson's doctrine as an entire denial of our individuality, and she said she could have no sympathy with any doctrine which denied this. In other respects, however, she admired E. greatly. All this part of the conversation was highly interesting, and I wish I could detail it to you. She then asked me with great interest whether I had been writing lately, etc. I told her that I had a volume ready, but that, from great diffidence of what I had done, and feeling that certainly I could do better hereafter, I hesitated to publish.

We talked a good deal of this, and she asked me if I never thought of the periodicals. I said I had a great objection to the mode. She said so had her husband, but that many of her own poems had thus appeared. She spoke of the smallness of the poetical audience and lamented it. She said she had been very much surprised at the success of Alexander Smith, his book being at once too good and too bad — absolutely *bad*. She did not seem to think very highly of him. She considered he had power, but in his volume it was thrown away; and there was a total want of the artistic. She told me that Mr. Trollope gets £400 a year from the booksellers for producing a certain amount of books regularly, and the same arrangement brings Lever £1500 per annum, which she greatly marvelled at. She said the great thing for poetry was that every year it became more valuable, whilst every year such novels as Mr. T.'s, etc., were dying out. She told me that she was engaged in writing a romance of the present time in verse. She did not think we should always go to the past for our subjects. I said I was delighted she thought so, as I conceived she had shown in 'Casa Guidi Windows' a great capability for expressing the thoughts of the age. She said she did not yet know whether it would succeed well. She told me Browning was also ready with a volume of miscellaneous poems, which she said she thought I would like better even than his Bells, etc., at least such of them as she had seen; for I may mention that they do not show each other all they write, and wisely not, for living together thus, and therefore the one mind exercising unconscious influence over the other, they are very apt to write alike even without having each other's thoughts thus tangibly placed before them and liable to imitation. Browning had proposed going to England this summer to bring out their books, but she was not ready, nor is she yet; but they intend going over next summer for the purpose. This is news for you, old dog. I said I regretted that B. did not give us some more tragedies, and mentioned the 'Blot on the 'Scutcheon' as an instance

of his aptitude for this line. She quite agreed and said she couldn't understand how it had not had a greater run. At this point Browning arrived, and the subject was of course interrupted. I see he has got a good many grey hairs in his beard. He has a most charming manner, cordial and frank in the extreme — a noble fellow I should say. They did not come back with the usual impressions of Rome. They said all their sympathies lay with the Greeks and not with the Romans, and that therefore even the associations had not the same strength for them. I said that to me the Romans were the type of brute force, and the Greeks of intellectual, and of course one must prefer the latter. They said that old Rome was so mixed up with new, and so scraped and polished up, they did not like it; but they saw it under unfavourable circumstances, their little boy having been ill all the time, many of their friends dying, and the pestilence about them. They seemed to think that you had all the bustle and parade of London and Paris without their conveniences. Their great friend there was Adelaide Kemble, of whom they spoke in very high terms. I heard some anecdotes of Carlyle. He said on the journey they made with him two years ago to Paris, 'Sea sickness is terrible degradation to a reasonable man, but the greatest humiliation to him is a cold in the head.' Thackeray! did you ever have a description of him? He is about 6 feet 2 inches high with a large head and perfectly white hair — prematurely grey, you understand — and his nose flattened in the manner of Michael Angelo by a blow in a fight at school. He is particularly neat in his dress. His wife is mad and in an asylum, and she rarely recognises him. The Brownings think very highly of the *North British Review*, and call it better than any just now. Mrs. B. does not think very much of Macaulay's poetry and thinks there is not much in it. A son of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton is now beginning to write poetry. I have seen two of his poems, which are decidedly good. He lives in Florence. Bulwer is a firm believer in the spirit rapping. Hallam, the father, settled £300

a year on Tennyson's sister, who was engaged to his son. I heard a story of M. Milnes at second hand from Browning. A jolly farmer walked into Moxon's one day and said, 'I'm told you've got the poems of Mr. Monckton Milnes, M. P. Now, I've a great respect for the family and should like to take the poems of Mr. Monckton Milnes, M. P.' 'Oh! very well,' said Moxon's brother, 'you can have them. Would you like to take them all?' 'Why, yes! I'll take them all, for I've a great respect for the family.' They made him out an account for the whole. 'Here is the bill, £3 16s. 4d.' '£3 16s. 4d.!' cried the farmer. 'Well, I've got a high respect for Mr. Monckton Milnes, M. P., a very high respect; but I'll see him hanged before I'll give him £3 16s. 4d. for his poetry.'

"Here's a lot of literary gossip for you which you will know how to treat with due delicacy. I've got more, but it escapes me at the moment; I may remember it before I've done. . . .

"I have got my poems now clean written out, and I find that cutting a great many which were considered good, I have still 240 pages of 24 lines each. I confess I feel this a clog upon me and wish to throw it off, much more also as I should like to get out before the Brownings publish and absorb attention. . . . My own judgment is that my present volume is a decided advance as a whole, and that there are many good things in it, but still I do not like to trust to such an opinion before publishing. Mrs. Browning almost put it into suggestion to ask her opinion, but I so detest that kind of thing I did not ask her. I must think the matter over. It gives one such a start to throw off what one has written. Mrs. B. said she did not think critics taught one anything, but that seeing one's poems in print taught us much."

Apropos of Browning's dislike to publishing his work in periodicals, it may be recalled that he only broke his rule once, and that for the sake of unhappy Paris after the siege of 1871. "Hervé Riel" was published in "The Cornhill," and the £100 received for it he gave to the Relief Fund.

It may also be recalled that Mrs. Browning's interest in spiritualism has received a measure of attention proportionate rather to her position in the world of letters than to the extent of her belief. The truth is that while she was interested she threw herself into it eagerly, but considering the intense interest that so many persons took in spiritualism at that time, her connection with the subject was by no means remarkable. In fact, her doubts, from which she was at no time entirely free, grew steadily until, towards the end of her life, they outgrew her inclination to believe the "manifestations" altogether.

Cassels' last letter from Florence touching on the Brownings is dated May 11, 1855. After the death of his partner the business was difficult to carry on, and he prepared to leave Leghorn.

"I have heard several times from the Brownings lately. She has been all winter laid up with cold, but is quite well now. I have worked so hard lately, and have so much winding-up work before me that I intend to take a holiday tomorrow, if possible, to set me up, and go to Florence. If possible I shall see the B.'s. . . . It's just possible I may meet George Sand, who is now in Florence."

But he missed them, and in July they departed for London with the manuscripts of "Men and Women" and "Aurora Leigh" in readiness for publication.

AUTUMN MIST

By THEODORE MAYNARD

A HEAP of burning leaves will do it; fir
That rain has draped with jewels are more sure:
These never fail. They touch a spring; and stirs
Within the mind's blind wall a secret door
I never knew was there before.

The solid stone swings open; and I pass
The Threshold, yet a little fearfully,
And see a valley sloping down in grass,
And on the further hills confronting me
Woods yellowing all their greenery.

But their so visible beauty is as naught
Compared with what their beauty has unsealed;
And this in turn is nothing to the thought
That broods delighted on that misty field
Imagining beauty unrevealed.

For in the valley dimly I discern
Bright shadows flashing in a veil of mist;
Faint speech comes up in snatches, till I yearn
To melt aswoon with what doth here resist
The consummation of our tryst.

"Alas!" I hear the spectral Voices float:
"Not less than you do we desire to tear
The stammering tissues from your tongue and throat,
That you may sing; and make this clouded air
Lucid, that you may find us fair.

“’Tis only by our longing you are drawn
To your deep longing: at our breathing move
Your quivering senses in the tinge of dawn
Or when the moon spins mystery in the grove:
We live in everything you love.

“Yet though you closer come we shall elude
Your hands; we fade to make you closer come:
Be your frustration your beatitude!”
The mist grows denser and the Voices dumb.
The door shuts. I am far from home.

MODERN MARRIAGE

By WILLIAM GRAHAM SUMNER

I PROPOSE first to review briefly some of the traditional ideas about marriage which have come down to us in Jewish and Christian tradition. At a certain stage in the history of the Christian church attention was directed to the Old Testament in order to learn what it taught on the subject. The findings were, in a remarkable degree, negative. Much sentiment has been read into the text which is not there. Take the case of the model wife as delineated in the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs. This characterization is entirely practical and presents the Jewish housewife as she should be. There is no model woman in the Old Testament. Ruth and Esther have been cited by Jews and Christians; but Ruth was a heroine because she chose the Jehovah religion. She became, in due order, the wife of a male relative of her husband, a nearer one having waived his right. The usage is familiar in ethnography. Esther is a patriotic heroine. In the Anglican marriage service Isaac and Rebecca, without any adequate reason, are held up as models. In the mediaeval services Tobias was often mentioned.

In the first two chapters of Genesis occur two accounts of the creation of woman and of the first pair. What is there stated has been used for two thousand years as a basis for poetry and idealization and also for theological dogma. Perhaps the extreme product of that line of effort is shown in Milton's "Paradise Lost." Milton constructed upon the story of the pair in Eden a seventeenth-century Puritan ideal of conjugal relations. The two accounts in Genesis, as is well known, differ greatly in character.

In the whole Old Testament there is no injunction about marriage except the negative ones as to unions which for any reason are forbidden. In the prophets there are symbolical references to marriage which throw more light on the institution as it existed amongst the Jews than we get from any other source. We observe in regard to the period covered by the Old Testament canon, first, that marriage amongst the Jews was a matter of domestic and household concern, just as it was amongst the other ancient people. It was controlled entirely by the mores. It did not enter into either the religious or the civil system. That is why it is not mentioned in the record. Again, the Jewish mores were like those of other nations. The taboo as set forth in Leviticus, chapter eighteen, is the same as was generally current, with such minor variations as always appear. Familiarity with ethnological parallels throws light upon the text, and in particular exposes the error of construing the prohibition in verse eighteen against marrying two sisters at the same time into a prohibition against taking a deceased wife's sister. Third, an advance in the mores, especially in regard to polygamy and concubinage is distinctly to be noted within the period covered. Priests were in later times required to conform to the highest standards in the mores. The first chapter of First Samuel, referring to a time when the cultus centre was at Shiloh, shows polygamy in full usage by a man of high standing, and it provokes no disapproval.

It would be very remarkable if the first page of the sacred book had contained a law of pair-marriage; for subsequent pages recount many instances of polygamy and concubinage. But the "one flesh" idea has been construed as a law of pair-marriage, and in the history of the Christian church it has undoubtedly greatly influenced, though it did not create, the development of the standard and ideal of pair-marriage. That standard and ideal are even more distinctly set forth in the laws of Manu: "He only is a perfect man who consists of three persons united, his wife, himself, and his off-

spring. Thus says the Veda and learned Brahmins propound this maxim likewise." Again: "The husband is declared to be one with the wife." But such pronouncements, however clear, did not create pair-marriage as an institution. In fact, the notion of "one flesh" does not at all necessarily imply exclusiveness.

In the period between the canons of the Old and New Testament the Jews had a wedding ceremony in which the man took the woman by the formula: "Thou art bound unto me under the Law of Moses." The bystanders, acting as witnesses, ten being required, shouted expressions of approval, invocations of blessings, and congratulations. There was no ritual at all, and no priest or rabbi had any function in connection with the incident. What made a marriage was a document executed by the husband by virtue of which the woman was secured by him of provision and maintenance for the rest of her life. Although in our modern mores this formality has disappeared except among the rich, it is very evident that it has a rational motive of the first importance. What does the husband intend to make of the woman who gives herself to him? If he intends to make her his "wife" (*animus maritandi*), the permanency of the relation is not a mere arbitrary detail; it is a characteristic of wifehood that the woman shall be secured maintenance and position by the man for all the rest of her days on a scale of equality with himself. This is true also of a concubine, with the difference that her status is inferior, though duly defined. The same might even be true of a slave, and very often was so if she had borne a child to her master. Since procreation of children was the chief purpose of marriage, a man could be compelled to marry and to live in conjugal intimacy until he had a son and a daughter. The great gulf between the legitimate or legal status and illicit relations was that the latter were unguaranteed and temporary. Hence it was that divorce was such an important question among the Jews. The usage grew up that the man could divorce his wife at will. This was

evidently in direct violation of right and brought up a legal and moral question of the first importance.

In the earlier centuries of the Christian church all this became history. The thought of the fourth and fifth centuries tended to revolve around this subject. Jerome writes about virginity like an ignorant fanatic; consecutive sentences contradict each other, as his mind wrestles with an unrecognized absurdity. Such men made the Christian church of their age an engine of societal disruption in so far as they led the best men of the time — which needed them all — to turn their backs upon all societal duties. The doctrine of celibacy could not but become a philosophy of negation towards "the world," civil affairs, offspring, property, labor, and life itself. The church fathers laid down in their writings dicta which became seeds of elaborate cultivation in the Middle Ages.

In the early centuries of the Christian church of the West, marriage continued to be an affair of society and of the family, not of the church. At most a marriage was announced in the church as a notification to the rest of its members of a matter concerning two of them. The view which became established in the church was that consensus of the parties, with consummation, constituted marriage. An ecclesiastic, if present, blessed the persons or the act, or acted as witness, or made a record, or uttered a declaration. In no case was his intervention a substantive part of the ceremony.

In the canonists of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries this view still prevailed unquestioned. Those authorities reveal nothing of the sacerdotal view of marriage, namely, that the priest, by virtue of his apostolic ordination, performs the act of union, thus accomplishing a function or ritual act which only a priest can carry out.

In Germany, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, as we see in the *Nibelungen* and other poems of the period, the marriage ceremony expressed the simple and direct sense of the act. A ring of bystanders and friends was formed, before

whom the woman's father, or, if convenient, some man of age, dignity, and rank, asked the man if he would take the woman. This called upon him to express publicly and solemnly what, of course, he had expressed before: his wish to have her to wife. She was asked if she consented. If so, the person acting "gave them together," and they became husband and wife. The next day they went to mass together, and a prayer for them was inserted in the service. It was through the extension of this latter formality, which varied greatly in different countries and dioceses, that the church service grew in importance. In fact, the priest intervened more prominently in another function succeeding the wedding than he did in the wedding itself, for he blessed the consummation of the union. It is noteworthy that what he prayed for in this instance was that all maleficent intervention of evil spirits or witchcraft might be averted. The origin of all ritual is in ghost fear. Rites are such performances as coerce the superior powers or avert their harmful interposition. Evil spirits were thought to find special and welcome opportunity to vex man at all occasions of rejoicing or high vital activity. Hence nuptials offered them an especial occasion. It was refinement of the mores and not ecclesiastical teaching which caused this ceremony to become obsolete.

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the church was integrating its power and extending its intervention to all the interests of human society. The human mind in Christendom fell under the dominion of certain tendencies which show how elaborately and artificially it can construct follies and errors when once it has adopted false methods and erroneous premises. The development of the cultus of the Virgin Mary absorbed the interest in woman, sex, and marriage. Of all the fables which were invented, the one which gives deepest insight into the instinct of the human mind towards some consistency in absurdity was the one that Jesus took the Virgin from Joseph and gave her to Saint John. This was accepted throughout Christendom as a car-

dinal fact of the gospel history. It was a case of myth-making.

It is evident that if people could be married by anybody who could by formal questions obtain from them an expression of consensus, and if the visit to church came afterwards, the latter was entirely unessential and might be deferred, neglected, forgotten entirely. In this period a distinction also arose between betrothal and marriage. If a betrothal was formal, irrevocable, and public, how did it differ from a marriage? If conjugal life followed it, why was it not complete? If a second public and formal ceremony was to be performed, what was the sense of betrothal? Yet betrothal was essential to consensus, and the tendency of the time was to recognize no betrothal which was not formal, public, and irrevocable. There were good reasons for this. Hence the point of time or interval of time came to be important, and canon lawyers began to make much of the question whether the parties expressed themselves in terms *de presenti* or *de futuro*. A promise to do something at a future time was one thing; a declaration "I now do" was another. Only the latter could be an act of the will which would be binding; and yet only consummation could be real fulfilment. The church's interest was that the betrothal should sink into unimportance or be immediately joined with the declaration *de presenti* and that the latter should be made a church function.

In the Middle Ages kings were anointed with religious ceremony. There was a distinct effort of the church to give efficacy to this ceremony, so that it, and not election or birth, should be regarded as "making" a king. The Tsar depended in no small degree on his religious consecration for the recognition of his authority in the hearts of his subjects. He was, prior to his downfall, the only European king who was a fetish-man. Religious ceremonies were also connected with making a knight, and even with the manumission of a slave or serf; but in neither of these cases does the ceremony have ritual effect. The former is edifying; the

latter secures publicity. The blessings of fields and cornerstones were lighter forms of ceremony, not ritual. But in marriage there was genuine ritual. Such moral stress was laid on being married because the relation was thus put under the protection of society and was guaranteed as to its rights and perpetuity.

Although in modern Protestant countries there is very slight comprehension of ritual, it is astonishing to what an extent the marriage ceremony is regarded ritualistically. According to the popular mores, people are adjudged to be married and respectable, or the contrary, on the basis of performance or non-performance of a prescribed ceremony. The ceremony is thought to be far better if performed by a minister of religion, although it is legally effective if performed by a magistrate. Very little heed is paid, however, to the sense and rational force of the ritual words uttered and the promise therein conveyed; and in case of later disagreement, the promise and rational obligation undertaken are very rarely cited as a means of coercing a recalcitrant party. That is characteristic of the ritual element. The man and woman participate in a ceremony; what is said and done in it is convention, and is important only for that reason, not for its rational contents. If a woman is not willing to promise to obey, that makes no difference. It is only a formula. The effect would be the same if the established custom were that when a man and a woman joined hands and said together, "Abracadabra," that should be a marriage.

Liturgical ceremony and ritual are by no means to be confounded. A liturgy is only an established form of procedure. The order of exercises of a legislative body is liturgical. There are rubrics to prescribe what shall be done, and formulas to be recited at stages of procedure. Ritual means actions and words which are effective to produce results. If the priest says, "By virtue of what you have done, I declare that you are man and wife," that is liturgical. If he says, "By virtue of my sacerdotal character and authority I join

you in marriage," that is ritual. There is always an irrational element in ritual.

As ritual is the only means of creating or changing jural relations when written records are not yet in easy and current use, it appears in law as much as in religion. To strike the scales with a coin, or to hand over a sod with a sprig set up in it, is usually described as a symbolic act. It is really ritual. Such acts were definitive and irrevocable. They were acts, not negotiation. Other symbols used in ceremony very often have the same effect. When the spouses answer the questions in the wedding service, the answers are only a definitive act: "Now I do take." It is no longer a time for discussion or negotiation, which is not binding. It would be found that very many people in England think that the act of marriage takes place when the husband puts the ring on the woman's finger.

The modern use of oral statements and written records has done away with symbolism and ritual to such an extent that the sense of them is lost to us. When they are understood, they always have a great effect upon the reason and conscience through the senses. The ritual words now in a sale or other contract are, "I take it," or "I do it." Usually the form of language is, "I will take," or "I will do," which brings up again the old mediaeval quarrel over *de futuro* and *de presenti*. When I say, "I will take it," do I express my willingness, or is it a future tense and therefore subject to recall until I repeat it in the form "I do take"? Delivery and acceptance of a deed are now ritual acts for the transfer of land, where a symbol is indispensable; therefore a contract of sale of land is always revocable until the deed passes. Similarly wherever "gloves," or a "handfasting," or a record of any kind is required, no bargain is definitive until this ritual act is performed, whereas under other circumstances, where the word binds, it becomes definitive by custom and no one tries to revoke it. In the late Middle Ages, a man brought other men to be his sureties for his promise in mar-

riage. What could sureties do? They engaged with him and for him that he should keep his promise. If he did not, they could only be witnesses against him.

The gospels of the New Testament contain no law about marriage. The institution existing in the society is recognized as a matter of course. Polygamy is nowhere in the New Testament condemned, and pair-marriage is nowhere inculcated. The omission is very noteworthy. In the seventh chapter of First Corinthians, the doctrine is that vice is evil, that marriage is to be tolerated as better than vice and not wrong, but that celibacy is the really virtuous thing. In Ephesians, chapter five, the subject is treated in a very obscure manner, and is intertwined with the idea of Christ's enduring headship of the church in a way which destroys the sense; the union of the church with Christ is expressed by the "one flesh" figure, and this leads to a reiteration of the law that a man shall leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife and "they two shall be one flesh."

But which mystery explains the other? It cannot be that Christ's headship of the church is a simpler idea, which can explain matrimony; but if it is not so, then the passage throws no light on matrimony. The Vulgate version of the next verse has the word "sacrament" for the Greek word "mysterion," and that word has been held to refer to marriage. The verse should read: "This is a great mystery; I mean that which I have said concerning Christ and the church." Christ's headship of the church is certainly one of the mysteries of the Christian faith. Marriage is not a mystery. Reproduction is a mystery of science, but ancient people did not so consider it. It is evidently quite impossible to unravel this passage in such a way as to get out of it simple, clear, and authoritative enunciations about marriage; but the more involved and obscure it is, the more it has lent itself to the whims of expounders and dogmatizers. The man who introduced the word "sacrament" into the Vulgate

version created, with one drop of ink, a grievous load for millions of men who were to come after him.

There is no female model in the New Testament. Christian sentiment has developed all that is told of Mary and Martha, but it has been expended chiefly on the Virgin Mary. The husbandless wife and virgin mother became the patroness of virginity, wifehood, and motherhood, all at once. It was impossible that this cluster of ideas should become the subject of discussion without producing extravagances in which piety and sensuality were interwoven with each other. The glorification of virginity is an absurdity. Is the race to cease to be? If so, our religion is pessimism pushed to the extreme of suicide. The human mind and conscience, whether they start from virginity or from marriage, are led along a line of reasoning towards a conclusion that a certain thing is most wicked and shameful, only to be turned about at the end and to learn that that thing is laudable and right. If the subject is ignored and excluded from the mind, there is peace and rest; if celibate ecclesiastics, ignorant, superstitious, and fevered by mixture of self-denial and desire, or corrupted by vice, lead in dwelling upon it, denying it and recognizing it at the same time, the result is the greatest harm which can be got from it. The sex relation is interlocked, at the same time, with both the highest and lowest in man. It is bounded at both extremes — unbridled excess and utter suppression — by penalties. It must be, and yet must be curbed. The highest moral discipline, therefore, grows out of it.

Whence, then, does "sacramental monogamy" or pair-marriage come? It arose out of the mores of the low free class of Christ's time. Concubinage continued throughout Christendom during the whole of the Middle Ages, for such as could afford it. There was no moral horror of polygamy, but monogamy, the practice amongst the poor under the Roman Empire, came to be idealized by Christianity, the religion of the poor. Pope Leo the First, in 450 A.D., took

ground against concubinage from principles of asceticism. It died out of the mores, though great men practised it. Morganatic marriage was always tolerated for those persons who were compelled by rank to take status wives. The church seemed to rejoice in multiplying restrictions and obstacles around marriage; its policy was therefore always hostile to license, and it steadfastly strove to put an end to concubinage. The modern feeling about pair-marriage is a result of the spread of middle-class mores.

Never anywhere before the Council of Trent was marriage a shamanistic function. Each generation finds marriage in the mores as an existing institution with certain taboos in regard to it in force. The institution therefore descends from the ancestors, and ghost fear is the power which compels obedience. Ethnographical cases where religion is brought in to give sanctity to marriage are hard to find, but in any case we have no intervention of a priest or shaman to do what no one but he can do. Marriage-union is not presented as a thing to be accomplished by a religious functionary. We have numerous examples in which the bride goes through ceremonies of farewell and release from her home divinities, and of introduction and consignment to those of her husband's home. There are also numerous cases in which sacrifices are performed in connection with marriage. These bear upon the element of luck, prosperity, and child-bearing. They may be propitiatory, or may be used for divination and auguries.

Previous to the Council of Trent the validity of a marriage never depended on any ecclesiastical act. At that Council, France was especially urgent that some action should be taken about marriage. The especial subject of dissatisfaction was clandestine unions, that is, alliances without the consent of parents. Parents in the classes of rank and wealth were displeased at such marriages, and their interest therefore coincided with the ecclesiastical interest. There was a strong party in the Council which opposed any change

in the theory of marriage as taught by the canonists, but alterations were made. The most important provision was that any marriage, to be valid, must be previously announced three times and must be celebrated by the parish priest with two witnesses. This made marriage an ecclesiastical function. Although the law was, in form, only a provision for due publicity and solemnity, great consequences at once followed from it. To become husband and wife, the man and woman must seek the services of a priest; and it was a direct inference that he alone, by virtue of his apostolic office, could make them such. A wedding became a ritual operation. In the rituals of the sixteenth century the priest sometimes said: "I join you"; sometimes he used a declaratory form. The dogmatic difference is the greatest known to theology — the difference between a human and a supernatural functionary. In the sequel it became church law, by inevitable logic, that a priest had no control, by his will, of the power with which he was endowed, so that if a man and a woman declared in his presence, without his consent or co-operation, that they took each other as husband and wife, it became a lawful marriage. French Protestants, for more than a hundred years, secured lawful marriages in this way, a notary accompanying them to make a record.

The term sacrament might be applied and has been applied, although in a somewhat strained and figurative sense, to many forms of marriage. If sacrament means solemn and effective ritual, there can be no objection. The Council of Trent anathematized anyone who should deny that marriage was one of the seven sacraments established by Jesus in the Gospels. The ecclesiastics had no conception of evolution; what they had received from the generation before them they held to have been established by Jesus. There have been a score of answers to the question, What makes marriage a sacrament? or, In what sense is it a sacrament? The notion of a sacrament is itself unfixed; if it is taken to be a means of grace, a means of making sacred or holy, or a means

of salvation, the ideas under each of these definitions are technical and theological, not rational.

The decree of Trent, however, brought into play that element of imagination and prestige which is far more important in religious matters than any rational analysis. Marriage was distinctly placed within the sole domain of church and priest. It was to be ecclesiastical and sacerdotal, and it easily became sacramentarian — whatever the notion of a sacrament might be. According to familiar laws of development in ceremony and ritual, the tendency was to connect the mystic element in the ceremony with some single act as a crisis, to which the rest should be introduction and exordium. Winding the clasped hands of the parties in the stole of the priest was a symbolic feature which was appropriate and graceful and which came to be considered the conclusive act in the ceremony by which he united them. If the ecclesiastical authorities had control of regular marriage, they could set conditions on which they would perform it. No other provision ever gave such practical extension to church control; and marriage was refused to all who were not by confession and communion in full obedience to the church. The question of "mixed marriages" has been, for three hundred years, a point of conflict between church and society, church and state.

The history of marriage shows that the definition of the marriage institution consists in specifying who may not marry and, more explicitly, whose wife a certain woman may not be. The forms of this taboo are still of high importance to human happiness. The origin of the notion of incest is unknown. No reason is given for the prohibitions specified in Leviticus, chapter eighteen; evidently they were the ancient tradition of the Jews. There is no suggestion of the harm of inbreeding; in fact many of the restrictions refer to persons who are not blood relatives at all. The Christian church, under its ascetic tendency, early forbade marriage between near relatives and fixed at last upon the seventh — later the

fourth — degree either of relationship or affinity. The real meaning of the rule is doubtful, and the statements of it do not agree. The Prayer Book issued by the Council of Baltimore accordingly forbids third cousins or nearer relatives to marry. Even this rule is by no means free from ambiguity.

In the Middle Ages when people moved about little, practically all those in adjacent villages became, within three or four generations, related to one another by consanguinity or affinity. These restrictions were a pitfall for the unwary. They could be overcome by light penalties, and they took the place of divorce; for it was not difficult to prove a marriage void from the beginning on account of relationship, if it was desired to break it. The call for objections and the warning at the beginning of the Anglican service undoubtedly refer to relationship.

The Continental Protestants of the seventeenth century could not find a satisfactory standing-ground in respect to marriage. So long as no question of dogmatic theology was involved, they were rather indifferent; it might be regarded as a matter of private family life, of civil usage (on account of civil status and property), or of religious recognition and approval. After the Council of Trent, the Puritans, out of hostility to sacerdotalism, regarded marriage as entirely secular; and the anomaly was reached that people who mixed religion with everything else excluded it from marriage. This was an extreme partisan position. In New England, from the end of the seventeenth century, ministers began to marry people. It is an interesting phenomenon of social life that marriage has, throughout the Protestant world, and among the descendants of the Puritans as well, become more and more ecclesiastical since the Council of Trent. The important question always is: What is considered in the mores, by women especially, to be a "real" marriage: should one be married by a clergyman or a magistrate, in church, with a ring, with a choral service, with communion? These are all ritual details. An additional or new one always makes the

ceremony seem more marked in its solemnity and reality, and therefore more secure and binding.

In no respect has Protestantism surpassed mediaeval Christianity more decidedly than in regard to the concept and standard of marriage. The mediaeval system of the fifteenth century was bankrupt in its moral code, especially as regarded the sex mores, while in the sixteenth both religious parties reviled each other for sex immorality. Both had good reason, for the Protestants, having broken with tradition, had not yet found firm ground as to a number of subjects — for example, marriage, usury, slavery, liberty, commerce — while the old church held to a code which was not obeyed by its adherents. It is very noteworthy that the Protestant church, which elevated the Scriptures to such high authority, produced its ideal of marriage and the family by abandoning and ignoring the plain doctrines of the New Testament about virginity and assuming rationalistic ground. It did not see its ideals in celibacy but in the family; it was and is middle-class; its ideals are domestic and conjugal, and it has produced, as one of its triumphs, conjugal love, which is an absolutely modern novelty. When we talk of ideals of modern marriage, what we mean more than anything else is the ideal of conjugal love as a sentiment capable of life-long persistence. It is in the nature of the thing that this ideal, although by no means impossible, is as rare as it is beautiful. The best elaborate statement of the ideal of modern Protestant marriage is probably that of Coventry Patmore.

The mass of Christians could not hold fast to the distinction which the theologians put into their books. The mediaeval system deified a mother with a babe in her arms and yet exalted virginity above wifedom and motherhood. The solution was that this mother was such by the Holy Ghost, which no other woman could be. But the race could not be continued unless a great number of women would fall below the best standard of purity and Christian life. Such whims and phantasms, introduced into the theory of religion and

morals, destroy the latter, for popular morals must always be simple and *prima facie* reasonable. Quakers and Puritans as well as Catholics have found that an artificial code imposed by an ecclesiastical ordinance produces revolt and a passion for vice. That fate had overtaken the Christian world in the fifteenth century.

Various sects have sprung up in Protestantism which have tried in some way to realize the New Testament idea. The separatists of Zoar, in Tuscarora County, Ohio, at first had no marriage at all. They afterwards formulated their doctrine thus: "All intercourse of the sexes except what is necessary to the perpetuation of the species we hold to be sinful and contrary to the order and command of God. Complete virginity or entire cessation of sexual commerce is more commendable than marriage."

It is undoubtedly good for society that the solemnity of religious consecration should be brought to bear on marriage, although the use of the prestige of religion in this connection, in order to coerce people in the battle of churches and sects, is worthy of severest condemnation. All that is merely struggle for power in society between different groups which have corporate interests. In our society marriage is an extraordinary exception to the current opinion and usage. It is founded on a vow, although the notion of a vow has become strange to us. Two people make a vow and declaration to each other about what they will do and not do for all their lives afterwards; this has become the essence and sense of the wedding ceremony. All the other things which in the long history of the human race have entered into weddings and marriage have fallen away and left this. In accordance with the whole modern tendency, symbolism and ritual have declined into a very subordinate place; and thought, will, intelligent statement, written record, have become the form and means. In our law and usages, however, it has become a principle that the society will not enforce against an individual any expression of his will to bind his own liberty for

the future, unless he do it for a valuable consideration or cause others to incur damage by making known to them his intention. It is a current saying that marriage is a contract according to our law and usage. This statement is misleading and erroneous. The marriage institution or matrimony is a status which is regulated by the mores at the place and time and is defined in the statutes of the state. A man and woman agree in betrothal and wedding that they will enter into that status.

It is asserted that "if we should look only at the happiness of the existing adult generation, there would be great doubt whether marriage pays." There certainly is room for this opinion, but it is not possible to collect the elements which enter into it so as to verify it. Many of the elements are subjective and incommensurable. The opinion is used, however, in order to introduce the doctrine that "it is not at all the welfare of those who marry which is to be furthered by marriage, but the welfare of the coming generation." The idea is that, in the mystic ordering of things, those who marry mean to win happiness for themselves, but, failing to do so, unconsciously work for posterity. This theory fits the facts very well up to a certain point. Those who find out its truth, find it out too late. They already have children for whom they are driven to labor, both by love and by duty. Marriage, however, never could be a permanent institution, in the face of increasing knowledge about it, if this view were true. The happiness of the adults and the welfare of posterity must be harmonized in the marriage institution or the institution will undergo change. In fact, the conditions of harmony already appear. Those restrictions in marriage which are for the vigor of the offspring are also for the welfare of the parent; whereas other things are vice because they operate to the contrary. Liberty under law is the condition of welfare. The sanctions are pain, disease, weakness, and death.

The socialistic — more properly, anarchistic — view of Bebel that it is a crime against oneself to deny satisfaction

to any natural appetite, and that everyone has a right or just claim to be allowed to satisfy any natural appetite, is totally false. The life of men is enclosed within conditions which men never made and cannot unmake. The limits are as essential to welfare as is liberty. The discipline of law, not the license of lawlessness, makes moral strength. It is out of struggle for our ends within the conditions set for us that we win strength. This is more true in regard to the matter now under discussion than any other. We have ages of experience under all forms of civilization to prove this. The biologist and sociologist can join in affirming that sex vice is the surest corruption both of the individual and the group. Marriage, however, is the culmination of growth, vital vigor, power, hope, and sense of command over life. It is a result of ample satisfaction of nutrition. It is an expression, therefore, of the adult out of his or her own fulness, and to him or her it is an end in itself or a part of self-realization, without regard to offspring.

What duties require in a given case may be a hard question, but duty always exists for everybody as a line upon which self-realization ought to run. It is never a line of unbridled self-indulgence in any function, but a focussing of energy towards purposes; and this implies that all functions must be co-ordinated. Then they mutually limit each other. They must also all be performed within the limits set by societal organization and mores, not because these are always wise and right, but because they are better than anarchy and disorder. Few persons who marry in early youth look to offspring as a motive or purpose. Later in life, when passion counts less among the motives of marriage, a desire for children enters more distinctly and positively into it. In any case, the children, when they come, demand sacrifices of the parent, and then there comes an experience of joy in them which was never anticipated.

It is at this point, where an additional reflex of gratification from marriage or its consequences comes to the parent,

that we see that there is harmony between the happiness of the present generation and the welfare of the next. Civilization is all the time intensifying this reaction between parenthood and egoistic pleasure. Children cost more, and depend on their parents longer, but they have more modes of ministering to the satisfaction of parents. They have more lines of activity, which means that they have more modes of success.

"Every human being," says Bebel, "may claim not only to be allowed to satisfy, but also to be able to satisfy, or even to be compelled to satisfy appetites which are most closely intertwined with his innermost self, or rather are himself." In reality this declaration is only an extreme and perfectly logical extension of the notion that everyone born into the world has a "right" — really a prerogative demand on somebody — for whatever he needs in order to live an "existence worthy of a man," that is, for property or capital. It is well that Bebel rather than an opponent should have wrought out this conclusion. The deduction of rights from needs or appetites simply urges all human beings to the exploitation of one another, and sets the human race back at the point from which it started. This may be more obvious if it is said of a relation which necessarily implies the subjection of other persons, than it is when it is asserted merely.

The sex function lies between two extremes. On the side of indulgence there is no limit to idealization. New vistas open at every step of realization. Instead of satisfaction there is a fever of desire fed by new invention. On the side of restraint there are all the extravagancies of asceticism, which is also fed by ever new inventions, because the satisfaction palls upon the sight of conscious virtue. Between these two poles the function and the vice oscillate forever. But society always has its interest in the preservation of some sort of equilibrium. Sex passion when not strictly restrained is harmful to the individual adult and therefore to the existing society, because it enervates in mind and body

the active and responsible component members of the society. From the standpoint of society, sex passion is to be recognized duly as a means of self-perpetuation. The children are the first object of it. The society does not have in view the gratification of any appetite of the adult and makes no provision for it in the institution. The mores do not even approve of the crude and obsolescent declaration of the church that the purpose of marriage is to provide against incontinence. In the mores, every gratification of the adult which is not for reproduction is construed as vice. The sex function in institutions and mores is reproduction only. But reproduction would fail if it were not a consequence of a mighty passion which defeats reason. Thus the existence of the human race hangs in oscillation between the intensest egoism and the purest sacrifice, and its prosperous realization depends on the harmonization of the two.

It is by no means true that marriage as it exists in modern Christian states is satisfactory, rational, and beyond criticism. There ought to be selection in marriage; but selection by birth, property, or social position is a caricature on proper selection. It is not now avowed in principle, although it prevails to a great extent through modern society; and those who reject it also pretend to despise all rational considerations. There ought to be selection by equality of education and breeding, and of culture in the same mores, so as to assure sympathy in ideas, standards, aims, and mode of life on the part of the spouses who have to spend their lives together. There should also be selection by health and character, for the sake of the children, that they may be vigorous and well brought up.

It is a strange thing that we who spend so much pains and expense on breeding plants and animals, and are so familiar with what can be accomplished in this range, should think men the only organisms which it is not worth while to breed. Probably the popular notion is that it is not proper to suggest ideas of physical breeding in connection with marriage.

How can it possibly be right to beget children who will be doomed to an early death, or, still worse, to live defective and ill-prepared for the struggle for existence — to beget mongrel specimens of the race? If no one will defend such action, how can it be right to marry without thinking about that matter? How can it be right to procreate children who will have to be reared by vain, frivolous, silly, characterless fathers and mothers? The poor and the rich make the worst parents to bring up children. The former are apt to lack the outfit and are absorbed in labor; the latter are apt to be engrossed in fashion, pleasure, and money-getting, and to leave their children to servants. The best parents are in the middle class. They live in constant contact with their children and have at the same time the intelligence and the means for their education.

The welfare of society depends upon marriage, the family, and population more than upon anything else. Propositions for reform, or at least for social change, turn upon these topics. If the state machinery can be used for any selected purpose, it should first of all be employed upon these three, for any influence exerted upon them will tell weightily upon the nature of society. To leave all which relates to them at the sport of individual determination and caprice, and yet aim to produce selected results on society by state machinery, is ignorant folly.

If we should really take the welfare of society as our rule of action, instead of using it as we now do for a convenient make-weight when other arguments for social whims fail, we should show much more stringency and firmness, and at the same time more real consideration, in dealing with the defective: the idiots, the hopelessly insane, and the incurably diseased. Next we should subject all tramps, vagabonds, and persons without visible means of support to rigid supervision and compulsory labor under state control. We should then go on to establish regulations for marriage under inspection and approval only. This last would be the most

difficult undertaking, but by far the most important. The investigation of the laws of reproduction and the invention of appropriate devices for carrying out a population policy would be the most important occupations of publicists and statesmen. So long as we are not prepared to take these steps for the welfare of society and practise *laissez-faire* just where regulation might be scientific and would be effective, we ought not to sneer at *laissez-faire* when it is urged against whimsical projects and fantastic doctrines.

In the case of marriage by capture or purchase, it is in the logic of the arrangement that the man may divorce, that is, dismiss, the woman at will. In modified marriage by purchase, stipulations may be introduced, either in favor of the woman, so that she shall not be divorced at will, or in favor of the man, so that if the woman fails in duty or proves childless, he may recover a part of the bride-price. In the mother-family it is the woman who has control of the relationship and may end it at her will. It does not enter into the primitive notion of marriage that it is, in its nature, an arrangement that shall endure as long as the parties to it shall live unless there is serious reason to break it. It endures as long as the man is satisfied with it. In practice, however, it is found that the relation is enduring by custom. Then come the cases in which it might be said to last, for the woman, beyond death — the widow being either put to death at her husband's grave, or held to a life of heavy restrictions as long as she survives him, or attributed to him in the other world.

Divorce and polygamy concur to the same purpose. A man who can take a second wife need not insist upon divorcing the first. Divorce and pair-marriage are antagonistic, for the former undoes the latter. For this reason it is very remarkable that, in the United States, the same persons should cherish great horror of polygamy and feel slight horror of divorce. In the mores of this country, marriages are arranged by the parties themselves, and the motive is construed to be

affection. Nevertheless, the divorce court proves that those who pair are not satisfied with their own use of their own liberty, and that the society frees them from the responsibility which goes with liberty. The causes for which divorces have been granted are very often frivolous or grotesque. Many judges seem to have acted upon the principle that, if either party did not want to live any longer with the other, it was useless to try to force him or her to do so. Many of the causes have been, however, a deep revelation of the baseness of which civilized men and women are capable in the close arena of the home. They have shown that there are a great number of people among us who are not fit to live with anybody else in human society.

We have seen that marriage has at last come to consist in nothing but a permanent and irrevocable relation based on affection and guaranteed by nothing but a promise, since, with easy divorce, society does not sanction the permanence or irrevocability. If two people are united in pair-marriage, which consists only in a promise that each will abandon all others and cleave only to the other, each has a vested interest in fulfilment. This means far more to the woman.

There can be no justification for restricting divorce beyond the New Testament allowance, that is, for adultery but not for any other cause. The New Testament passages about divorce come, in fact, nearer to the expression of pair-marriage than any others in the Scriptures; the sentiments about adultery suggest that a man is bound exclusively to one¹ wife as long as she lives. No argument can be drawn from the statement that there was no divorce before Moses, for we know that it is not true. Each mortal has but one life to live. Doctrines which would teach that a mistake must be irremediable are inexcusable. There are a number of causes for divorce whose reasonableness no one can deny, although many insist that they shall nevertheless not be recognized as sufficient. If this policy prevails, vice will be encouraged. On the other hand, easy divorce, with remar-

riage, makes the marriage institution ridiculous and null; it becomes a series of alternate insults to church and state. It would mean, at last, that people might pair off for as long as they should see fit to stay together. Society, under such conditions, would return to the primitive monandry. It is certain that when divorce is difficult man and wife try to compose their difficulties and that they often can and do succeed in doing so; while, on the other hand, if divorce is easy, they have recourse to it on account of frivolous troubles. Where the limits shall be set is a question of expediency and societal policy.

If any institution is to be prosperous, all the interests included in it must be reduced to harmony. The reason for the agitation and unrest which have always marked the marriage institution is to be found in the number of interests, the intensity of the feelings they enlist, the changes they undergo in the course of time, and their complications. Agitation in an institution disturbs its activity and interferes with its successful influence upon those within it. It is the commonest error, in discussing marriage, to take the standpoint of a single interest, and to propose measures which will fully satisfy that interest while sacrificing others. It has been proved often that if the conditions of matrimony are made too onerous for men they will renounce it. The only effect then is vice. Periods of luxury and sensual pleasure, on the other hand, develop egoism and lower standards of duty; the amount of onerous obligation which will be accepted is lowered and marriage is shirked. The result is an age of general corruption. Sex vice is a symptom of societal decadence. The current saying that the status and treatment of women is an index of civilization is only partially true; the same might be said of the treatment of slaves or beasts, the fact being that it is the treatment of those who cannot fully defend themselves which is the index. In all periods of societal decay the behavior of women and the degree of their respect for the sex mores tell most upon the rate of decline.

In our own age the marriage institution has been threatened by influences of a new kind. In low civilization there is little personal selection in marriage. The men do what selecting there is. In general, one woman is as good a wife as another when a wife is a laborer or servant, when polygamy is the usage, and when divorce is easy. With every step in advance in the idealization of marriage and the wife, the element of personal selection becomes more important. When love comes into play, it appears to each of the pair that the other is the only person who could possibly be accepted. If marriage is a pair-union and irrevocable, selection is the more important.

At every stage of the evolution of marriage, idealization has taken place. Men and women have been led to think: "If only this or that detail were different in this relationship, how grand the happiness of it would be!" In the nature of things, ideals very rarely come true. Through the ages, people, especially women, have entered upon marriage ignorant of what it is. Their ideals have been untrue and impossible. As one grows older his ideals change; at thirty they are not what they were at twenty. Then children come, and ideals are formed about them which supersede the earlier ones. The vicissitudes of life act on all these ideals. If people grow rich or grow poor, rise or fall in the world, their horizon of life and their ideals change. How can it be expected that the marriage relationship can conform to all these changes or can remain unaffected by them?

The whole tendency of modern life has been to make men and women, particularly women, more fastidious in their standards. Poetry and novels have greatly intensified idealization. Women especially have had their imaginations stimulated by unreal pictures of life, so that they have formed superhuman ideals of the husbands they want and may expect to get. Of course, in the vast majority of cases, these notions are corrected and become subjects of ridicule before they do any harm. A woman takes a husband who is not at

all like the hero of her favorite novel. If the ideal is dissipated after marriage the case is more serious.

According to the novels every boy and girl ought to expect some grand, convulsive experience of love, which comes of itself, cannot be reasoned with, and must be obeyed. It is not strange that divorces are more frequent under this system than they were when parents chose spouses for their children. It is all as fantastic as the frank extravagance of the old romances, and more delusive. The modern tendencies of society have had far more effect, in so far as they have opened to women careers and ambitions which have dislodged marriage from its supreme place in their interest and life plan. This is the greatest revolution in the conditions of the marriage institution, except the change from the mother-family to the father-family, which has taken place in all history.

The history of marriage has shown that the disabilities of woman, her devotion to reproduction, and her resulting inferiority in the struggle for existence have caused her to need marriage more than man does. She has generally, therefore, got the worse of it, except when life conditions have fallen into those peculiar and temporary states which caused the mother-family. Within a hundred years, and more especially within fifty years, there have been opened for women both numerous and attractive chances for independent existence. These offer alternatives to marriage. Women have such a deeply rooted love of children that alluring opportunities for marriage easily win them away from other careers, but the importance of the fact that for great numbers of them it is no longer the sum of life to find husbands can be easily appreciated. A modern novelist makes an aristocratic lady ask: "Do men ever suffer, in our class, as the almost portionless girls do, to whom marriage offers the sole means of subsistence, and who, in nine cases out of ten, must, if they are true to their husbands, sacrifice all the poetry of life, and if they are not true, all its peace?" This question

may still have great force in the class referred to, but for middle-class women, with modern opportunities of education and occupation, it has lost its force; for there is a wide and very attractive escape from the dilemma.

Moreover, modern life, especially in cities, offers a great number of interests and enjoyments which make domesticity less attractive for either sex. Every interest in life is widened, and all of them compete with the home. Here, then, we have a whole set of influences which are unfavorable to marriage and which do not by any means belong to societal decay.

The foregoing considerations assume that marriage is made a subject of reflection and rational action. Where it takes place in the flush of youth and enthusiasm, it is a product of impulse, and all such considerations are left out of account. They often come in afterwards as a cause of regret, disillusion, and divorce. If marriage were not instinctive and passionate, if young people acted in regard to it as older people do, large numbers of them, realizing the responsibilities, would never marry. Many people who reach thirty-five or forty unmarried turn their minds away from marriage altogether. There is no denying the fact that once both nature and the mores indicated marriage as the destiny of everyone, while nowadays the mores have, at least in part, withdrawn their impulsion. And where they stress the individual away from marriage, they cannot but exercise some inhibition upon the natural impulses.

COMMON SENSE AND THE LEAGUE

By EDWARD BLISS REED

IN many American cities there may be discovered a few stately houses that await with an almost stoical dignity their ignominious ending amid the grime of tenement and factory. They have still a certain air of nobility, a beauty of design in some porch or window that attracts the passer-by; yet they are hopelessly caught in the engulfing wave of traffic, and to think of living in them now would be sheer folly. So it is to-day with many of our opinions and beliefs. We build them into what we consider to be a solid and enduring dwelling-place, and we imagine that we shall be secure in them forever; but the tides of change never ran more rapidly, and many of our houses must soon be untenanted, no matter how comfortably or safely our fathers once lived in them. Opinions and convictions of thirty years ago, or of even half that time, may be crumbling to-day; and there is an imperative need for Americans to examine again in the light of the present hour many questions of established national policy.

To take but one instance: since the foundations of our Republic we have believed in unrestricted immigration; and we have held blindly to that belief even though all the factors in the case have changed. It took a world war to shake us out of our lethargy and the standards of the army tests to show that of the more than thirteen million foreign-born in the United States, nearly one-half should have been refused admittance; or, as Secretary Davis has phrased it, "for every man of average intelligence the United States has acquired in the past generation from foreign soils, it has been obliged to accept another below normal." And if we have

held to the tradition that Europe could freely come to America, we have accepted as equally binding the converse, that America must keep out of Europe. But the world catastrophe proved to us that we could not keep out of Europe in war, and it will also prove to us that we cannot keep out of Europe in peace. This last consideration brings us face to face with the League of Nations.

The moment this subject is mentioned, old prejudices and convictions spring up to confuse the issue, and a dispassionate argument seems impossible. But we must forget what Senators opposed or advocated the League; we must not be blinded by our belief in the essential justice or injustice of the Treaty of Versailles; and so far as the question before us is concerned, it is of no moment what place history shall allot to President Wilson. In any fair discussion of the League to-day, we must abandon past disputes, clouded by personal ambitions and party politics, and ask but for one thing — the facts in the case. And when these facts are established we must in all fairness accept them, whether they please us or not. We cling to our opinions and call it consistency; but it is often merely obstinacy or a lack of courage.

It is no easy matter for Americans to reach the facts on any European question. In spite of our foreign-born elements, we are essentially a provincial people, and to most of us Europe is as much an unknown quantity as the European languages. When we go abroad, the three months' race from one hotel to another adds little to our knowledge. Moreover, we have become the pleasant pastures for the propagandist, and the Europe held up to our credulous gaze is frequently distorted to a mere caricature. A direct result of this ignorance is the belief, widely diffused through all sections of America, that Europe is the siren seeking to lure our ship of state upon the rocks, and if we listen to her, shipwreck is inevitable; that the world across the Atlantic is in a very bad mess (which is true) and that self-preservation, not selfishness, demands that we keep out of it. Standing apart,

with hands untied, we may possibly help; but if we join hands with Europe, we must assuredly go down in the general débâcle.

It is unfortunate that the case of the League should have been prejudiced by this ignorance of Americans concerning Europe, an ignorance in which even Congressmen have been known to share; it is doubly unfortunate that the case for the League should have been misstated both by its enemies and its friends. Its friends have indulged too often in a false idealism, for any idealism that is not based on reality is both false and dangerous. Carried away by enthusiasm, many of them have forgotten that strength is the offspring of the quiet years, as Meredith expressed it; that it will take decades and generations for the League to fulfil all their hopes; and that a new world order can be gained only by a long and painful struggle. The League can never be a short-cut to the Earthly Paradise. Too much has been promised for it, too much has been immediately demanded of it. On the other hand, its opponents have frequently misrepresented its essential character and have persuaded too many that the League, were we in it, could force us to our certain ruin into the maelstrom of European intrigue. Indeed, our politicians have not scrupled to assert that were we a member of the League, our soldiers and sailors would be constrained to fight abroad the battles of this super-state.

A super-state implies an organization and a power the League does not possess. Its whole fabric rests on a plan of voluntary agreement. It cannot compel its members to adopt a course of action against the will of their peoples, for the League is not a separate entity. It has no corporate life of its own, no existence apart from the life of the states that compose it, since the League is not a new state but a new method of co-operation. Seeking nothing for itself, its one aim is to further the rational well-being of those countries that compose it. So far is the League from being a super-state that it cannot compel France to submit to it the whole

question of Reparations, to say nothing of forcing her to abide by its decision. It could not stop the disastrous partition of Syria and Palestine by Great Britain and France, another dangerous example of the old fallacy that a land and its people can be bartered. It has not checked the perilous competition in armaments, now transferred from the sea to the air. To take a smaller matter, the League at one time planned to hold a plebiscite in the Vilna district in order to settle a boundary dispute between Poland and Lithuania, and to insure a free vote, it purposed to send an international force to police this region. For this peaceful undertaking it requested its members to furnish a small quota of troops; it could not demand them, and little Holland did not volunteer to detail a single squad. The League has no dark designs upon our independence. By this time the fact has been thoroughly grasped in Europe that America will not take a mandate; that she will not send troops abroad even for patrol duty; that she will not cancel debts or generously replenish the empty treasuries of the world. For none of these matters does the League count upon our aid. Any argument based on the bogey of a super-state seeking to destroy our freedom betrays an ignorance that is inexcusable. It is most probable that as the League proves its value, its members may voluntarily agree to limit in certain matters their freedom of action, as everyone who lives in a civilized community limits his freedom; but this would be quite a different matter from the League's usurping the rights of the nations that compose it.

But admitting that the League can be no super-state, why should we join it or even work with it in any enterprise whatever? It is a failure, a pious fraud, a convenient cloak, a handy tool for carrying out a dishonest treaty. As a matter of fact, it does not really exist, for on several occasions Senator Johnson has announced its death. European statesmen use the League only when it furthers their own ends, otherwise they ignore it or defy it. Such, in brief, are the

charges most frequently brought against the League; and to meet them we must look at two things — what the League proposes to do, and how much of its programme it is putting into effect.

For convenience' sake, the work of the League may be described as political and non-political. Under the latter category falls all that it is accomplishing for the relief of the famine stricken and the refugees; all its plans and efforts for social reforms such as regulating the sale of opium or suppressing the white slave traffic; all its work for public health in combating disease and pestilence and investigating their causes. Its permanent Health Commission, with its staff of experts stationed in those parts of the world most subject to plagues and epidemics, is doing a work of the greatest necessity and importance. To one who has never examined this part of the League's activity, the nature and the extent of the problems with which it is dealing will come as a surprise. These, and many other undertakings, philanthropic or scientific, the League can conduct with far greater efficiency than world conventions and congresses which meet and disappear, since the League with its permanent staff offers a continuity of effort. It can quickly call its various commissions together and circulate their findings; while with a permanent central body there is a proper study and co-ordination of results so that waste effort and reduplication can be avoided. This large and significant work of the League needs no advocate; in America it certainly needs publicity.

But granted everything that may be said for the League in such matters, in the eyes of the world its great mission was to promote justice between nations and to render war impossible; and here, its opponents declare, it has failed absolutely. If we ask whether this failure is to be attributed to the League's theory or to its practice, we shall certainly find that the basic principle of the League is sound and that the method for which it stands is the one which the world — and America — must finally accept or we shall be over-

whelmed much sooner than we anticipate by a crueller deluge. For there are two ways and only two ways of meeting the rivalries and antagonisms, centuries old, which the war has made worse: we may trust to force, or we may turn to conference and arbitration. It is either war or a settlement of the disputes that engender wars, a settlement by dispassionate investigation, by discussion and agreement, by a world court. The world has made a most thorough trial of settlement by force to find that its problems are greater than ever. At times it seems that

. . . never can true reconciliation grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep;

yet if Europe makes another such appeal to force, our civilization will end in agony, smothered by gases from ten thousand monsters of the air, by poisons that will annihilate whole cities and states. Surely force has been given an adequate test. Enlightened self-interest, the very instinct of self-preservation must lead nations to try, whether they will or no, what reason may do. And granted every mistake the League of Nations has made or will make, it is founded essentially on the appeal to reason.

It is not the theory, then, but the practice of the League that arouses distrust and opposition. It cannot carry out its own programme. Naturally, it will make mistakes, for it is a human institution, and such mistakes might be pardoned; but, to put the case bluntly, what its enemies cannot condone is "the essential dishonesty" of its members. With one hand they sign the Covenant, and with the other they quietly drop it into the waste basket whenever it hampers their action. If a state is essentially selfish and imperialistic in its foreign policies, its representatives will not become suddenly amenable to reason by attending the meetings of the Council or the Assembly. You cannot change the contents of a book merely by giving it a new title. The League only conceals the same old animosities and ambitions that

led to the great war, for it cannot rise higher than its sources.

Two striking examples of the failure of the League will suffice. Excellent in theory is its mandatory system under which "the well-being and development" of the peoples governed by it should be considered "a sacred trust of civilization." In practice, we find unhappy Syria, divided, held by France as a ground for exploitation and a base from which to check the influence and power of Great Britain in the Near East. In the Palestine mandate political Zionism has been given a privileged position from which to continue its blundering and unjust attempts to force upon the Holy Land a Zionist state composed of immigrants chiefly from southern Europe, a state founded on the intolerable principle that Palestinians shall not decide their own fate.

But we do not have to go so far afield as the Near East in order to see the mistakes or the defects of the League. In the bombardment of Corfu, Mussolini not only broke the Covenant of the League, but he defied its power with impunity. So far from using the League as a means for peaceful settlement, he refused even to submit the case to it. What Italy has done, other members will do, when they dare.

No friend of the League can shut his eyes to facts. Certainly the present mandates for Syria and Palestine will not bring peace to those countries, nor will they enable them to "stand alone," to quote the words of the Covenant. But already there is dissatisfaction in France over the Syrian adventure; while in Great Britain, as the aims and methods of political Zionism are becoming more clearly recognized, the opposition to it is growing steadily both in numbers and in power. There is no doubt that the mistakes in the mandates of the Near East will be rectified. As for the Corfu case, the League could not persuade Italy to work with it or through it; it could not call her to task for a violation of the Covenant — and here it failed. Yet it did one thing which may seem of small moment but which in time will be a powerful instrument for peace: it concentrated world opin-

ion on the matter, and the world was against Italy. When we remember the vast sums the warring nations expended to gain the good opinion of neutrals; and when we see to-day, under various forms, a vigorous propaganda still maintained, it is evident that governments wish the good will of the world and the support which it brings. As the League grows in power and influence, nations will find its good will a very useful support; and the League better than any other body, can focus world opinion. Granted that in the Corfu incident the League was at the best a restraining influence, or even that it met total defeat, yet one more defeat will not lose this long campaign. For the League is in the making. If it were something that had sprung full-armed from the brains of the Peace Conference, perfect and complete, we might be skeptical of its value; but in spite of its mistakes and failures, it is a growing organism. The British Labor party is committed to the League and supports it officially; yet it is critical and has published a list of important reforms which it wishes introduced both in the League's constitution and procedure. Already the League has changed to good effect the composition of its highest body, the Council, and learning through its very failures, it will make many other improvements in its structure. Americans will remember how seemingly impossible it was for thirteen small States, though speaking the same language and bound together by common aim and tradition, to lay aside their rivalries and animosities. It is little wonder that an attempted world federation, in the present chaos, should meet with greater difficulties and failures. But it survives them.

This is because it offers not merely a hope but certain definite accomplishments. What it has done for Austria has been often described; yet it is worth repeating, for the most encouraging aspect of the case is the way that country was saved from financial ruin, anarchy, and revolution. Here the whole theory of the League is justified.

Since the armistice, Austria had lived on loans, on foreign

charity, on the losses of speculators in her currency, and she was going from bad to worse — as Professor Redlich showed in *THE YALE REVIEW* a year ago. She seemed on the brink of another great tragedy that would plunge southern Europe into war; yet no banks would consider new credits, no government would raise the loan Austria needed. The old order, the Conference of Ambassadors, appealed to in vain, turned over the hopeless case to the League.

The League can act quickly. It had its economic, financial, and legal commissions ready for work. On these commissions were men from countries that had fought Austria; now they were offering their technical assistance to aid her, not as representatives of their various governments but as “experts invited by the League to give their best professional advice.” The committees included some of the leading bankers and financial authorities of the world who volunteered their services. They discovered that if Austria would dismiss one hundred thousand state employees, increase her taxation, and make drastic reforms in her enterprises conducted by the state — notably her railroads — she could balance her budget within two years. While these reforms were being introduced, she would need a loan of £30,000,000. That loan could be met by the income of her customs and tobacco duties spread over a period of twenty years; and if Austria would assign this income to the powers aiding her reconstruction, they could safely guarantee the loan. With such a guarantee, investors all over the world would subscribe to it. Everything depended upon two things: the security of Austria, her confidence that no nation would take advantage of her weakness; and her willingness to undertake the drastic reforms demanded by the League. Austria agreed to establish these reforms and to submit her expenditure of the loan to the control of the League, while her neighbors guaranteed her safety. The League’s plan was then put into action.

The immediate success of the Austrian loan, her growing confidence and solvency, are matters of common knowledge;

what is not fully realized is that Austria was saved, not by the old method of treating a conquered enemy but by a new plan of intelligent co-operation. It has been stated rightly that the Austrian work is the best and most complete functioning of the whole mechanism of the League as an interdependent whole. Dr. Zimmerman of Holland, the Commissioner-General of the League at Vienna, has put the whole case in a few words: "It is only under the auspices of an international organization like the League that results of this kind can be attained. Only the League itself could call forth the feeling of solidarity which, thanks to its technical organizations, has assured the success of the loans and has made it possible to carry out a general programme. Only the League could organize a system of supervision which, both in the letter and in the spirit, fully respects the sovereignty of a state."

This same international co-operation may be seen at any time in the Secretariat at Geneva. The unusually able body of men who compose it are not the League, for they have no power to act; their duty is to make the reports and the studies on which the League reserves the final decision. This permanent staff is made up of men who are not dependent upon the fortunes of politics or the caprices of diplomacy for their positions. Drawn from many nations, they are a standing example of the possibility of uniting men of every land in a continuing endeavor for better world relations. These men are not internationalists, persons without a country; they have forgotten neither their homes nor their cultures, and they realize that in striving for a decent world order, they are serving not only the League but their own nations as well. Nationality is not the cause of the world's misery to-day, but a false, a predatory nationality that manifests itself in oppression and injustice. Poets have inveighed against the cruelty of the world; a stronger case could be brought against its utter stupidity, for after all these centuries it has not mastered the simple axiom that for

men as well as for nations honesty is the best policy.

The League, then, is a method of work which may be used, or disregarded, or even abused; for it is true that nations may try to turn it to their own advantage and to the detriment of their neighbors. They may send to Geneva — an excellent spot for calm deliberation — representatives who believe the heresy, "My country, right or wrong," or even a worse one — that their country is always right. But it is equally true that nations, like individuals, desire to appear at the best advantage, and it has been found that even the super-patriot becomes more reasonable and therefore more just when serving with colleagues from neutral or disinterested countries, men not swayed by his memories and passions. Many times the League has risen above its sources. And it will rise higher because its work is united work. The time has gone forever when one nation can give peace to the world; the age has passed in which a little army of a few score thousand soldiers fights the battles while their country goes about its accustomed ways. Peace can come only from a world federation and only when whole peoples demand it.

Our attitude towards the experiment of the League — for it is an experiment — has been determined often by party considerations. Many of us have been led in this matter by politicians rather than by statesmen. A statesman may be defined as an honest and capable man whose course of action is not dictated by his desire for re-election. At the present moment no country is suffering from a plethora of statesmen. It is politics that has dictated the recently published statement that the League wishes America in order to use abroad the American army and navy; and, on the other hand, it is undoubtedly true that a professed devotion for the League and a burning desire to assist Europe may serve merely to attack the party in power. It is not right to assume, as some of the advocates of the League have done, that only through this plan can we work with Europe, and that failure to endorse the League is undeniable evidence of a stony heart.

But it is equally unfair to attack the League by magnifying its failures and belittling whatever it accomplishes. A man has the right to believe, if he can, that we should "stay at home and mind our own business," as one newspaper sums up the case — though we must leave our home and sell a good proportion of our products abroad if we are to have business as usual — but that is no reason for refusing honor where honor is due. The League, not always but in many cases, is bringing together in mutual understanding and effort men of different races, creeds, and political beliefs, and that in itself is an achievement. There are enough forces working with a large degree of success to tear civilization to pieces; if we feel it unwise for Americans to join a great and growing body of men and women who are striving to establish a definite plan of international co-operation, then the least we can do is to set down naught in malice and to wish them Godspeed.

But surely America can do more than that. It is hard to discover a sufficient reason why we should not send fully accredited representatives to the League's non-political work, to its philanthropic and scientific commissions. This is called "entering by the back door"; but if we are in doubt as to the company assembled in a room, it is a wise thing to look in from the threshold of any door at all. The best way to decide whether or not the League is worth while is by working with it; and there can be no question that the League will welcome our aid, however limited it may be. The League wishes our co-operation, not because we would bring to its councils a superior morality, intelligence, or ability; it wishes us a member because we have many men who would gladly serve it, if allowed, and because from our position and training we are detached from the rivalries of the Continent. By Europe at large we should be regarded as more dispassionate and impartial in the study of its problems. The mists of hatred dissolve slowly. Our actions are not suspected because Europe knows we seek from her no

enlargement of our frontiers and that we have no ancient grudges to satisfy.

Everyone realizes that to wage war we must work and suffer; yet we think that peace will descend like a dove attracted by a few stray crumbs dropped from the tea-table. We can never get peace by inaction. If looking in from the back door we find the gathering to be a fraud or a sham, we should do a great service to the world by exposing it: if we found the assembly a useful one, we could join it. But at the present moment even to suggest joining the League provokes a smile. We remember the last Presidential majority. But that does not end the matter, for majorities have changed. It took us many months before we joined in the war, and it will take us a much longer time to join in any European peace movement. Our whole tradition is to keep out of Europe. The foundations of our Republic were laid by men whose one desire was to escape from the countries across the sea and to build a new land unlike the ones which had driven them out. It is an easy matter for an Englishman to look beyond the narrow Channel, to see that the fires of war are still smouldering, and to realize that something must be done or the world will be again in flames. It is a much more difficult matter to see this from North Dakota. But sooner or later facts get home. There can be no safety for us with a Europe in turmoil. The Atlantic Ocean offers no sure insulation. We shall not "save Europe," but we shall do our share in working for a better world order. It does not seem either rash or dangerous, considering our power, to try what the League may do. If it fails, we must adopt some other plan; and if that fails, then we must try still another. There must be found some practical scheme, some form of organization that will unite men of all races and give them a common ground for reasonable co-operation; for it will be either the abyss of war and anarchy, or that common ground which the League offers at the present moment. Why not try the League?

THE LOGIC OF CAPITALISM

By J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN

THERE runs an old Chinese proverb to the effect that "when you drink from the stream, remember the spring." In the conspicuous profusion of goods in endless variety which issues from modern industry — and which by its very multiplicity excites the cupidity of all sorts and conditions of men — it is well to look carefully into the fundamental sources of all kinds of products. In seeking to obtain satisfactions to human desires, nothing is more impressive than the ever-present fact of obstacles to be overcome. The essence of all economic history is the struggle of man to overcome the difficulties which nature sets up against an increasing demand for food as well as for the divers goods wanted by the race. Difficulty of attainment is the economic problem of all time. If it is a need of more food, then we go farther inland, or sail to distant lands; if it is more clothing, we seek wool or cotton from larger areas or other hemispheres; if it is more coal or copper, we hunt the various sources of another continent or dig deeper into the earth. The element of scarcity and the constant effort of human intelligence and ingenuity to overcome it, are the centre about which economic progress revolves. It is a story of the overcoming of opposition. It makes conquerors of difficulties out of virile men. It tests the capable from the incapable; and out of the hands of the capable comes the widening stream of commodities which gives to the world a constantly increasing power of consumption. It is only because of the prevailing existence of scarcity that we have the problems of value, of cost of production, of price. Things of unlimited supply do not enter the eco-

conomic sphere because they have no cost or price. The principles of production arise from the necessity of fighting the scarcity set up by nature. Practically none of the wants of man can be satisfied except through labor and sacrifice.

From the innate desire of most men to improve their standard of living there arose an inevitable tendency to study how to obtain desired commodities with less effort, or more with the same effort. It was early discovered that conditions on this globe enabled a worker to produce more than was needed for the mere necessities of existence. In hunting, fishing, agriculture, or industry it has always been true that men could produce more than mere subsistence, so that on the surplus they could either lie idle for a time, or use it as a means for constructing some new implement or ingenious device for reducing the old effort and sacrifice in obtaining satisfactions. Thus boats and ships on water, carts and wagons drawn by domesticated animals on land, increased the portability of goods, lessened bodily effort, and opened up wider exchanges of surplus products. The rude tools of the stone age were later surpassed by those made of metals. Thereafter, one after another came an endless series of inventions and machines, until at the present day man has so made the materials and forces of nature to work for him that mere bodily effort, or handicraft, is a very small factor in acquiring the amazing variety of goods entering into the consumption of civilized races. The decision between the use of the first little surplus for idleness, or for leisure to construct a new implement, was epoch-making. It was the birth of capital. Instead of facing nature alone, unaided, in the struggle to wrench from it the means of existence and enjoyment, thereafter human effort joined by capital worked together to increase enormously the output of their united production. Capital came forth originally from a human instinct to adopt some means to economize bodily effort. An ax, a lever, a horse, a hammer, a steam engine, originated in the universal seeking of men to find aids in conquering

nature to the end that they might raise their standard of living. Consequently, to-day our united income is limited only by the condition of the arts, that is, by the known effectiveness of capitalistic production.

The forms of capital, by which man's effort has thus been made infinitely more productive, differ, however, from human effort by the obvious fact that they are impersonal and can be freely bought and sold. Outside of slavery human labor cannot be appropriated. But capital, in liquid or fixed form, will have a price in the open market based on the value of the service it renders to production and the relation of its supply to demand. A horse is a valuable part of a farmer's capital; and he will not part with it, or loan it, except for a consideration which will cover what he himself could gain by its use. Of course, if horses are very abundant they can be had at lower prices independent of their basic service; that is, in economic lingo, supply dominates utility. Yet, whatever the circumstances modifying its amount, and whatever the name given to it, this payment for the advantage which the possession of capital gives is inevitable. No man parts with a work-horse, a plough, or any part of his capital, without obtaining what he regards as an equivalent. The same is true of a motor-truck or a travelling crane. As tangible forms of capital are salable the owner can transfer them into money, and with the money buy any other variety of capital desired. Or, anyone can pledge salable property for a loan of money — a credit transaction — and employ it productively as capital. The transfer of capital to persons who can make the best use of it in various ways is the main function of banks. The rate of interest charged for capital, apart from fluctuations due to demand and supply, is related more or less directly to its basic efficiency in production.

The service rendered by capital in enormously increasing the output of human effort inspires in those who went through the sacrifice of bringing it into existence the justice

of a claim to the rights of property over it. The person who comes to take away a farmer's horse without recompense is resisted by force and called a thief. It is sometimes said that most crimes are committed for property; hence, abolition of property would abolish most crimes. Such advice overlooks the fact that the owner of property acts under so strong an instinct, or right, that he can only be dispossessed by force or crime. To abolish property, it will be necessary entirely to change human nature. If a government becomes communistic and arbitrarily takes away a factory, or a farmer's horse or wheat, the incentive to the replacement of such capital for the sake of the individual use of its services disappears. Although this is no place to justify private property in general, private property in capital due to a person's self-sacrifice is necessary to its creation and maintenance. *Per contra*, a supposed limitation of the right of property in capital arises in case the original creator of capital transfers it by gift or will to another who had no share in its origin. The receiver of it, however, has as much right to it as anyone else who has had no part in its creation, with the added right that one inducement to its original creation through self-restraint in consumption was the knowledge that it could be transferred to connections, friends, charities, or other purposes.

The existence of capital made possible division of labor, especially that kind which has enabled specialization to be introduced in one part of a series of operations leading to a finished product. For instance, the steps from the preparation of the soil for planting of wheat to the last offer of bread to the consumer have been specialized with the result of a great reduction in the price of the loaf. The gains in the making of ploughs, reapers, and in cheapening of transportation have been incalculable. The lengthening of the total process for the sake of greater productivity has introduced the element of time, a characteristic which strikingly distinguishes modern from primitive industry. Such processes

would be impossible without capital, good management, law and order, foresight, and observance of contracts. Thus arises the ability of capital to discount the future. It assumes the risk to-day of a large investment whose fruition can be reached only many years hence. Bridges, docks, and irrigation dams are instances. The collection of such large sums was very difficult, until the democratic device of the corporation enabled the risk to be distributed over a vast number of small contributions and allowed any inexperienced person to own a share in an enterprise which employed the best attainable experts. The myriads of articles to be found in every village store throughout the land, and the present prices of nails, hammers, saws, screws, and articles of general consumption, could exist only through the operations of large production. And such operations would be impossible without capitalism.

As soon as men progressed out of primitive conditions, everyone recognized that a larger production (and hence a larger social income) could be had only by the aid of capitalistic tools. Instinctively men expected to use an ax, a boat, a wagon, and every available machine that would enlarge the results of human labor. But who had these aids? How could they be obtained? Here we come upon a pivotal thing in the logic of capitalism, which cannot be blinked. Lack of knowledge and inaccuracy of thinking have made confusion out of the very simple matter of the existence of a wage system. Men are not equal, or alike, physically, mentally, morally, or industrially. Variety is the law of creation. Especially are men different in their capacity to estimate a future gain over a present indulgence. Men differ in being able to forgo a present indulgence in order to put aside capital for a future productive service. Hence, it is the thrifty who have first possessed capital, and the unthrifty who must go to them for employment. In course of time some capital may have passed by inheritance or gift to others than the creators, and its maintenance and increase require industrial skill and

judgment. But in any enterprise involving time and the need of advancing the wherewithal for wages, materials, machinery, buildings, and so on, until the product is finally marketed, those who have no capital must unite with those who have it on terms acceptable to both. This, in short, is the reason for the existence of a wage system, of employers and employees. It is rather naïve to attack a wage system and talk about the class-consciousness of those without capital in a matter which involves the possession or absence of a personal quality like thrift. The have-nots will always look critically on the haves; but, after all, the only justification for antagonism can be that against those whose capital is inherited and who act as representatives of the original creator of it by keeping it intact for present productive purposes. In either case this antagonism profits little for economic understanding. Capital is capital wherever it is; it is always essential; its nature and functions are the same whoever owns it.

The frequent denunciations of capitalism are often of a kind to show a merely sentimental origin. Their illogicality projects like an ass's ears from the lion's skin. To abolish capitalism, it is seriously proposed to establish state control over capital and the factors of production. Such a proposal, however, admits as its major premise the primary necessity of capital to our present productive efficiency. If this be true, the only logic in taking over control of capital by the state is the unproved assumption that by abolishing private ownership of capital, capitalism itself is abolished. The inescapable productive function of capital, it is to be noted, is no more removed by state ownership than would the force of gravity be removed by a vote of Congress. The advocates of state ownership really expect capital when private ownership is abolished to retain all its functional power to enlarge output; but yet they illogically talk as if they were abolishing capitalism. At the most, they would have changed its ownership; but by so doing they would also have taken

away the motive for private saving and for the maintenance and efficiency of capital. In any event, if a state, that has not saved it, takes it over from those who have saved it, how can it be anything else but robbery?

Now, however, it is being recognized by the more intelligent and thoughtful socialists that capitalism is essential to the very existence of the proletariat because of its aid to human labor. Then they fall into another fallacy by assuming that the miracle-working power of capitalism, when taken over by the state, can somehow be used in making a new distribution of wealth more favorable to the proletariat. Yet at the same time, by expropriating it, they have cut off the roots that supply capital; and when it is dissipated by irresponsible agents of the state they provide no motive (except the sentimental appeal to the "soul of the worker") for its restoration and maintenance. In fact, most of them would deny the right of capital to any payment for its services to production. But the point of logic is that in urging state ownership of capital in order to bring about a better distribution of wealth, its advocates have really abandoned the case against capitalism in its true economic meaning. The criticism against the existing social system is kept up only on the ground that (assuming the present large capitalistic social income) a better and more just distribution of that income can be arrived at by state than by private ownership. This is an entire shift of position. The value and nature of capitalism is one thing; the means of getting a more just distribution of wealth is quite another. State ownership gives up — rightly — the idea that a better distribution of wealth can be obtained by destroying capitalism.

It is not to be supposed, of course, that this more intelligent understanding of capitalism is held by the left and extreme wings of radical thinkers. On the contrary, the repetition of crude attacks on capitalism is to-day used to inflame the anger of vast masses of men against the very system which makes their existence possible. The lack of

logic is capped only by economic ignorance. Even in Russia, after a period of inconceivable cruelty and tyranny in waging war on capitalism, the mistake of untrained theorizing has yielded more or less to the bitter logic of experience. The Soviets had, in ignorance, assumed the imperishability of capital. The causes of its creation and maintenance were ignored. They failed to note the very elementary fact that, after capital is saved, it is constantly being destroyed and recreated in industry. Hence the need of expert management and the purpose to re-invest in order to prevent disintegration of original outlay. Not only did they stupidly appropriate the cattle and wheat of the farmer, but they even took away the reserves by which he could have staved off famine in seasons of drought. Like children, so to speak, they pulled up trees by the roots in order to get the fruit on the branches. They lived for a time on the surplus accumulated under the old capitalistic régime; but, now that it has been dissipated, there is no new capital coming on to take its place. Such is the reason for Lenin's "strategic retreat" from pure communism. A pea when planted in the ground nourishes from the cotyledon in the seed the first upward shoot, until roots go down to draw up nourishment from the soil. Russian communism has exhausted the cotyledon of stored up capital, but it has no roots to bring up new supplies. It now lives a fictitious, forced life.

Since capital can originate only by setting aside for productive purposes a part of the surplus of output over the necessities of life; and since by teaching or by sad experience the prodigious fertility of capitalistic agents is now more widely recognized (sometimes unconsciously) as essential to large production and consumption — the struggle for possession of it becomes the burning question of the day. The importance of having it now inflames the imagination of those who do not have it. Its control means the control of employment, for it alone can provide the great plant, machinery, materials, and supplies needed by workers in modern

industry. This is a patent fact to every man hunting employment, and yet with puerile logic the claim is made that the whole of the product is due to labor, and that labor should take it all. Here we face again the inevitable logic of capitalism which cannot be disregarded. If labor alone brings forth the whole product, then why not go to work without capital (without shovels, ploughs, or bread for next week) and prove it to the world? If capital does not help, if it should receive no share out of a joint product, then why all this bother and effort to get some other one's capital and control it? The truth is that the chatter on this point is so childish that it is not worthy of argument. In fact, so fully is the power of capital unconsciously granted that subtle craft and even brutal crimes are resorted to for its control. If labor alone brings forth all product, why commit crimes for a thing that yields no return?

Men can work without appreciable amounts of capital, but the returns will be pitifully small; it is only when capital unites with labor that output is greatly enlarged, costs are reduced, and wages are increased. Capitalism is the main cause of rising wages. Those who accumulate capital receive a payment for its effectiveness when combined with labor; both are necessary to the result. It is not true, as one agitator says, that under capitalism, "men live, without working, on the labor of others." Labor by itself without capital could not begin to supply the consumption of to-day. The sacrifice and withholding from useless expenditure by which capital is created and maintained is as necessary a force to aid production as manual labor itself. Only when capital is employed with labor could each receive the rewards of to-day. Labor alone does not, and never has, produced that by which capital is paid.

Moreover, by the very ones who inveigh against capitalism, it is constantly admitted that labor cannot "go it alone." "What does the worker want?" asks the same agitator. "Why, he wants to keep the strings of economic life

himself." Then, why does he not get capital in order to keep the strings himself? Either he must save it himself, or take it by force from those who have it. The latter is the policy of the ignorant fanatic who has already shown his folly in dragging down the Russian proletariat to the worst stage of all its history. It is the policy of force, of "direct action," of the highwayman, of the cave man. The communist Ruthenberg, in explaining the purpose of the Russian Soviet in Michigan, is reported as saying: "It means the acceptance of the principle that the existing capitalistic government will be overthrown through the mass power of the workers, and this includes the use of armed force." To take from others what he has been unable to acquire by self-sacrifice is not a policy likely to win over any intelligent people. It has failed even with the ignorant and helpless Russian *mujik*. It has been rejected by France and Italy. It will have no real appeal to Germany, England, or America.

It is not necessary that the worker should seize by force the capital of others in order to give him the industrial coign of vantage. The other alternative is open to him: he can save it himself. "No, he cannot," says the demagogue, "he is a slave, on the verge of starvation." Fortunately, facts show that he is not a slave. Nor is he obliged to go to a hostile capitalist for work. The growing perception of the multiplying powers of capital in aiding human labor is beginning to give the needed push to the worker's mind which will stimulate him to save. The material margin from which savings can be made has always existed; what has needed stimulus has been "the effective desire of accumulation" — the psychological impulse strong enough to control unessential expenditure in favor of essential productive use in the future. The fundamental logic of capitalism, based on human nature and the nature of the globe on which we live, cannot be set aside by fine-spun theorizing. The workers, of course, see the great façade of accumulated capital rising about them; they realize how difficult it would be to create such vast sums

themselves; how dependent they now are upon it; how merciless it seems under competitive conditions in exacting long hours of work in return for wages. Yet in this situation, they are no more slaves, or prisoners, of capital than a person in any courtyard surrounded by high walls but out of which a gate opens wide through which anyone can voluntarily pass.

The unconscious expression of the truth of the position that labor is capable of passing out to the possession of its own capital is afforded recently by the extraordinary success of labor banks. This recent development is one of the most hopeful movements that we have had in years. It is an unconscious acceptance of the logic of capitalism, a realization of the multiplying effect of capital in increasing the unaided efforts of labor; and, above all, a surprising revelation of the capacity for savings on the part of wage-receivers. Of course, we have long known of the sporadic efforts of co-operative production for which workers have provided the capital, and of the very great accumulations of savings banks. But the organization of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers' Co-operative National Bank of Cleveland in 1920, now with resources of \$20,000,000, followed by the Federation Trust Company in New York and other similar establishments, is a new and hopeful venture into capitalism. It is not so much the mere addition of the earnings of capital to wages that is important, but the introduction of workers to the functions of capital in industry, to the methods of maintaining and increasing it, to experience in its management, and to an understanding, on friendly acquaintance, of its powerful aid to the employment of labor. In the particular investment of banking, success will depend, of course, not on the rising sums left by eager depositors, but on the ability to make only safe loans. The quality of loan assets is the measure of the safety of deposits. If the funds of labor banks are used to pay for strike benefits, and thus lower the quality of their assets, they will come to grief sooner or later. In this

experiment with banking, success will go far to encourage other means of bringing the earnings of capital to supplement a wage-income. When more men are thrifty and become capitalists, the misunderstandings about capitalism will diminish.

It is not very intelligent when discussing labor banks to speak of capital as trying to justify its existence as a sort of separate estate. It could not if it would. The rich may be patronizing or intolerant. But capital — as distinct from wealth — is necessarily combined with labor in production. If it stands aloof from production, it ceases to be capital. The capital of labor banks is in the same class as any other capital. Just as a horse owned by a negro remains the same horse when its ownership passes to a white man.

In view of the inevitable and positive logic of capitalism the expressed hostility to it seems inexplicable. Nevertheless, it has an explanation, but one intended more for the heart than the head. We cannot get away from the fact that capitalism is not a theory, not a creation of law (except as human nature exacts private property), but a means of increasing production, like division of labor, evolved by the race in its long struggle for a higher level of consumption. It is essential to a large social income as a whole. That, however, makes capitalism a matter quite distinct from the wholly different problem of the distribution of the large social income among the various factors of production. This sounds like a commonplace; and it is. But it is constantly and illogically overlooked.

The existing inequality of wealth, the possession of large fortunes alongside of discouraging poverty, is a wholly different problem from that of the workings of capitalism. Inequities due to the imperfections of man cannot well be charged up to the ways by which the race have actually succeeded in improving their conditions of living. Human nature being what it is, with unrestricted multiplication of the lower types, it is useless to assume that all of the proletariat will

become thrifty capitalists or skilled workers. To attempt, however, to raise their condition, as Mr. Snowden suggested in the House of Commons, by legislation directed to the abolition of capitalism is like a proposal to shipwrecked sailors in mid-ocean to bore a hole in the bottom of their boat. It would not only be impossible to destroy capitalism without entirely changing human nature, but if it could be done, it would remove the very agent by which, as shown by all economic history, production has been amazingly increased. Ramsay Macdonald in insisting that the great problem of to-day was to increase production was really speaking in favor of capitalism and in opposition to Mr. Snowden's motion which declaimed against capitalism. In asking for democratic control of the instruments of production he really meant control by those who have not been willing to go through the sacrifices of saving. If such things are said, the simple logic of capitalism seems to be little understood. It is not the purpose of this study, however, to propose a solution of the problem of wages and interest, but to show the fallacy of trying to increase the share of the proletariat by destroying capitalism. It is my aim to set forth the nature of capitalism and to recall the spring from which the stream flows.

AUTOLYCUS

By ALICE BROWN

○ F this round earth whereon I stand
I do not own one inch of land;
I shall not lose upon the day
When Gaffer Death drags me away.

So now I think, as I am here,
I'll filch a bit and nothing fear.
Here is a larkspur, a red rose:
I'll snip them off while no one knows.

And here's a spray of columbine.
'Twas made by God and must be mine.
And there's a branch of fadeless bay:
I'll take it, lest I die to-day.

My new brave nosegay in my cap,
I'll forth, to fare without mishap
If so God wills; but when I've run
My happy course, and so am done,

I shall arise a seemlier shade
For all the pretty thefts I've made:
My columbine and rose, my green
To set them off and lie between.

EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL (1919 - 1922)

By KATHERINE MANSFIELD

KATHERINE MANSFIELD'S Journal was written in odd, out-of-the-way corners of note-books and scraps of her manuscripts. It is seldom dated and always difficult to decipher. Parts of it were intended for publication of some kind — such a part is the opening half of these Extracts — parts were for herself alone. With especial interest readers of this instalment of the Journal will come upon passages dealing with material in "The Garden Party" and "The Doves' Nest," or incorporated in them. It is impossible to establish a final chronological order in the process of exploring Katherine Mansfield's papers, and I have chosen to print the pieces as I find them — ordering each separate section as nearly as I can by date. The sections here given, as will be seen, cover the last three years of her life; from the date of the final entry to the end, she wrote practically nothing. Some few of the italic titles prefixed to various entries are of my own addition. — JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY.

Bloc-Notes, 1919-1921

Saturday. Peaceful and gay. The whole house takes the air. Athenaeum is asleep and then awake on the studio sofa. He has a silver spoonful of my cream at lunch time — then hides under the sofa frill and plays the game of the Darting Paw. I gather the dried leaves from the plant in the big white bowl; they are powdered with silver. There is nobody in the house, and yet whose is this faint whispering? On the stairs there are tiny spots of gold — tiny footprints. . . .

The red geraniums have bought the garden over my head and taken possession. They are settled in, every leaf and flower unpacked and in its place, and never do they mean to move again! Well — that I could bear. But why because I've let them in should they throw me out? They won't let me lie on the grass without their shouting: *Im-pudence*. . . .

J. digs the garden as though he were exhuming a hated body or making a hole for a loved one. . . .

It's raining, but the air is soft, smoky, warm. Big drops patter on the languid leaves, the tobacco flowers lean over. Now there is a rustle in the ivy. Wingley has appeared from the garden next door; he bounds from the wall. And delicately, lifting his paws, pointing his ears, very afraid that big wave will overtake him, he wades over the lake of green grass. . . .

At breakfast time a mosquito and a wasp came to the edge of the honey dish to drink. The mosquito was a lovely little high stepping gazelle, but the wasp was a fierce roaring tiger. Drink — my darlings. . . .

When the coffee is cold L. M. says: "These things have to happen sometimes." And she looks mysterious and important, as if, as a matter of fact, she had known all along that this was a cold coffee day. . . .

What I felt was, he said, that I wasn't in the whole of myself at all. I'd got locked in, somehow, in some little top-room in my mind, and strangers had got in — people I'd never seen before were making free of the rest of it. There was a dreadful feeling of confusion, chiefly that, and vague noises — like things being moved — changed about — in my head. I lit the candle and sat up and in the mirror I saw a dark, brooding, strangely lengthened face. . . .

"The feeling roused by the cause is more important than the cause itself." — That is the kind of thing I like to say to myself as I get into the train. And then, as one settles into the corner — "For example" — or "Take, for instance." — It's a good game for *one*. . . .

She fastens on a white veil and hardly knows herself. Is it becoming or is it not becoming? Ah, who is there to say? There is a lace butterfly on her left cheek and a spray of flowers on her right. Two dark bold eyes stare through the mesh — Surely not hers. Her lips tremble; faint, she sinks on her bed. And now she doesn't want to go. Must she? She is being driven out of the flat by those bold eyes. Out you go. Ah, how cruel! (*Second Violin*) . . .

But her hand is large and cold with big knuckles and short square nails. It is not a little velvet hand that sighs, that yields, faints dead away and has to be revived again only to faint once more. (*S. V.*) . . .

What do I want? she thought. What do I really want more than anything else in the world? If I had a wishing ring or Ali Baba's lamp — no, it wasn't Ali Baba — it was — oh, what did it matter! Just supposing some one came — "I am here to grant your dearest wish." And she saw, vaguely, a fluffy little creature with a silver paper star on a wand — a school fairy. . . . What should I say? It was cold in the kitchen, cold and dim. The tap dripped slowly, as tho' the water were half frozen. . . .

Miss Todd and Miss Hopper were second violins. Miss Bray was a viola. . . .

Cinderella: Oh, my sisters — my beautiful peacock-proud sisters — have pity on me as I sit with my little broom beside the cold ashes while you dance at the Prince's party. But why — is the Fairy Godmother, the coach, the plumes, and glass slippers just — faery — and all the rest of the story deeply, deeply true? Fate I suppose — Fate. It had to be. These things happen so. *La réponse*: Poor old girl — of course one is awfully sorry for her, but she does become a bore — doesn't she? There's no getting away from it. . . .

Fairylike, the fire rose in two branched flames like the golden antlers of some enchanted stag.

So he sat there, burning the letters, and each time he cast a fresh packet on the flame, his shadow, immense, huge,

leapt out of the wall opposite him. It looked, sitting so stiff and straight, like some horrible old God, toasting his knees at the flames of the sacrifice. . . .

When I read Dr. Johnson, I feel like a little girl sitting at the same table. My eyes grow round. I don't only listen; I take him in *immensely*. . . .

"Don't you think it would be marvellous," she said, "to have just one person in one's life to whom one could tell everything?" She leant forward, put down her cup, but stayed bent forward touching the spoon against the saucer. She looked up — "Or is it just childish of me — just absurd to want such a thing? All the same," she leaned back, smiling, "childish or not — how wonderful it would be — how wonderful! to feel — from this person, this one person — I really don't need to hide anything. It would be such heavenly happiness!" she cried, suddenly, "it would make life so —" She got up, went to the window, looked out vaguely and turned round again. She laughed. "It's a queer thing," she said, "I've always believed in the possibility — and yet — in reality. — Take R. and me, for instance." And here she flung back in a chair; still she was laughing but her body leaned to the chair as though exhausted. "I tell him everything. You know we're rather different from most people. What I mean is — don't laugh — we love each other simply tremendously — we're everything to each other! In fact — he's the one person on earth for me — and yet," and she shut her eyes and bit her lip as though she wanted to stop laughing herself, "try, try, try as I can — there is always just one secret — just one — that never can be told — that mocks me." And then for a moment she lay still. . . .

I saw S. as a little fair man with a walrus moustache, a bowler much too small for him and an ancient frock coat that he keeps buttoning and unbuttoning. Dark Bogey saw him as a grave gentleman with big black whiskers. Anyhow, there he was at the end of a dark tunnel, either coming towards us or walking away. That started us on a fascinating

subject. There are the people in D. B.'s life I've never seen (very few) and the immense number in mine that he has only heard of. What did they look like to us? And then, before we meet anyone while they are still far too far off to be seen we begin to build an image — how true is it? It's queer how well one gets to know this stranger; how often you've watched him before the other comes to take his place. I can even imagine someone keeping their "first impression" — *in spite of* the other. . . .

At the Bay

At last the milk white harbor catches the glitter and the gulls floating on the trembling water gleam like the shadows within a pearl. . . .

The house dog comes out of his kennel dragging the heavy chain and klop-klops at the water standing cold in the iron pan. The house cat emerges from nowhere and bounds on to the kitchen window-sill waiting for her spill of warm morning milk. . . .

"Children, children!"

"Oh, no! Not yet. Oh, it can't be time. Go away. I won't. Oh, why must I?"

"Children! Children!"

They are being called by the cold servant girls.

But they simply can't get up. They simply must have one more little sleep — the best sleep of all — the warm, soft, darling little rabbit of a sleep. Just let me hug it one minute more before it bounds away.

Soft little girls rolled up in rounds, just their bunch of curls showing over the sheet top; little long pale boys stretching out their slender feet; other little boys lying on their bellies pressing their heads into the pillow; tiny little fellows with fresh-cut hair sprouting from a tuft; little girls on their backs, their fists clenched, the bedclothes anyhow, one foot dangling; girls with pig-tails or rings of white paper snails instead of hair. And now there is the sound of plunging

water and all those youthful, warm bodies, the tender, exposed boy children, and the firm, compact little girls, lie down in the bath tubs and ruffle their shoulders scattering the bright drops as birds love to do with their wings.

Squeech! Squeech! Tchee! Quee! Little boys with plastered hair, clean collars and brand new boots squeak from the nursery to the lobby to the cupboard under the stairs where the school kits are hung. Furious young voices cry: "Who's *stolen* my ink eraser that was in the well of my pencil box?" . . .

For a long time she said she did not want to change anything in him, and she meant it. Yet she hated things in him and wished they were otherwise. Then she said she did not want to change anything in him and she meant it. And the dark things that she had hated she now regarded with indifference. Then she said she did not want to change anything in him. But now she loved him so that even the dark things she loved, too. She wished them there; she was not indifferent. Still they were dark and strange but she loved them. And it was for this they had been waiting. They changed. They shed^{*} their darkness — the curse was lifted and they shone forth as Royal Princes once more, as creatures of light. . . .

She sat on the end of the box ottoman buttoning her boots. Her short fine springy hair stood out round her head. She wore a little linen camisole and a pair of short frilled knickers.

"Curse these buttons," she said, tugging at them. And then suddenly she sat up and dug the handle of the button-hook into the box ottoman.

"Oh dear," she said, "I do wish I hadn't married. I wish I'd been an explorer." And then she said dreamily, "The Rivers of China, for instance."

"But what do you know about the Rivers of China, darling?" I said. For Mother knew no geography whatever; she knew less than a child of ten.

"Nothing," she agreed. "But I can *feel* the kind of hat I

should wear." She was silent a moment. Then she said: "If Father hadn't died I should have travelled, and then ten to one I shouldn't have married." And she looked at me dreamily — looked through me, rather.

Have you noticed how very *smug* those mountains look that are covered with snow all the year round? They seem to expect me to be so full of admiring awe. It never seems to enter their silly tops to wonder whether it isn't rather dull to be so for ever and ever above suspicion. . . .

Such a cultivated mind doesn't really attract me. I admire it, I appreciate all "*les soins et les peines*" that have gone to produce it — but it leaves me cold. After all, the adventure is over. There is now nothing to do but to trim and to lop and to keep back — all faintly depressing labors. No, no, the mind I love must still have wild places, a tangled orchard where dark damsons drop in the heavy grass, an overgrown little wood, the chance of a snake or two (real snakes), a pool that nobody's fathomed the depth of — and paths threaded with those little flowers planted by the mind. It must also have *real* hiding-places, not artificial ones — not gazebos and mazes. And I have never yet met the cultivated mind that has not had its shrubbery. I loathe and detest shrubberies. . . .

"You merely find yourself in the old position of trying to change me. And I refuse to be changed. I won't change. If I don't feel these things — I don't feel them and there's an end of it."

For a moment he stood there, cold, frigid, grasping the door-handle, staring not at her but over her head. He looked like a stranger who had opened her door by accident, and felt it necessary, for some reason or other, to explain the accident before he closed it again and went out of her life for ever.

[The next entries belong to May and June, 1919, when

K. M. was living in her house overlooking Hampstead Heath, London. She spent the summers of 1919 and 1920 there. — J. M. M.]

May 30 [1919]

A Good Beginning: First comes L. M. I give her orders. Ask her to supervise the maid till Monday. "Be gentle with her: help her to make the beds; and just tell her how everything must be." Then in detail I sketch out the maid's programme. "Send Ralph, please." Ralph arrives. I arrange the food. Then settle all that must be done, coercing Ralph, putting her mind in order if I can, making her see the bright side of things, sending her away (I hope) feeling important and happy.

I go upstairs to see Maud, to say good-morning, to hope "she will be happy." "Just take things gently; I'll quite understand that you can't get into our ways at once. Ask Miss B. and the cook for what you want. But if you wish to see me, don't hesitate to come in. I was so glad you were early." She was very reassured. Her eyes shone (she's only a little girl). She said it was like the country. As she walked up from the tram the birds sang "something beautiful." This instead of "the long drag up the hill" was cheering. I left her happy. I know I did.

Downstairs just to say good-day to Mrs. Moody and to say there were some flowers for her to take home. The good creature was on her knees polishing and saying it was such a fine day. Bless her 60 years! We had a little joke or two and I came away.

L. M. again — just for a moment to say: "As you have a machine, don't hem dusters by hand, as I see you are doing. Keep your energies for something *important!*"

Then I sit down to work, and there comes a steady, pleasant vibration from the ship. If only I could always control these four women like this! I must learn to.

May 31, 1919

Work: Shall I be able to express one day my love of work

— my desire to be a better writer — my longing to take greater pains? And the passion I feel. It takes the place of religion — it *is* my religion; of people — I create my people; of “life” — it *is* Life. The temptation is to kneel before it, to adore, to prostrate myself, to stay too long in a state of ecstasy before the *idea* of it. I must be more busy about my master’s business.

Oh, God! The sky is filled with the sun, and the sun is like music. The sky is full of music. Music comes streaming down these great beams. The wind touches the harp-like trees, shakes little jets of music — little shakes, little trills from the flowers. The shape of every flower is like a sound. My hands open like five petals. Praise Him! Praise Him! No, I am overcome; I am dazed; it is too much to bear.

A little fly has dropped by mistake into the huge sweet cup of a magnolia. Isaiah (or was it Elisha?) was caught up into Heaven in a chariot of fire *once*. But when the weather is divine and I am free to work, such a journey is positively nothing.

(June 21, 1919)

The Larger Breath: Bateson and his love of the louse for its own sake. Pedigree lice. £100 a year from the Royal Institute; a large family; desperately poor; but he never notices. The lives he saved in the Balkan war with shaving and Thymol. Cases reduced from 7000 to 700. No reward, not even an O. B. E. He dissects them, finds their glands and so on, keeps them in tiny boxes; they feed on his arm. The louse and the bed-bug.

Hydatids: the Australian who got them: handfuls of immature grapes. They attack the liver. In the human body they reproduce indefinitely. When they are passed and a sheep is attacked by them, they develop *books* and become long worms.

The Egyptian disease: a parasite which attacks the veins and arteries and causes fluxion — constant bleeding. It is another egg drunk in water. After it has been in man the

only thing it can affect is a water-snail. It goes through an entirely new cycle of *being* until it can attack man again.

Dysentery: another parasite.

Hydrophobia: The disease develops very slowly; the treatment is very expensive. Symptoms are a profuse, shiny bubbling saliva, and gasping and groaning as in gas-poisoning. No barking, no going on all fours.

In lockjaw the jaw does not lock.

Pasteur was a very dreamer of dreamers. Human beings are a *side-line* to science. . . .

All this I talked over with Sorapure on June 21st. His point of view about medicine seems to me *just completely right*. I'd willingly let him take off my head, look inside, and pop it on again, if he thought it might assist future generations. Quite the right man to have at one's dying bedside. He'd get me at any rate so interested in the process — gradual loss of sensitiveness, coldness in the joints etc. — I'd lie there thinking: This is very valuable to know; I must make a note of this.

As he stood at the door talking: "Nothing is incurable; it's all a question of *time*. What seems so useless to-day may be just that link which will make all plain to a future generation."—I had a sense of the *larger breath*, of the mysterious lives within lives; and the Egyptian parasite beginning its new cycle of being in a water-snail affected me like a *great* work of art. No, that's not what I mean. It made me feel how *perfect* the world is, with its worms and hooks and ova, how incredibly perfect. There is the sky and the sea and the shape of a lily, and there is all this other as well. The *balance* how perfect! (*Salut*, Tchehov!) I would not have the one without the other. . . .

The clocks are striking ten. Girls are laughing. J. and Sullivan are down in Somerset — happy, I feel — if they are warm enough — enjoying each other. . . .

I have consumption. There is still a great deal of moisture (*and* pain) in my BAD lung. But I do not care. I do not want

anything I could not have. Peace, solitude, time to write my books, beautiful external life to watch and ponder — no more. Oh, I'd like a child as well — a baby boy; *mais je demande trop!*

[The following doggerel poem, composed in great suffering, is precious as a record of the gaiety with which K. M. bore the burden of almost continuous physical pain. It refers to a moment when the injection of *Streptococcus bacilli* had unlooked-for incidental consequences. The "Doctor who came from Jamaica" was her beloved and devoted medical attendant, Dr. Victor Sorapure, with whom the conversation referred to in the previous note was held. — J. M. M.]

Tedious Brief Adventure of K. M.

A Doctor who came from Jamaica
Said: "This time I'll mend her or break her.
I'll plug her with serum;
And if she can't bear 'em
I'll call in the next undertaker."

His *locum tenens*, Doctor Byam,
Said: "Right oh, old fellow, we'll try 'em,
For I'm an adept, O,
At pumping in strepto
Since I was a surgeon in Siam."

The patient, who hailed from New Zealing,
Said: "Pray don't consider my feeling,
Provided you're certain
'Twill not go on hurtin',
I'll lie here and smile at the ceiling."

These two very bloodthirsty men
Injected five million, then ten,
But found that the strepto
Had suddenly crept to
Her feet — and the worst happened then!

Any day you may happen to meet
Her alone in the Hampstead High Street
In a box on four wheels
With a whistle that squeals;
And her hands do the job of her feet.

[The following entries belong to the autumn of 1920, and were made on the journey to the villa Isola Bella at Mentone, where K. M. spent the winter of that year. — J. M. M.]

Psychologie féminine: "It is said that the turtledove never drinks clear water, but always muddies it first with its foot so that it may the better suit its pensive mind."

Southward Bound: Lying facing the window I woke early. The blind was half-pulled down. A deep pink light flew in the sky, and the shapes of the trees, ancient barns, towers, walls were all black. The pools and rivers were quicksilver. Nearing Avignon, the orchard in the first rays of sunlight shone with gold fruit: apples flashed like stars.

L. M.'s legs dangled. She dropped down, slowly waving her big gray legs, as though something pulled her, dragged her — the tangle of rich blue weeds on the red carpet.

"A-vig — Avig — Avig-non," she said.

"One of the loveliest names in the world done to death," said I. "A name that spans the ancient town like a bridge."

She was very impressed. But then George Moore *could* impress her.

Breakfast-time: It grew hot. Everywhere the light quivered green-gold. The white soft road unrolled, with plane-trees casting a trembling shade. There were piles of pumpkins and gourds; outside the house the tomatoes were spread in the sun. Blue flowers and red flowers and tufts of deep purple flared in the road-side hedges. A young boy, carrying a branch, stumbled across a yellow field, followed by a brown high-stepping little goat. We bought figs for breakfast, immense thin-skinned ones. They broke in one's fingers and tasted of wine and honey. Why is the northern fig such a

chaste fair-haired virgin, such a *soprano*? The melting contraltos sing through the ages.

12.8.20: More beautiful by far than a morning in Spring or Summer. The mist — the trees standing in it — not a leaf moves, not a breath stirs. There is a faint smell of burning. The sun comes slowly: slowly the room grows lighter. Suddenly, on the carpet, there is a square of pale, red light. The bird in the garden goes “snip — snip — snip” — a little wheezy, like the sound of a knife-grinder. The nasturtiums blaze in the garden; their leaves are pale. On the lawn, his paws tucked under him, sits the black and white cat. . . .

“And if a man will consider life in its whole circuit, and see how superabundantly it is furnished with what is extraordinary and beautiful and great, he shall soon know for what we were born.”

[The notes now to be given refer to the first conception of the unfinished story called “Weak Heart,” which is included in “The Doves’ Nest and Other Stories.” The date shows that K. M. had cherished the idea of the story a long while. — J. M. M.]

(September? 1920)

The daughter of the watch-smith. Her piano-playing. Her weak heart, queer face, queer voice, *awful clothes*. The violets in their garden. Her little mother and father. The scene at the baths: the coldness, the blueness of the children, her size in the red twill bathing-dress, trimmed with white braid. The steps down to the water — the rope across.

Edie has a brother Siegfried. 17. You never know whether he has begun to shave or not. He and Edie walk in arm in arm. . . . Her Sunday hat is *trimmed beyond words*. . . .

Oh, that tree at the corner of May Street! I forgot it until this moment. It was dark and hung over the street like a great shadow. The father was fair and youthful to look at. He was a clockmaker.

(October, 1920)

Marie, the "bonne à tout faire": She is little and gray with periwinkle — I feel inclined to write peritwinkle — blue eyes and swift, sweeping gestures. Annette said she is "une personne très supérieure — la veuve d'un cocher," and "qu'elle a son appartement à Nice . . . Mais, que voulez-vous? La vie est si chère. On est forcé." But Marie does not look like any of these imposing, substantial things. She is far too gay, too laughing, too light, to have ever been more than a feather in the coachman's hat. As to an *appartement*, I suspect it was a chair at a window which overlooked a market. . . .

Throttling, strangling by the throat, a helpless, exhausted little black silk bag. . . .

But one says not a word and to the best of one's belief gives no sign. I went out into the gentle rain and saw the rainbow. It deepens; it shone down into the sea and it faded; it was gone. The small gentle rain fell on the other side of the world. Frail — Frail. I felt Life was no more than this.

(September, 1921)

September is different from all other months. It is more magical. I feel the strange chemical change in the earth which produces mushrooms is the cause, too, of this extra "life" in the air — a resilience, a sparkle. For days the weather has been the same. One wakes to see the trees outside bathed in green-gold light. It's fresh — not cold. It's clear. The sky is a light pure blue. During the morning the sun gets hot. There is a haze over the mountains. Occasionally a squirrel appears, runs up the mast of a pine-tree, seizes a cone and sits in the crook of a branch, holding it like a banana. Now and again a little bird, hanging upside-down, pecks at the seed. There is a constant sound of bells from the valley. It keeps on all day, from early to late.

Midday — with long shadows. Hot and still. And yet there's always that taste of a berry rather than scent of a

flower in the air. But what can one say of the afternoons? Of the evening? The rose, the gold on the mountains, the quick mounting shadows? But it's soon cold — Beautifully cold, however.

[The following occurs in the middle of an unpublished and unfinished manuscript called "By Moonlight." It should perhaps be explained that K. M.'s method of work was never regular. Some of her longest and most beautiful stories were written at a single sitting; at other times she spent weeks in producing only fragments. "Karori" was the "novel" of which "Prelude" and "At the Bay" were—at one time—to have formed parts. But eventually the idea was abandoned, deliberately. K. M. saw that her "novel" would have been so unlike a novel that it was no use calling it one. — J. M. M.]
(September, 1921)

I am stuck beyond words, and again it seems to me that what I am doing has *no form!* I ought to finish my book of *stories first* and then, when it's gone, really get down to my novel, *Karori*.

Why I should be so passionately determined to disguise this, I don't quite know. But here I lie, pretending, as Heaven knows how often I have before, to write. Supposing I were to give up this pretense and really did try? Supposing I only wrote half a page in a day — it would be half a page to the good; and I should at least be training my mind to get into the habit of regular performance. As it is, every day sees me further off my goal. *And*, once I had this book finished, I'm free to start the real one. *And* it's a question of money.

But my idea, even of the short story, has changed rather, lately — That was lucky! J. opened the door softly and I was apparently really truly engaged. And — no, enough of this. It has served its purpose. It has put me on the right lines. . . .

This isn't bad, but at the same time it's not good. It's too easy. I wish I could go back to N. Z. for a year. But I

can't possibly just now. I don't see why not, in two years' time, though.

October, 1921

These last days I have been awfully rebellious. Longing for something. I feel uprooted. I want things that J. can so easily do without, that aren't natural to him. I long for them. But then, stronger than all these desires, is the other, which is to *make good* before I do anything else. The sooner the books are written, the sooner I shall be well, the sooner my wishes will be in sight of fulfilment. That is sober truth, of course. As a pure matter of fact I consider this enforced confinement here as God-given. But, on the other hand, I must make the most of it quickly. It is not unlimited any more than anything else is. Oh, why — oh, why isn't anything unlimited? Why am I troubled every single day of my life by the nearness of death and its inevitability? I am really diseased on that point. And I can't speak of it. If I tell J. it makes him unhappy. If I don't tell him, it leaves me to fight it. I am tired of the battle. No one knows how tired.

To-night, when the evening-star shone through the side-window and the mountains were so lovely, I sat there thinking of death. Of all there was to do — of Life, which is so lovely — and of the fact that my body is a prison. But this state of mind is *evil*. It is only by acknowledging that I, being what I am, had to suffer *this* in order to do the work I am here to perform — it is only by acknowledging it, by being thankful that work was not taken away from me, that I shall recover. I am weak where I must be strong. Nov. 24, 1921. . . .

And to-day — Saturday — less than ever. But no matter. I have progressed — a little. I have realized *what* it is to be done — the strange barrier to be crossed from thinking it to writing it . . . Daphne.*

*On the next page begins the unfinished manuscript of "Daphne," included in "The Doves' Nest."

(November, 1921)

At the end of a draft manuscript of "The Garden Party"

Finished and sent to put in my book.

This is a moderately successful story, and that's all. It's somehow, in the episode at the lane, scamped.

16.11.1921. To go to Sierre, if it goes on like this — or to — or to —

Shakespeare Notes, 1921

The First Lord in *All's Well that Ends Well* is worth attending to. One could have thought that his speeches and those of the Second Lord would have been interchangeable; but he is a very definite, quick-cut character. Take, for example, the talk between the two in Act IV, Scene iii. S. L. asks him to let what he is going to tell dwell darkly with him — F. L.: "When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it." And then his comment: "How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses." And this is most excellent: "The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues."

I like the temper of that extremely — and does it not reveal the man? Disillusioned and yet — amused — worldly, and yet he has feeling. But I see him as — quick, full of Life, and marvellously at his ease with his company, his surroundings, his own condition, and the whole small, solid earth. He is like a man on shipboard who is inclined to straddle just to show (but not to *show off*) how well his sea-legs serve him. . . .

The Clown — "a shrewd knave and an unhappy" — comes to tell the Countess of the arrival of Bertram and his soldiers: "Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers, which bow the head and nod at every man." In that phrase there is all the charm of soldiers on prancing, jingling, dancing horses. It is a veritable

little pageant. With what an air the haughty (and intolerable) Bertram wears his two-pile velvet patch — with what disdain his hand in the white laced French glove tightens upon the tight rein of his silver charger. Wonderfully sunny, with a little breeze. And the Clown, of course, sees the humor of this conceit.

Parolles is a lovable creature, a brave little cock-sparrow of a ruffian.

Coleridge on Hamlet: "He plays that subtle trick of pretending to act only when he is very near being what he acts."

— So do we all begin by acting and the nearer we are to what we would be the more perfect our *disguise*. Finally there comes the moment when *we are no longer acting*; it may even catch us by surprise. We may look in amazement at our no longer borrowed plumage. The two have merged; that which we put on has joined that which was; acting has become action. The soul has accepted this livery for its own after a time of trying on and approving.

To act — to see ourselves in the part — to make a larger gesture than would be ours in life — to declaim, to pronounce, to even exaggerate, to persuade ourselves (?) or others (?) To put ourselves in heart. To do more than is necessary in order that we may accomplish *ce qu'il faut*.

And then Hamlet is lonely. The solitary person always acts.

But I could write a thousand pages about Hamlets.

Mad Scene. If one looks at it with a cold eye it is really very poor. It depends entirely for its effect upon wispy Ophelia. The cardboard King and Queen are of course only lookers-on. They don't care a $\frac{1}{2}d$. I think the Queen is privately rather surprised at a verse or two of her songs. And who can believe that a solitary violet withered when that silly, fussy old pomposity died? And who can believe that Ophelia really loved him, and wasn't thankful to think how peaceful breakfast would be without his preaching?

The Queen's speech after O's death is exasperating to

one's sense of poetic truth. If no one saw it happen — if she wasn't found until she was drowned how does the Queen know how it happened? Dear Shakespeare has been to the Royal Academy — for his picture.

Tempest: To say that Juliet and Miranda might very well be one seems to me to show a lamentable want of perception. Innocent, early-morning-of-the-world Miranda, that fair island still half dreaming in a golden haze — lapped about with little joyful hurrying waves of love. And small, frail Juliet, leaning upon the dark — a flower that is turned to the moon and closes, reluctant at chill dawn. It is not even her Spring. It is her time for dreaming: too soon for love.

Paris: May 3rd, 1922

I must begin writing for Clement Shorter to-day 12 "spasms" of 2,000 words each. I thought of the Burnells, but no, I don't think so. Much better, the Sheridans, the three girls and the brother and the Father and Mother and so on, ending with a long description of Meg's wedding to Keith Fenwick. Well, there's the first flown out of the nest. The sisters Bead, who come to stay. The white sheet on the floor when the wedding dress is tried on. Yes, I've got the details all right. But the point is — Where shall I begin? One certainly wants to dash.

Meg was playing. I don't think I ought to begin with that. It seems to me the mother's coming home ought to be the first chapter. The other can come later. And in that playing chapter what I want to stress chiefly is: Which is the real life — that or this? — late afternoon, these thoughts — the garden — the beauty — how all things pass — and how the end seems to come so soon.

And then again there is the darling bird — I've always loved birds — Where is the little chap? . . .

What is it that stirs one so? What is this seeking — so joyful — ah, so gentle! And there seems to be a moment when all is to be discovered. Yes, that's the feeling. . . . But oh, how *am* I going to write this story?

THE SPIRIT OF THOMAS HARDY

BY JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

THE number of great writers that any century can produce is extremely small. To begin with, the great writer must have the supremely rare power of seeing the universal in the particular. He must also, by the fact of circumstances which are beyond any one's control, have been dowered by fortune with a degree of experience — and consequently of suffering and the wisdom which comes only through suffering — to which most of mankind are necessarily strangers. Again, he must have the power to set down what he has experienced; and this demands the effort of long and toilsome application, and a physique capable of bearing its stress. Lastly, he must instinctively foresee, grasp, and exhaust the particular moment of human history which has produced him; he must stand at the culmination of some special moment of human affairs, and point the way to the future development of man's ideas about his own fortune and destiny. For so gigantic a task the great writer must be prepared, and he must also be able to continue his striving towards the goal, even though — as in the case of Melville, for example — the less intelligent spirits of his day are unable to recognize his supreme ability and to appreciate it at its proper value.

Thomas Hardy is, by all the tests set out above, a great writer. Moreover, he has been singularly fortunate in having obtained, throughout his long career as a creative artist, an increasing measure of admiration and appreciation by his successors. It is universally agreed by those most qualified to judge, that he is the greatest writer in the English-speaking world of the present day; but it is not so clear wherein his greatness consists. Coming as the culmination of the

Victorian era in English literature, with characteristics that recall Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Matthew Arnold, as well as tendencies towards the earlier period of abortive revolt of which Shelley, Byron, Wordsworth, and Keats were the spokesmen, it is not to be wondered at that so complex a figure is difficult to grasp in perspective. And when we have recorded the further fact that this man's life-span and mind-span have covered the downfall of the Victorian compromise in art, ideas, and life, and have pointed the way tentatively to new fields for creative activity in all three, it becomes apparent that to say the last word on him at this early date is practically impossible.

Recently several attempts have been made to estimate Hardy's achievement; of these I should like to say a few words before attempting briefly the definition of that achievement for myself. Of the books that have been written on him, I put first Professor Joseph Warren Beach's detailed and valuable monograph on the novels, entitled "The Technique of Thomas Hardy," because it does not shrink from what to many is the invidious task of sorting out what is best in Hardy's fiction from what is least interesting. The study ("Thomas Hardy") by Mr. H. C. Duffin is almost entirely worthless, being marred by faults of exuberance on every page, and by the sort of perverted sentimentality that is able to rate FitzGerald's third-rate "Omar Khayyam" above Hardy's own sterner, if more roughly ordered, verses. Professor Chew's handbook, "Thomas Hardy, Poet and Novelist," is exceptionally well informed, and in small compass covers the entire field of both Hardy's prose and poetry. Finally, I would like to draw attention to the recent reprinting of Mr. Lionel Johnson's essay on "The Art of Thomas Hardy," still worth reading for the sake of its scholarly style and balanced enthusiasm, and remarkable for the date when it first appeared.

From all these books it becomes clear that as regards Hardy's novels, a wide distinction must be drawn between

those which are first-rate, those which are distinctive but less satisfactory, and those which are comparatively worthless. Seldom has any literary artist been so consistently unequal in novel production; almost never has any writer beloved of the moderns seemed to be so much enamored of outworn devices of technique. As Professor Beach points out, Hardy has shown himself in the greater part of his fiction unduly concerned with the mechanics of plot, the stock elements of surprise, coincidence, overheard conversation, intercepted letters, and the like, being accepted by him almost unaltered from the novel of adventure of the eighteenth century and from its revival in the nineteenth by such writers as Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade. It is only in two or three instances, and then almost as it were by accident, that he has foreshadowed the modern type of novel with its interest in situation rather than plot, its psychological development of character, its perhaps undue concern with the dramatization of social theory. What has driven him almost unconsciously to modify the novel from its eighteenth-century prototype, is his supreme sense of the truth of character.

Professor Beach ranks the novels in three classes thus: novels in which art and craft are one, consisting of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "Jude the Obscure," and "The Return of the Native"; novels which are in some degree overburdened with mechanical craftsmanship, but in which the truth and beauty of character and setting give an air of distinction to somewhat manufactured plot — in this group belong "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Mayor of Casterbridge," "The Woodlanders"; and novels of sheer ingenuity and decidedly inferior interest, comprising all the rest. I agree in general with this judgment, but I am by no means prepared to follow Professor Beach in his condemnation of "The Mayor of Casterbridge" as a mere moving-picture scenario. One might as well condemn Stendhal's novels as moving-pictures; yet Stendhal is one of the world's

greatest psychologists. More just would it be to say that in "The Mayor of Casterbridge" Hardy has written a romance of adventure of the older type, with this difference that in Henchard he has created a character whose astonishing truth proves him to be seen and studied from within, as Shakespeare's or Stendhal's characters were seen and studied. The sincerity and truth to life of such a character make the reader forget the whole apparatus of artifice and coincidence whereby he is presented.

As regards the poems, a complete difference of opinion makes itself manifest. Professor Beach does not deal with them; Mr. Duffin, with his undisguised liking for what Whitman would have contemptuously called "piano-tunes," is scarcely prepared to admit that they can be called poetry at all, though he is obliged to concede that they are necessary reading for anyone interested in Hardy's philosophy of life; Professor Chew puts in a strong plea for "The Dynasts" and a less strong plea for many of the individual poems, and especially for the group of lyrics of travel written in 1887. Meanwhile it must be noted that any future critic of Hardy's poetry must somewhat enlarge the perspective of his standpoint to take into account the recently published "Late Lyrics and Earlier" in which the veteran author — in foreword and conclusion — reluctantly bids adieu to his audience.

What none of these critics has sufficiently considered is the close connection that subsists between Hardy's poetry and his prose. Professor Beach hints at this when he describes "The Return of the Native" as a five-act drama (the last book entitled "Aftercourses" being a mere sop to the public that will have a happy ending at all costs). He does not, however, sufficiently stress the fact that the real protagonist of this drama is no single human figure, but the vast inhuman influence of a natural scene: Egdon Heath, subduing all the human puppets that live upon it and walk about it to its own purposes. This dominant motive of a

landscape background against which certain inferior human specimens work out the counterpoint of their lives, makes of "The Return of the Native" something more than an ordinary novel, and lifts it into the category of a poem: if one cares to call it so, a tone-poem. Similarly, the extreme simplicity of the plot structure of "Tess" recalls in its alternations between Alec D'Urberville and Angel Clare as the centre of Tess's experience, as well as in its fitting of scene to situation and in its unforced pathos, the technique of many old ballads. "Jude the Obscure," where the interest in "Wessex" as a background is absent, finds kinship in its severe massing of irony, to some of Crabbe's narratives, or to Hardy's own "Satires of Circumstance"; and in a great many scenes in the other novels the same poetic imagination is at work, transmitting character and scene from the particular to the universal. No one can do complete justice to either his novels or his poetry who is not ready to admit that, by right of this imagination displayed in the best of both, Hardy is essentially a poet.

Furthermore, the work he has produced is not only a unified whole, but it could never have come into being without the support of a definite philosophy, a way of looking at things which its author has made his own. What that way of looking at things is, and what its value may be to future generations must be the next subject for inquiry.

At bottom, Hardy is a fatalist; that is to say, he sees all phenomena (including the phenomena of nature, supposedly indifferent to man) as controlled and ordered by a single Immanent Will, unmoral and impersonal in essence, unlogical and unconscious as regards its own aims, forever weaving and unweaving the web of life in its creatures. Or as the Prelude to "The Dynasts," embodying his most mature philosophy, states it:

It works unconsciously, as heretofore,
Eternal artistries in circumstance,
Whose patterns, wrought by rapt aesthetic rote,

Seem in themselves Its single listless aim,
And not their consequence.

But like Schopenhauer, and other philosophers who have held a similar view on the universe, Hardy seeks some means of escape from the logical consequences of it. Though the Will that guides the universe may be at bottom without logic, reason, or meaning, yet we, who are the mere pawns It shoves across Its chessboard, desire It to be otherwise, in so far as we feel pity and exercise charity to others. If the views of the impersonal Demiurge are to prevail in every instance over ours, then there is no reason at all for living, and the sooner we, like little Father Time in "Jude the Obscure," commit suicide, the better. If, on the other hand, our better feelings with which we are endowed, are in any small measure to prevail, then there is a dim purpose to this "thwarted purposing," then life does not — despite Hardy's own assertion to the contrary — always "offer to deny," then, at times, there is a wrong "dying as of self-slaughter."

It speaks volumes for Hardy's integrity as a poet that he has at least faced this problem, that he has admitted some loophole of doubt in his own skepticism, that he has not only noted the "intolerable antilogy of making figments feel" but has found in that paradox some basis for melioristic faith. The reader who is unfamiliar with his poetry, may, however, be almost pardoned if he accepts the conventional average view of Hardy as a complete pessimist. In "The Return of the Native," passionless Egdon works out its doom upon Eustacia and Wildeve, on Clym and his mother; in "Jude the Obscure," the force of unchecked sexual passion in Jude and Arabella, makes havoc of every hope; in "The Mayor of Casterbridge," Henchard's unreasonable, unreflecting, impetuous greed and vanity end in disaster for him and for all those with whom he comes into contact. Only in "Tess," of all the greater novels, are we allowed, through the lavish beauty and pathos with which the author invests that character, to suspend slightly our judgment on the "intol-

erable scheme of things." In spite of Hardy's own fling at the "President of the Immortals" and his "sport with Tess," we feel in our bones that she owes her doom not so much to the workings of fate as to the shallow weakness and vanity of Angel Clare. As Professor Beach says: "We can almost forget the pain of the story in its loveliness. The rage and indignation pass; the tenderness remains. And if we say, how pitiful! it is to say, in the next breath, how beautiful!"

Above all, it is in the poems that this sense of the "tears of things" most often overpowers Hardy's own narrow fatalism, and leads him and his reader to accept the tragedy of life not so much as a ghastly mockery but almost as a triumph. In the scene of Nelson's death in "The Dynasts," and in the closing pages of that drama; in the superb and unequalled elegies, "*veteris vestigia flammae*" of 1911-13, in the armistice poem, "And there was a great calm," in many and many a detached lyric, or narrative, the same thing is shown: the spectacle of a great artist so enrapt in the figments of his imagination as to forget the injustice of the world, to forget the impersonal horror of fate that weighs on us all, and to seek only the release of ecstatic joy through pity. And in this sense, whatever may be urged against his awkwardly prosaic vocabulary, his crudely hewn versification, Hardy proves himself the possessor of a mind that can only be called Shakespearean. When we read "Hamlet," "Othello," or "Lear," we remain unaffected by the darkness of the outer tragedy, we see only the glory of the inner triumph. And so it is when we turn the last page of that enormous canvas, like a vast panorama of drifting shadows and intense lights painted by some Rembrandt, that Hardy has called "The Dynasts."

The twentieth century is certain to be critical of the nineteenth, as the eighteenth was critical of the seventeenth and sixteenth, as the fourteenth was critical of the thirteenth, as the third century B.C. was critical of the whole effort that had expressed itself in ancient Greece.

We stand still too near to the enormous welter and chaos of the nineteenth century to see all its issues clearly; but this we may say, that of its latter cause — the four leading literary figures in Europe have been Tolstoi, Dostoievsky, Ibsen, and Nietzsche. And this may also be added: that Hardy's achievement, even though we acknowledge its lesser magnitude, is yet so important that it can only be profitably compared with theirs.

It will be seen at the outset, when we attempt such comparison, that Hardy stands closer to Ibsen and to Tolstoi than to Dostoievsky and Nietzsche. He has none of the hopeless and boundless desire to create a personal faith in the abyss of skepticism that drove Dostoievsky to explore to the bottom of every human soul, and forced him to expand the bounds of fiction in the direction of myth and allegory; none of the self-torturing contradiction that spurred the ascetic, Puritan Nietzsche to topple from the heights of Dionysiac ecstasy into the gulf of megalomaniac vulgarity. In other words, Hardy is not a Slav; he does not drive things to their ultimate conclusions; he does not attempt the impossible; at bottom his view of life is like every Anglo-Saxon view — a compromise, a bowing to circumstances.

The affinities between his work and Ibsen's are much more manifest. He has something of the ironic cold satire which Ibsen displayed in his later prose dramas, though little of that author's desire to preach, and perhaps even less of the sheer energy which culminated in the astounding dramas of "Peer Gynt" and "Brand." Compared to such a man, Hardy's outlook appears weaker, grayer. It is not for nothing that he has so steeped himself in "Wessex" that his sense of background frequently becomes more important than the characters he sets against it. Ibsen, on the other hand, created always, even in his attempts to make a thesis, types that are universal.

It is perhaps Tolstoi, however, that Hardy most clearly resembles — the earlier Tolstoi up to and including "Anna

Karenina." The hay-mowing scene in the latter novel, for instance, recalls in its absolute truth of scenic presentation, the rick-burning of "Far from the Madding Crowd," or Tess's dairying. "The Dynasts" is not inferior as a battle-panorama to the crowded canvas of "War and Peace." It is even in some respects superior; for Hardy's Napoleon is much more plausible as a human being and nearer, I somehow feel, to the actual man than Tolstoi's maliciously distorted caricature. Nor is the philosophy of both works dissimilar. In "War and Peace," Napoleon is made to break his too self-seeking will against the fatalistic inertia of Russia, symbolized in Kutuzov; in "The Dynasts," the same will is broken against the heroic endurance, the quiet acceptance of self-sacrifice symbolized in the English of Nelson and Hardy, of Pitt and Moore and Wellington. One can acknowledge Tolstoi's priority here without in the least detracting from the magnitude of Hardy's achievement.

But with the unresolved Slav in Tolstoi, the later Tolstoi who sought ever to deny his own heritage as an artist, who tried to abolish even his own place and station in life for the sake of social theory, Hardy has nothing whatever in common. In a sense, his humility forbids him to be anything else but a recorder of his world, and never could he desire to be ranked as a teacher or prophet. In a recent poem, he goes so far as to reproach himself that he has never "taught that which he set about." Tolstoi could not have been modest enough to make this admission.

Nor could Tolstoi, even in his earlier work, despite his knowledge of the soil, have written a whole novel so saturated with the spirit of a single landscape as "The Return of the Native." Here we have, if anywhere in Hardy's work, the sense of man subdued to nature that we find in the poetry of the Chinese, or of recent years in the short stories of Chekhov. As I have already said, a vein of poetry runs through this entire novel, a vein that is deeper, and stronger than the somewhat too ethical pantheism of Wordsworth and

Meredith. Especially in the night scenes on Egdon Heath does the author seem to revel in the sense of the blackness of untamed nature, fiercely sombre and luxuriant in dumb life under the stars, as contrasted with the feeble but pathetic human faces and souls that attempt to subdue it with their ineffectual lanterns. Here, as in "The Dynasts," he seems to have learned a secret of intensification by means of contrast which only one other Western artist has fully fathomed; and that artist is Rembrandt.

On the other hand, in one respect at least, Tolstoi in his earlier works is far more normal than Hardy. Professor Chew has pointed out that although Hardy's portrait gallery of women is justly famous, he has never drawn convincingly the portrait of a child in any of them. The one exception to this rule, the sole child who figures prominently, little Father Time in the "Jude the Obscure," is horribly overdrawn. The scene of his suicide and the note he leaves behind, is one of the places where Hardy overweights his pessimism; a serious artistic blot on an otherwise fine novel. None of Hardy's women seems to be normally maternal, or to take any joy in maternity. This is unquestionably a limitation in his art.

We live in an age of rapid shift and disintegration; an age wherein — as regards Central Europe at least — most of the finer traditions and feelings of the past are either dead or dying; an age of tragic disillusionment elsewhere; an age marked by the emergence of new powers, economic and political, in Russia, the Far East, America. An age, above all, not so much of democracy, as of steady vulgarization in science, life, and art.

To such an age — the age of post-war conditions — Thomas Hardy may fail to appeal. His recent breaking of silence with yet another — probably the last of his volumes of verse — appears almost an anachronism. The whole ultra-modern school of novelists owe far less to him than to such writers as Nietzsche and Dostoevsky, and above all to the Viennese school of psychology founded by Freud. Such

writers as Duhamel in France, D. H. Lawrence in England, Waldo Frank in America, are more interested in man's new-found power to analyze his own subconscious self than in the older Greek view, which Hardy upholds, that man can never be more than an unconscious plaything of some jealous destiny.

Whether the psychoanalytic type of novel has reached its term in the recent work of James Joyce, or whether Joyce's work is in itself only the most complete parody of the psychoanalytic method possible, it is as yet too early to say. It is possible that we may have to wait another fifty or a hundred years in order to be able to compare confidently Hardy's work with the work of those that it most resembles: Sophocles and Shakespeare.

This much may be said: that this work, though based on conventions of art which many modern novelists and poets have discarded, yet points resolutely into the future. In novel-writing it has given us a far richer sense of integral character, persisting in some of the most humble and despised denizens of this earth's surface, than either Dickens or Balzac could command. In verse it has consistently upheld the highly unpopular view that poetry does not exist for the sake of slurring over the disagreeable things of life, or to blind anyone's eyes to its meanings; but rather as an instrument to test the validity of our highest ideas, our most profound speculations concerning mankind. Hardy is indeed entirely a metaphysical and a philosophical poet; as much so as Lucretius or Donne, though he may not subscribe to their particular creed. The only modern poet whom he recalls is, strangely enough, Shelley; and a curious parallel might be drawn between the ethereal Shelley and Hardy's rude, rough-hewn verses.

As for his own private standpoint on the perplexing problems of modernity, readers of "Late Lyrics and Earlier" may find it expressed with characteristic stoicism and irony in some stanzas headed "An Ancient to Ancients":

Where once we danced, where once we sang,
Gentlemen,
The floors are sunken, cobwebs hang,
And cracks creep; worms have fed upon
The doors. Yea, sprightlier times were then
Than now, with harps and tabrets gone,
Gentlemen! . . .

We have lost somewhat, afar and near,
Gentlemen,
The thinning of our ranks each year
Affords a hint we are nigh undone,
That we shall not be ever again
The marked of many, loved of one,
Gentlemen. . . .

We who met sunrise sanguine-souled,
Gentlemen,
Are wearing weary. We are old;
These younger press, we feel our rout
Is imminent to Aïdes' den,—
That evening's shades are stretching out,
Gentlemen! . . .

And ye, red-lipped and smooth-browed; list,
Gentlemen;
Much is there waits you we have missed;
Much lore we leave you worth the knowing,
Much, much has lain outside our ken:
Nay, rush not: time serves: we are going,
Gentlemen.

So we take leave of him, in the late evening of life, "still nursing the unconquerable hope" that man may somehow inform the blind destiny of the world with a higher consciousness of its aims, cheerfully resigned himself to death, but looking forward not unconfidently to the future.

ON DESIGN IN NATURE

By WILLIAM K. GREGORY

See what a lovely shell, . . .
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design! — *Tennyson*.

LIVING matter is forever dealing with a future by means of a present which has grown out of a past. The testimony of the rocks shows us that this game has been in play for countless millions of years. Even the earliest bacteria and algae of the almost inconceivably remote pre-Cambrian ages doubtless followed the simple round of life of their descendants of to-day. They absorbed food, they grew and subdivided, or otherwise reproduced their kind; they shrank from unfavorable stimuli and yielded to favorable ones. But to react to stimuli is to effect an adjustment that has a possible value for the future. Upon reflection we see at once that all vital actions have an anticipatory value: food is ingested *in order* — to use a crude anthropomorphism — to provide for present sustenance and future growth; ova and sperm are produced *for the purpose*, so to speak, of insuring the future of the species. Hence we come quickly to the concept that life is and always has been a “purposive” process in which the inheritance of the past is being adjusted at every moment, so far as possible, to the needs of the future. Eyes enable an animal to mirror both its food and its enemies; by means of its locomotor organs it pursues the one and flees from the other — both actions having objectives in the immediate future.

The nervous system is the means by which the orientation and direction of the whole organism as well as the proper

co-ordination of its parts are effected. Step by step we can follow the building up of this wonderful co-ordinating mechanism, from the diffuse nerve net and simple contractile musculature of the sea anemone to the relatively simple neuro-muscular apparatus of flatworms, thence upwards to the excessively intricate system of interconnecting centres in the brains of anthropoid apes and of man. The psychic processes corresponding to nervous activity therefore reflect and take part in the complex of the organism's adjustments to objectives in the near and the remote future. In other words, all grades of consciousness continually reflect the purposive or anticipatory activities of life.

We do not need to be reminded that an empty stomach makes its wants known to the brain, that ripening sex glands start the "cosmic urge," nor that the inhibitions imposed primarily by the environment (whether it be a physical, a biotic, a psychic, or a societal environment) constitute the opposing team in the endless struggle. And we know that even in enjoying the present we can forget the future only at our imminent peril. In fact, the activities of the human mind are adapted primarily for the needs of the future. Associative memory (the stored impressions of past failures and successes) provides the data for present decisions affecting future actions and events. Thus equipped the human mind can make its adjustments far in advance of the immediate future. It learns to foresee more and more remote events. By putting together the data of associative memory, of tradition or socially inherited knowledge, and of immediate observation, the mind deliberately constructs master patterns or designs for execution in the distant future. Such designs may involve many successive stages of operations, each having its own immediate objective and also its proper place in the scheme as a whole, as in the large-scale production of manufactured automobiles, the building and operation of a great navy, or the waging of modern warfare.

Nature also abounds in processes and arrangements

having the appearance and complexity of human designs and often embodying many successive stages and grades of development, each with its own immediate objective and fitting precisely into a well-ordered whole in which future events are "provided for" in the most "ingenious" ways. Such a natural "design" is illustrated in the elaborate processes of development and growth, including the fertilization of the egg, the subdivision of the fertilized egg, and the subsequent production in the embryo of organs for use in the future.

The fascinating science of paleontology is being rejuvenated by the study of innumerable "adaptations," as in the jaws, dentitions, and locomotor systems of extinct and recent animals. The pattern or design of the human foot, for example, is almost wholly admirable from an engineering point of view, and the wonder of it is increased by the fact that, as shown by recent intensive investigations, the human foot has attained its present high grade of adaptation for progression on the ground through a series of now well understood modifications from an earlier stage adapted chiefly for grasping the larger limbs and trunks of trees. Here we have another feature common to human and natural organic designs, namely, that in all cases, from the scientific standpoint, later designs have not been created entirely out of nothing, but have evolved or grown out of earlier ones.

Both human and natural "designs" also involve the orderly juxtaposition of large numbers of relatively small units. Electrons are organized into atoms, atoms into molecules and molecules into particles, crystals, grains, and drops, which in turn are built up into streams, rivers, clouds, sunsets, or into mountains, landscapes, seascapes, or into the myriad beauties of diatoms, radiolaria, trees, flowers, birds, human forms and faces.

Human designs and patterns, when materialized, serve the same functions as do their counterparts in nature: that is, they favor certain forces or systems at the cost of others,

or they balance one set of forces against another so as to produce the equilibrium and stability necessary for some special operation, or they tend to limit, direct, or otherwise modify the struggle of contending forces. The seed starts its career on the ground with various provisions and protections against destructive forces, while man furthers the "design" by planting the seed in well-spaced rows and by weeding the ground; the tree builds its framework, the wasp its nest, and the man his house in order to secure the equilibrium and stability that is necessary for rearing the next generation; the seed, the tree, the wasp, and the man are forever striving, each for its own purposes, to "limit, direct, or otherwise modify the struggle of contending forces."

The sense of beauty seems to be a response to the elements of "design" as described above; the orderly juxtaposition of large numbers of relatively small units will offer to the eye a recurrence or rhythm of light and dark spots or to the ear a repetition of similar and contrasting sounds. We are pleased by the balancing of one set of forces against another, and we like to see or hear things sway back and forth, swirl and return to the starting-point. The eye, sensitive to such rhythms, can watch with intense satisfaction the play of the surf on the shore, or the intricate sequence of the waves as studied from a moving vessel in a storm. The most effective human designs probably please us through their mass effect and through the superposition of larger movements against a simple repetitive background, as do also many of nature's masterpieces.

Human designs differ from those of nature in the following respects: they are projected before the execution of the plan in the human consciousness; they are conceived and executed in a relatively short time; they result from the conjunction of human needs and human will, memory, and tradition, with human opportunity. On the contrary, nature's organic designs, from this standpoint, were never projected beforehand in any consciousness, but have resulted from the age-

long processes of Natural Selection, operating in definite directions upon heritable variations.

Such a generalization, stated in this way, is too largely a negation and has rarely satisfied a humanity that is unavoidably anthropomorphic in its point of view. It leaves out of account the above noted significant resemblances between human and natural designs, which spring from the fact that the human mind, which in its essence is only a more or less perfect reflector of the designs of nature, is able to put together the elements of those designs in ways that parallel those of nature. The mind of mankind is also, as we have seen, as essentially anticipatory or purposive in its functions as life itself. Small wonder then that it instinctively recognizes the kinship of its own designs with those of nature, applies the same name to both, and assumes that as human designs are the results of the activities of human consciousness, so natural designs result in the same way from the activities of a "divine" consciousness.

But from the standpoint of the evolutionist the human mind itself is the end term of an almost infinite series of stages leading backward eventually to the relatively simplest tropisms of the lowest organisms. Of course, such a statement will be met by a chorus of denials and objections on the part of those who do not understand or appreciate the cumulative evidence for this view. So, too, both human and natural designs, from this point of view, being the products of evolution, were not foreordained or foreseen from the beginning but have grown out of simpler elements.

The practical student of geology and paleontology is constantly impressed with the literally inconceivable antiquity of the present system of nature. There is the plainest testimony of the rocks that for countless millions of years the very same forces were at work modelling the earth as may be seen in operation to-day. Everywhere and in every geologic age we see small forces integrated into great systems and contending ceaselessly with other systems. Obviously

the condition for the endurance in time of any given system is that the same sort of events must be repeated again and again. Each system must have, so to speak, its own power of self-perpetuation, by which it aligns all the small component elements and keeps them together and repeating their reactions until its vitalizing principle is scattered in the conflict.

The beginnings of "design" are already seen in inorganic nature, whenever the battle of opposing forces leaves a visible record involving the repetition, or rhythmic alternation, of similar elements, as when the wind blows the sand into waves or when the molecular forces produce the exquisite designs of snow crystals. And at the first openings of the paleontological record in ages millions of years antedating the deposition of the Cambrian rocks, geologists have found diverse, though lowly, organisms already in existence, each of which doubtless maintained the individuality of its race, like already producing like, each one after its kind. Even to-day every lowly organism responds to stimuli as if it had only itself and the perpetuation of itself in view. Through the inertia of inheritance it can, so to speak, only play the game of life according to selfish rules.

From long before the beginnings of life, therefore, the conflict or struggle of opposing forces was an inevitable concomitant of the integration of forces. Life emerged and was perpetuated partly because living matter has the property of making responses to future events, thus protecting itself against the forces of disintegration. For the reason already stated, consciousness of all grades has a protective function and has proved of priceless value in the preservation and elaboration of certain lines of descent against all the forces of death and dissolution. Given the heritable variability of organisms, which is universally observed, there must result a competition of designs, or adaptations, both of the organisms as a whole and of the accompanying nervous systems and psychic patterns. In this way "designs" have been

gradually perfected (as the paleontological record plainly shows) and although the individuals bearing the designs have been destroyed, the design itself has passed on from generation to generation and has even been improved from age to age. Thus "designs" have competed with each other for survival and in the resulting war nature has always played the double rôle of creator and destroyer, god and devil.

No doubt the particular chemical properties of the constituents of living matter are prerequisite to its living and so also are the correlated parts of the environment; but organic matter is alive. It manifests the properties of growth and reproduction, just because its constituent parts are organized into systems of vast complexity, having orderly positions with reference to each other in space and time. This fact of organization or "design" is of even greater importance in defining what is living than the chemical nature of the constituents. If each system did not have some inherently selfish or internally cohesive principle, it would quickly succumb either to external assault or to internal anarchy.

Another reason for the clash of "designs" in the endless repercussions of matter and energy is this: evolutionary series may be recognized as starting to develop along certain lines at different places and different times, but, by the processes of geographic distribution, different series having different rhythms finally come to meet in both time and space. Those endowed with harmonious attributes may protect and strengthen each other and so, uniting, secure a new period of integration. On the contrary, inharmonious designs tend to neutralize each other. The processes of dissolution are called death and destruction if the result is viewed as unfavorable to particular systems; but these very neutralizing and destructive processes afford the raw materials for the development of other systems that either absorb their energy or take advantage of the equilibrium of opposing forces.

During the processes of growth and reproduction, particular systems soon learn, so to speak, to act in unison with individuals either of their own kind or of other kinds. Hence one-celled animals grade into Metazoa, and the latter give rise to colonial, commensal, and finally to social organisms. At each stage of the adjustments of parts to the whole, of individuals to each other in commensals and societies, the nervous system is the chief organ of adjustment.

These institutions, or organizations, of individuals are enabled to endure by reason of the hereditary nature of instinct. Now, the inheritance of specific instincts we may assume, rests upon the inheritance of specific forms of nervous systems. The "brain" of the queen bee must be different from the brain of a worker, as her structure and behavior are different. This conclusion we must stand by even in the presence of the most amazingly complex behavior of bees and ants. It is the inheritance of these complex instincts that enables the ant or bee state as a whole to act like a perfectly trained but, nevertheless, leaderless orchestra. It is futile mysticism to personify the "directing spirit of the hive." The "spirit of the hive" stands for the hereditary design or specific pattern of behavior of the whole and of the parts with reference to the whole.

Such social automata or "leaderless orchestras," as we may call them, resemble human institutions in many respects. On the one hand, they present an appearance of foreordained design; on the other hand, they have doubtless evolved through the long accumulation and compound interest-bearing benefits of large-scale production and co-operation.

These "leaderless orchestras" also afford certain analogies to the organization of the human mind. Hereditary instincts (however transmitted) in both cases afford the primary impulses towards specific reactions; in both cases also there are devices for playing off one stimulus against another and thus securing delayed response. In social insects we may

infer from the evidence that in a given situation the range of possible responses is far less in the ant than in man. In man "associative memory" is slowly and painfully built up by innumerable experiences in each individual. In man the composition of forces that includes hereditary instincts and associative memory determines the particular response. In the ant probably instinctive behavior plays the greatest part. In man the richer the stores of associative memory, the more complicated becomes the kaleidoscopic mental pattern and the greater the illusion of a self-determining Free Will, which is a *deus ex machina* of about the same degree of objective reality as the "spirit of the hive."

The greater part of mankind ascribes the existence of design in nature to direct and immediate creation by a divine will and intelligence. The modern naturalist, on the contrary, while no less reverent towards the god that is manifested in nature, conceives the elaboration of "designs" in nature to have arisen through the synthesis of the following conditions:

The tendency of atomic and molecular forces to effect orderly or rhythmic arrangements of homogeneous masses. Thus are produced the exquisite "designs" of snow crystals.

The purposive or anticipatory quality of even the simplest vital processes.

The principle of stability, inertia, or inheritance, by which when a given type of reaction is once developed, it tends to repeat itself in generation after generation.

The resultant accumulation of more profitable reactions and the elimination of less profitable ones.

The natural advantages accruing from the harmonious co-operation of forces organized in systems.

The gradual pressure or gravitation towards well differentiated structure and habits in different groups, by which the economic possibilities of a given region are more and more thoroughly exploited.

The slow but endless cycle of geological changes, such as continental elevation and subsidence, erosion, deposition,

and the secular changes of climate. This provides the *vis a tergo* for the changing struggle for existence, for the diffusion and gradual restriction and elimination of floras and faunas, for those ever new and unexpected juxtapositions in time and space which give new opportunities for the slightly superior "designs" to supplant their less favored rivals, and for the building up of harmonious "designs" into ecologic organizations of vast scope and complexity.

Such was the inconceivably grand picture that Darwin saw as a whole and that his successors are revealing in more and more bewildering detail.

In an ideally constructed set of dice, operated by machinery, in which the conditions for each successive throw were made as far as possible uniform, there would be an approximation in the long run towards a certain distribution of throws, conforming to the "curve of probability." But by carefully and progressively loading the dice a given combination could be made to appear more and more frequently until it eventually came up every time. In the first condition where no one combination is favored more than another, a particular throw is said to eventuate "by chance," but all that this really means is that the conditions governing its production are hidden from us or are too complex to be disentangled and properly evaluated.

Chance is the basis of "luck" and "coincidence" — a condition where a given favorable or unfavorable combination occurs more frequently than the past experience of the individual affected by it would lead him to expect. In human affairs exceptional runs of "good luck" or "bad luck" are often ascribed to supernatural influences favorably or unfavorably disposed to the individual. So strong also is the appearance of an arbitrary and capricious supernatural agency in nature that it is not surprising that men have invoked the blessing of tribal gods which have no more substance or counterpart in reality than the gods of lovers, sailors, and gamblers.

Something analogous to "luck" is constantly happening in nature through the unexpected intersection in space and time of hitherto unconnected series of events. It was surely "good luck" for the ancestral marsupials of Australia that they happened to be in that part of the world when, through an entirely independent concatenation of events, it happened to be cut off from the rest of the world and they were thus for long ages protected from the crushing competition of the placental mammals. Similarly, the subsequent breaking down or bridging of the barriers protecting Australia has subjected its autochthonous fauna and flora to devastating invasions of superior types, thus initiating a cumulative run of "bad luck."

There is also an element analogous to luck in the unexpectedly high value of successive improvements when added in the right order. The supremacy of man to-day is partly conditioned by the fact that, as shown by comparative anatomical investigation, the line of the human stock did not attempt to walk erect on the ground until after it had gone through a long and severe training in the school of arboreal life. The most successful and longest-lived groups of fishes were those which avoided over-specialization of one or another organ of locomotion in the early stages of their career, and gradually built up a solid basis for future rapid advancement. Similarly, the emergence of the mammals from the theromorph or mammal-like reptiles was the result of a series of major adaptations added in a definite order. Any one of these adaptations added at too early a stage must have led to far different results.

It is hardly necessary to point out that "chance" and "law" are not mutually exclusive terms. The Mendelian law, as well as the whole science of genetics, is founded upon the chance matings of large numbers of individuals bearing opposite characters. The "standard deviation" in respect to a given character in a pure race conforms to the Law of Chance, or Curve of Probability. The whole business of life

insurance rests upon applications of the laws of probability and upon the principle that prophecy for the individual is less certain than prophecy for the mass.

So, too, there is no inconsistency in conceiving the growth of designs out of "chance" combinations of circumstances; the more the dice are loaded, or the possible combinations restricted, the greater the appearance of "design," which finally leaves nothing to "chance" or the unexpected. But this progressive limitation of possible events in a given series comes from the fact that the past is irrevocable and cumulative and thus progressively limits the "freedom" of the future.

The production of the beautiful automatic adaptations and organizations of nature through the long summation of slightly advantageous changes and the Natural Selection of small, favorable, heritable variations, has ever proved a stumbling-block to those who either fail to master Darwin's argument in all its scope, or are unfamiliar at first hand with the wealth of positive evidence for the gradual evolution of adaptations. It is hardly begging the question to say that, as it is the very essence of life to conserve and to produce responses and adjustments favorable to the individual's future, one of these favorable responses being variability, so it is the essence of evolution to combine and add up favorable or unfavorable variations of some sort (whether they be caused through still unexplained changes in the genes or otherwise), and thus to build up more and more elaborate adaptations or "designs" through the stress of competition continued through vast time.

CAPTURED

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

UNDER an elm tree where the river reaches
They watched the evening deepen in the sky,
They watched the westward clouds go towering by
Through lakes of blue toward those shining beaches,
Those far enchanted strands where blowing tides
Break into light along the shallow air:
They watched how like a tall ship's lantern there
Over that stormy surf the faint star rides.

Ship of a dream, he thought — O dreamed-of shore
Beyond all oceans and all earthly seas!
Now would they never call him any more;
Now would they never hurt him with unease.
She was that ship, that sea, that siren land,
And she was here, her hand shut in his hand.

FLAUBERT AND FLAUBART

By JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

ROMANTICISM is always with us; and probably it always has been. For, if romanticism is a significant phenomenon, as we feel instinctively it is, then the continual failure to define it suggests that it is an aboriginal appetite of the human soul, as primary and as elusive as love, or consciousness, or the soul itself. Instead of being angry with Rousseau, perhaps we ought to be grateful to him for anticipating the work of the psychoanalysts and bringing the complex to the surface of the European consciousness. Fragments of it had no doubt emerged before. Calvin and Port-Royal, by dividing the church on the extreme issue of original sin, had proved at least that a complete anti-romanticism was intolerable to the great majority of professing Christians. For romanticism, when defined in terms of Christian psychology, is anything short of an unwavering belief in original sin. Nevertheless, although Rousseau himself proclaimed the gospel of romanticism chiefly in terms of Christian thought, the appetite is too deep and too ancient to be thus confined.

Romanticism must certainly have existed before Christianity took hold of the civilized world, just as it has continued to exist when that hold has loosened. And if we look, as we must, for a formula which will comprehend all its forms we must give up hope of finding one so neat as that which Christian theology offers. The merit, and perhaps the *raison d'être*, of a closed system is that it permits of compact definition. Systems of religion, like systems of philosophy, are only the formal and fashionable garments which the untidy reality of the human soul puts on for a season. If it manages

to wear one longer, and the seasons become centuries, we find, if we look, that it is simply because so many patches and pockets have been added that nothing of the original design remains except the name. The soul insists upon being comfortable.

It may be that this very unheroic statement contains the largest quantity of truth. The soul is elastic. Bind it up tight, it will work loose somehow. Set it completely free, it will hurry into a convenient shell. It can live neither with, nor without bonds, without (strictly) obligations. If this prosaic movement covers all manifestations of spiritual energy, then we can say that romanticism is the working loose from obligations that are felt to be hampering; and every romanticism will be not only a reaction from an old formalism but the parent of a new one. For if romanticism is the feeling that we are better than our circumstances, it soon appears that the weightiest of these circumstances are fellow men who quickly catch the same feeling. Romanticism must end either in suicide or organization. Organization is, naturally, the more popular. So that, according as you are an optimist or a pessimist, you will describe the progress of humanity either as the taking off or as the putting on of one strait-waistcoat after another. The mere realist will be content to note that the curious process seems to have accelerated vastly.

So swift, indeed, does it appear to have become that we can almost discern an identity between the act of breaking out of one waistcoat and that of putting on another. Very, very few years elapsed between the proclamation of liberty and its organization into nationalism and the industrial system at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and we are not surprised that the most modern political romantics simply promise us, in so many words, a perfect orgy of organization.

But the paths of political and artistic romanticism are separate. They may use the same battle-cry, but they mean

very different things by it. When the artist proclaims that "man is better than his circumstances," he means by man, himself; he is the type of humanity. When the democrat proclaims it, he means by man all men. Both propositions are doubtful.

What is interesting is that one proves to be in almost diametrical opposition to the other. If the artistic romantic believes that he is superior to his circumstances, he also believes in himself as an exceptional being. The faith that all men are exceptional beings is impossible to him. There would be no background for his own performance. In order to be lawless one needs laws; the ordinary alone can make the extraordinary possible. But the political romantic proclaims that all men are extraordinary, and proceeds to legislate for them as though they were all the same. In itself somewhat irrational, this method is peculiarly irritating to the artistic romantic, who believes that he anyhow is something out of the common. Hence the conflict that is for ever silently raging between democracy and art. We say art, simply, instead of romantic art, because the growth of democracy has driven all art to romanticism. A society which is based on the principle that all men are spiritually superior, abolishes spiritual superiority altogether, because a superiority which all men share is not a superiority at all. Against such a society the artist is inevitably in more or less open rebellion. These circumstances are the worst possible for him. No wonder that he believes himself superior to them.

The relation of democracy to the Christian religion need not be settled now. The important thing is to see what a marvellous safety-valve for natural romanticism Christianity offered. It assured the ordinary man that he was indeed, as he believed, superior to his circumstances, and that at the same time it was a wicked and foolish waste of time for him to attempt to change his circumstances. Not here, not now, it said, and promised him a crown of glory in the world to come. Thus superbly, and not altogether in contradiction to

the intention of its founder, it reconciled the necessary inequality of this world with the instinctive desire for equality. For many centuries it satisfied the natural romanticism of man.

Political romanticism was the immediate result of a decline of Christianity. Man's instinctive belief that he is better than his circumstances is no longer satisfied by a promise of superiority in another world. It has, therefore, to be satisfied here and now; and the only way that it can be satisfied is by establishing a criterion of superiority which has the assent of the greatest possible number of members of society — the test of money. Political romanticism leads direct to plutocracy. What comes after plutocracy, so far as we can see, is revolution, and more plutocracy.

So, in a sense, political romanticism ends by giving a justification to artistic romanticism. In a plutocracy the feeblest artist has some excuse for regarding himself as superior to his conditions. In a manner often exaggerated and sometimes absurd he is vindicating the principle of spiritual superiority and defending the conception of the hero. He conceives himself as above the laws because the laws no longer make provision for the principle which he, however inadequately, represents. He cannot acknowledge himself a member of a society which has no place for him; and he feels, if he cannot define, the equivocation which lies behind the invitation that he should take his place in it as a citizen. A man is a citizen of a commonwealth only when the commonwealth enables him to realize his own potentialities.

Thus the growth of political romanticism has intensified, and continues to intensify, artistic romanticism. The artist is driven back into the stronghold of his own personality. There is, of course, no essential reason why he should not continue to be objective in his art. But objectivity requires from him a much greater effort than was necessary before. He no longer feels that his work has a social function, so that the need of an obvious and immediate universality is seldom

present to him. For the same reason, the spirit of comedy begins to wither, because there is no principle inherent in the society in which he lives to which he can refer its aberrations; it is all aberration. And again the patient representation of reality is irksome, because the reality itself is alien to him, and if he turns to it, he turns to it with impatience and scorn.

This aggravation of artistic romanticism by the political romanticism which it helped to engender, is one of the most striking phenomena of the nineteenth century. It explains the curious paradox by which at a time when civilization has degenerated (or "progressed") into a complex arrangement of material conveniences for the purpose of producing wealth, the artist has a far greater conviction of his own sacrosanctity than ever before in history. The modern artist is positively swollen-headed; he is a perpetual hero to himself; like Baudelaire's Dandy, he lives and sleeps in front of a mirror. And there is a good deal of excuse for him. A sense of self-importance is probably necessary to life, and if the importance is really illusory, the only obvious remedy is to exaggerate one's belief in it. When nobody believes you are anything, the instinctive reply is to believe that you are everything. Against a society which has a function for the artist only in so far as he is a manufacturer of a profitable merchandise, it is scarcely surprising that the artist retorts that his is, in fact, the supreme function, and his position so exalted that it is invisible to the naked eye.

Well, some such conception may have its uses in keeping the artist going. But illusions are illusions, and they are dangerous. If it is a good thing that the artist should be kept going, it is not a good thing that he should be sent into a blind alley. The modern conception of the artist is worse than a blind alley; it is a road that leads to perdition.

What is the modern conception of the artist? It is that he is a kind of superman. He speaks a language that is naturally and inevitably unintelligible to the general world, simply because the thoughts he thinks and the emotions he feels

are extraordinary. He repudiates with disdain all obligations to be comprehensible. Having an ineradicable conviction that there is nobody who can comprehend him, he has come to believe that comprehensibility is in itself a sign of weakness and failure. What is original (he supposes) must necessarily be unintelligible. Originality and obscurity are synonymous for him; and since the desire of his heart is to be original, he shuns lucidity as he would the plague. He finds, moreover, a profound satisfaction in obscurity for its own sake, because it is an evident and unmistakable sign of his superiority to the profane vulgar. And he has a deep contempt for those members of his own craft who make some effort to be generally intelligible. Indeed, he is more contemptuous of these than he is of the uneducated mob. The reason seems to be that he regards them as traitors to the mystery and craft of "Art." So that, to the observant stranger, the most obvious mark of the Artist is the vehemence and fury of his assertion that other people are *not* Artists.

The first thing to notice in this characteristic modern creed is that while proclaiming the infinite superiority of the artist, it absolves him entirely from the effort in which his superiority consists. The artist—we give him a small initial to distinguish him from the modern artist-superman—is indeed, by hypothesis, an extraordinary person. But it is not sufficient for anybody to be an extraordinary person. Most people are, when you come to know them; and the extremely extraordinary persons are shut up in prisons and asylums. What distinguishes the artist from these other extraordinary persons is his power to make his peculiar thoughts and emotions and perceptions intelligible to a considerable body of people. This considerable body of people is not very large, at the best; there are relatively few people who are curious enough to desire to see life through other eyes than their own. Most prefer to read a book, or to look at a picture, in order to find a corroboration of their

own habitual ways of thinking or feeling or even of dreaming. But there remains a considerable residue who have tasted the delight of having new thoughts and feelings and perceptions revealed to them, and are excited by the promise of happiness which the artist seems to hold out to them. These are the people to whom the artist addresses himself. He acknowledges a double obligation to himself and to them: to himself, not to falsify his peculiar thoughts and perceptions; to them to make the apprehension of those thoughts and perceptions as easy as possible. Indeed, the obligation is so strong and so profound, that his effort is to impose his thoughts and perceptions upon them, to make it impossible for them to refuse them. Only in so far as he succeeds in this task is the extraordinary person an artist at all. But the Artist is not merely relieved from the effort; he has to give a solemn undertaking when he is admitted to the mysterious company of Artists not to degrade himself by making it.

It is clear that such a singular and self-stultifying conception of the Artist cannot be very ancient. The Artists are, indeed, like people who propose to reform the morals of society by refusing to beget children; if they had their way, purity would be perfect within a generation, for the race would cease to exist. If all artists had been Artists, art would have deceased long ago.

The second thing to notice about the conception of the Artist is that it is a very modern invention, much younger than the steam-engine, only a little older than the telephone; and, like the telephone (we are tempted to add) it comes, at any rate in its last perfection, from America. But the origins are European enough. It began with Rousseau and romanticism, as we have seen. Rousseau did not know what seeds would fall upon the ground he so vigorously overturned. Nor was the first generation of literary romantics in the least a generation of Artists. Most of them were eager to convert the world. Byron moved Europe; Chateaubriand

moved France. Stendhal, though he made up his mind that he would not be read till 1880, put no difficulties at all in the way of people who wished to read him before then. The struggle over Hugo's "Hernani" was comprehensible enough to set all Paris by the ears. If the first generation of literary romantics was eager to get "anywhere out of the world," it was also anxious to take the world with it. And on the whole it was fairly successful. The worst crime that can be urged against it — unless we call romanticism itself a crime, and condemn the whole nineteenth century and ourselves — is that it consecrated the conception of the artist as the genius.

In the next generation of romantics, when the consequences of political romanticism were beginning to be felt, a fresh *nuance* of disdain was added. The artist's eye no longer rolled "in a fine frenzy," his hair was no more shaken out to the wind. He was an immaculately dressed man of the world with a secret sorrow. He buttoned up his coat, thrust his hand like Napoleon between the buttons, and looked fixedly at the wilderness of industrialism before him. It was the time of Baudelaire's Dandyism. The artist was something of a superman; he had the superman's impassivity; and he enjoyed making the bourgeois shudder: but he knew that the bourgeois in order to shudder would have to understand.

Nevertheless, we are on the brink of the invention of Art. It came with Flaubert. Not that Flaubert can be made in the least responsible for it; he knew no more than Rousseau the superstitious uses to which a private curb of his for riding his own ultra-romantic Pegasus would afterwards be put. Art was for him still the process by which he disciplined his own peculiar thoughts and perceptions into universal comprehensibility; and he made himself very comprehensible indeed. Knowing that he was a smaller person than men before him like Balzac and Hugo, he made an additional effort at lucidity. They could afford to leave something to chance, he could not, and he did not. In this he was perhaps the most faithful artist that ever breathed. Had he been a

bigger one, he would not have been able to be so devoted.

But the mysterious and prodigious labors under which he groaned reached the ears of the general world. Flaubert wore a strait-waistcoat; he fed on a diet of quill pens; he was an alchemist; nobody could ever, ever understand the things he did. Nobody — except the Artists. For the Artists had suddenly come into being. They were the people who understood Flaubert. Not what Flaubert wrote, of course, for Flaubert had left no shred of excuse why an intelligent person should not understand, and set his own value on, what he wrote. They were the people who understood the mysterious process by which Flaubert wrote what he had written. They knew the measurements of the strait-waistcoat, and the number of pens he ate for breakfast. They knew how it was done. They were the hierophants of Flaubart: like Gérard de Nerval's lobster, they knew the secret; unlike him, they said aloud they knew it.

Which was very nice for them, seeing that quite a number of respectable people, who might otherwise have read Flaubert as they read Dickens or Hardy, enjoying what they like and not torturing themselves with what they don't, took the Flaubartians — for that is what we will call them now — at their word, and, being afraid of secrets, decided Flaubert was too deep for them. That was still nicer for the Flaubartians. The more people they could keep away from the shrine, and leave to kneel on the temple steps, the greater their own prestige; until with the lapse of years their prestige increased sufficiently for them to issue an edict proclaiming it *lèse-majesté* for anyone to suggest that Flaubert was not the greatest writer who ever lived. Oddly enough, this edict was not proclaimed by Frenchmen in France, but by Americans and Englishmen in America and England. But in this again the Flaubartians showed their wisdom. It was to their advantage that Flaubart (to be for ever distinguished from Gustave Flaubert the novelist) should have delivered his oracles in a foreign tongue.

Not until Flaubert was dead could this cult be fully inaugurated, for Flaubert, being a straightforward man with a perfectly clear vision of his own relative importance, had a distressing habit of suspecting those who wanted to turn him into Flaubert. But once he was safely buried, the legend was begun. The story of the miracle was spread abroad and the ground near the grotto diligently bought up. A thriving trade in literary superstition was created. The Art of literature was a mystery; no one could understand it who had not made his pilgrimage to the shrine. Real literature was incomprehensible; if it was comprehensible, it was not real. Naturally, the ordinary man accustomed to go to literature for a life-giving delight, left Flaubert severely alone. He worshipped from afar. And if a spirit bolder than the rest took hold of Flaubert's works and declared that they were quite intelligible, that some were very fine and others were dull, the priests gathered round the shrine, shook their heads in pity and said: "Ah, you see now what comes of not consulting us. He does not understand, and he has declared his folly to the world."

So the mystical creed of the perfect impenetrability of Art was established, and the secret society of Artists begun. And a little while after, a parallel cult in painting was arranged, in the same fashion. Paul Cézanne happened to be a man very like Flaubert, a rather simple soul who had to impose a prodigious discipline upon himself in order to make his stiff fingers supple enough to produce a work that should be as lucid and "as solid as the art of the museums." For him, like Flaubert, it was a terrible effort to make himself comprehensible, to be faithful to what he saw and at the same time to reveal to others what he had seen. By an exercise of the will like Flaubert's, he triumphed like Flaubert. Among many failures, and as a result of them, he produced a number of pictures which are solid and individual and simple. He struggled for lucidity and he achieved it, and if you wish to know and enjoy the directness of the art at

which he aimed you have only to go to the Camondo Collection at the Louvre and stand in front of the masterpiece called "La Maison du Pendu." And the Camondo Collection will do you this further service, if you are still oppressed by the intimidations of the *Cézanne-kult*, that it will help you to see how naturally the finest work of Cézanne takes its place with the finest work of Degas, of Renoir, of Camille Pissaro, yes and of Sisley. Cézanne is perhaps the clumsiest of the great phalanx, but sometimes, by the sheer intensity which the effort to overcome clumsiness imposed upon him, he achieves a more piercing effect even than they. But he is an equal in the company of equals.

But, of course, it is not the lucidity which Cézanne so painfully won which interests the Flaubartians of painting. They regard it as very reprehensible that Cézanne was lucid. They prefer to dazzle you with the obscure and experimental exercises he undertook in order to discipline himself; and if you are courageous and insist that in his finished work all the obscurity has disappeared, leaving something that you can enjoy with an intense delight, they will smile disdainfully and pretend that your enjoyment proves that you know nothing about it at all. Art is incomprehensible, they chant, save to us alone. If you think it is comprehensible, then you are a fool.

So in the last generation the worship of the heavenly twins has spread. Flaubert has been divinified into Tweedledum, Cézanne into Tweedledee. And they have done nothing whatever to deserve it. Both were faithful servants of art; both were, indeed, heroes of art, for what was comparatively easy for others was terribly hard for them. Not born great, they achieved greatness; but when they died, greatness of another kind, which they would have been the first to disown, was thrust upon them. Men who had made themselves heroes by the agony of their efforts to conquer lucidity were made gods of incomprehensibility.

Since that time Flaubart has become a Moloch. Holo-

causts of promising artists have been sacrificed to him. A young writer or a young painter is crushed under the weight of an accumulated prestige, so that he no longer dares to make the effort to be comprehensible. By an astonishing extravagance of perversity he has been induced to believe that it is necessary that he should be incomprehensible. And the prestige of Flaubart is powerfully seconded by the attitude of romanticism into which the "civilization" of the nineteenth century has forced him. He believes — and we have seen that it is largely true — that the artist is inevitably in rebellion against modern society. How can he more evidently behave as a rebel than by deliberately refusing to be intelligible even to that portion of society which may desire to understand him? Flaubart smiles upon his impulse, and watches him complacently as he rushes off to commit harakiri upon the altar, proclaiming the pre-eminence of art by annihilating it.

Nor is it surprising that this juju should be practised with the most extravagant fury by inhabitants of the United States of America. In those States the materialism of modern "civilization" has reached extremity. The romantic reaction against it is therefore also extreme. Flaubart appears in America as the savior, for an act of homage to him is the only possibility of protest. Intelligent young Americans turn to Europe (many of them bodily) and seize with frenzy upon all that is most esoteric in the European practice of the new religion. They fling themselves into the cult of incomprehensibility with all the ardor of exasperated youth. They bow down to its prophets and worship them. And in their magazines they offer up prayers to Flaubart, of which this is one. A barrel organ monkey speaks. The children laugh —

But i don't, the crank goes round desperate elves and hopeless gnomes and frantic fairies gush clumsily from the battered box fattish [*sic*] and mysterious the flowerstricken sunlight is thicken-

ing dizzily is reeling gently the street and the children and the monkey — and the organ are dancing slowly are tottering up and down in a trembly mist of atrocious melody . . . tiniest dead tunes crawl upon my face my hair is lousy with mutilated singing microscopic things in my ears scramble faintly tickling putrescent atomies,

and
i feel

the jerk of the little string! the tiny smiling shabby man is yelling over the music i understand him i shove my round red hat back on my head i sit up and blink at you with my solemn eyes which-neversmile

The first noticeable thing about it is that the author is trying desperately to be incomprehensible, and he has considerable difficulty. He uses little "i"s for big ones and abolishes stops, strictly in order to make himself unreadable. Still, he can be read. And he knows it. So he has to write two lines which are pure nonsense: "tiniest dead tunes" etc. The comprehensible part is perfectly commonplace.

But the Artist never admits that he is deliberately aiming at incomprehensibility. He will smile his superior smile when we point to his little "i"s for big ones; and if he could be induced to condescend to our level of stupidity (which he will never do) he would also say: "I have my reasons." It is useless for us to ask him what they are, because one of the first articles in the Flaubart creed is that "the Artist never explains his Art." Since he is condemned to silence we must appoint one of ourselves to be his advocate. Let us listen to the author's affable *alter ego*:

Author's Alter Ego. i use i because i do not wish to insist upon my personality. In this poem I am not I. I am merely a sentience my personality is in abeyance.

Mere Philistine. I understand. But has it never occurred to you that insistence and emphasis are relative? In a normal conversation I attract attention equally whether I shout or whisper. The emphasis lies in departure from the norm.

A. A. E. Surely you're not going to deny that "i" is smaller than "I."

M. P. Not at all. It is precisely because it is smaller that it is more emphatic.

A. A. E. But why should i have a capital if i don't want it?

M. P. There is no reason at all, if art consists in doing what you want to do. There is no reason why you should not always write your name, instead of Author, Rohtau, if you like it better that way. But I understood that your desired to convey to someone that your personality was in abeyance, that you were on this occasion a passive consciousness invaded by sights and sounds.

R. A. E. Well, what of it?

M. P. Only that you are going quite the wrong way about it. By writing i for I you are merely concentrating attention upon your personality. The letters of the alphabet are merely conventional symbols for sounds. They are useful precisely because they are fixed conventions. If you want to alter them, do so by all means, and accept the consequence that you write to be understood by yourself alone. You prefer the look of Rohtau — I admit that it somehow seems to suit you better — then have it Rohtau. But don't forget to pronounce it Author. Otherwise you will be in the awful position of having been compelled to change the sound of your name by a mere convention. Other people, of course, will call you Rohtau (or perhaps, finding that awkward, a fool) but that won't matter to such a convinced individualist as yourself.

R. A. E. But James Joyce does much worse things than that.

M. P. Worse, perhaps. But nothing quite so stupid as changing I into i.

R. A. E. (producing the Artist's bible, revised version: "Ulysses," and turning over the pages hurriedly) Look at that. Isn't that worse than "eyeswhichneversmile"?

M. P. (looks at "Eglingtoneyes looked up skybrightly.")

No. I'm afraid you really are an ass, Rohtau. There is some sense in Joyce's method. I have no difficulty in understanding what he means and why he writes it in that fashion. He wants to give me the direct physical sensation of a peculiar glance given by John Eglinton. He wants to give me the sense of the bright swiftness of the glance from those sky-blue eyes. I am not sure whether he succeeds. The real question to settle is whether the effort and delay involved by my having to separate and recognize the elements in "Eglinton-eyes" and "skybrightly" in order to combine them is not so great as to nullify the impression of swiftness. I rather think it is; but I am doubtful, and since I am doubtful, the experiment is proved to have been worth making.

But you, my dear Rohtau, are really a fool when you write "eyeswhichneversmile." If you were trying (as you are not) to convey a sensation of swiftness, of a single act in its native wholeness, as Joyce was trying to do, you would still be a fool for employing such a device, for it is obvious in this case that the effort needed to disintegrate that word completely nullifies any effect of simultaneity which might be produced by writing it in one word. My apprehension of "eyes which never smile" is at least four times as swift as my apprehension of "eyeswhichneversmile." Unless I can separate the component words I cannot understand the phrase. The normal method of writing enables me to understand the phrase quite easily. If you still desire to give me an impression of simultaneity, you may use the normal symbol and write "eyes-which-never-smile." That will remind you, dear Rohtau, of "the-woman-who-did" and "the-boy-who-was-tired"; and that reminder will enable you to appreciate the level of your mentality.

R. A. E. But look at this. (Shows M. P. a page from "Ulysses," beginning:

Bronze by gold heard the hoofirons, steelyringing.

Imperthnthn thnthnthn

Chips, picking chips off rocky thumbnail, chips.

Horrid! And gold flushed more
 A husky fifenote blew.
 Blew. Blue bloom is on the
 Gold pinnacled hair
 A jumping rose on satiny breasts of satin, rose of Castile.
 Trilling, trilling: I dolores.
 Peep! Who's in the . . . peep of gold?)

What about that?

M. P. Yes, I admit it's pretty bad. It seems to me utterly wrong-headed. But I know what Joyce is trying to do. Each one of those unintelligible phrases recurs in its proper context in the next pages of the narrative. They might be described, if I were charitable, as a kind of shorthand statement of the theme to be developed. But I am not charitable. I once spent twenty good minutes puzzling over that page, and I bear Joyce a grudge for it. So, without waiting to discuss whether such "a statement of theme" has in itself any value, I will say that it is the act of a lunatic to place it where it is. Where it is, it has not, and cannot possibly have any meaning.

R. A. E. Do you mean to say Joyce is a fool?

M. P. Certainly a fool, but also a man of genius. I am afraid, my dear Rohtau, you haven't that excuse for yourself. You try to be incomprehensible because you think you ought to be. Joyce is incomprehensible because he cannot help it. He is an egomaniac, the Rousseau *de nos jours*. All the aberrations of which we can see the beginnings in Jean-Jacques reach an extreme intensity in him. He is a contorted Laocoön in a death-struggle with the serpent of his inhibitions. He belongs to the most backward nation of the West, and he has been condemned to do for Ireland what Rousseau had to do for Europe. What was almost a natural gesture one hundred and fifty years ago, is an act of frenzy now. Rousseau was sane and tame compared to him. And just as Ireland itself is centuries behind the level of the European consciousness, Joyce is a man who has to leap a mile in a

single stride. His effort is superhuman, and still he is not abreast. His strength is spent in liberating the world from inhibitions which it no longer feels. He has to achieve the evolution from mediaevalism to modernity in a night. Deep in him is the knowledge that he is the scapegoat of a race. No wonder he is an egomaniac. The "purity" of Irish women, the savagery of the Irish clans, the futility of Irish humor, the resentment of Ireland against an alien culture, the revolt of Ireland against a church that has been European in every country of Europe but Ireland — these are a few of the instincts that Joyce has had to satisfy by annihilating them in himself. He is the Voodoo man of Santo Domingo appointed Ambassador in Paris. He is the perfect cosmopolitan, and the perfect savage. *Qu'il est exotique!* Jean-Jacques only came from Savoy; Joyce comes from the Hyperboreans. Jean-Jacques was the voice of his age; Joyce is the voice of dead centuries. The history of Ireland in the last ten years will have its place (a strange place) in the history of the world: "Ulysses" will have precisely the same place in the world's literature.

I am afraid, my dear Rohtau, that these considerations will bore you. They have so little to do with Art. But they should have some interest for you. You are an American. America is not so backward as Ireland; it is not so old. But it has spent the hundred odd years of its life just like Ireland, in devouring the children of its womb. Your men of talent flee to Europe. But they do not belong to Europe, and they cannot become part of it, for they are in a fever of rebellion against constraints which were abolished for Europe long ago. Because they are conscious of their native Puritanism, they behave as the orgiasts of liberty; the knowledge that they are aliens to European civilization drives them to assume the airs of superculture; and they call their self-lacerations Art. They rush into the service of Flaubart where they can vent their exasperations under the mask of superiority. Like the priests of Aricia they gain possession of the

temple by slaying the priests before them; and like the priests of Aricia they are a prey to perpetual fears lest another priest may come and murder them. They are the true outlaws of civilization. They cannot rest in their own country, and they have no abiding place in any other. The priesthood of Art is filled by Americans and Irishmen and Jews. I tell you, my dear Rohtau, that Art is not European at all: it is only the latest American invention. It is a patented device by which backward nations procure themselves the illusion of having got abreast, ahead even, of a civilization and a tradition which is not instinctive in them. If it were not that genius is a phenomenon independent of civilization and tradition, Art would be as worthless spiritually as a vacuum cleaner. But genius is as possible in a backward nation as in a civilized one. By the device of Art genius will yield only a fraction of its true potentialities. Flaubert cannot kill genius, he can only deprive it of much of its value; but he can murder a talent. I think he has already murdered yours, Rohtau, for I can see nothing of it remaining. Good-bye.

STORY ANIMALS

By CAROLINE FRANCIS RICHARDSON

A LONG the road of story-telling that stretches from remotest past to dimmest future, there have travelled not only men and women, gods and devils, but also beasts and birds, fishes and reptiles. Sometimes these creatures of the animal world have been mere accessories to the story, sometimes they have been the whole reason for the story's being. In either case they have enjoyed immense popularity, for mankind has always felt a keen interest in his next of kin, has always noticed his own resemblance in features and in characteristics to his brother the ox or his sister the sheep.

In very early narration the part played by animals was likely to be a leading one, or at least one commensurate with that played by man. To the primitive mind, man and animal were equal. If superiority there were, it was possessed by the animal who was obviously stronger, swifter, bigger, and presumably wiser than man. In many instances, moreover, the animal characters of fable and fairy-tale are endowed not only with intelligence, resource, and determination, but also with fine traits of character and high degrees of courtesy. Arion's dolphin and the White Snake, for example, display extraordinary efficiency, and in addition they possess a pleasant, comradely quality that has had much to do towards ensuring their immortality.

Some other long-ago creatures owe their prolongation of life largely to their social position: Balaam's ass and Pegasus have impeccable references, but they lack charm and personality. Still others are famous because of their fantastic features or figures. Such animals once acquired interest and

still retain it, not through their manners or morals, but rather through their personal appearance and mysterious antecedents. Hippogriffs and basilisks, griffins and salamanders, unicorns and dragons, all have little but their looks to recommend them; yet they exert a fascination that normally formed, well-behaved animals cannot compete with. A griffin, for example, who could at one and the same moment blink his eagle-eyes and switch his lion-tail would inevitably be better remembered and more respected than would Princess Periezade's clever Talking Bird, or St. Mark's mannerly lion, or a modern author's chivalrous house-dog.

The narrow line that to the childlike mind of long ago divided man and animal was often obliterated by the pleasant theory of metamorphosis which permits characters to play double parts whenever plot makes an outward and visible change advisable. Thus, Tuan MacCairill lives on after the Flood by taking, successively, the forms of a stag, a boar, a hawk, and a salmon; Taliesen, when pursued, changes with incredible swiftness from beast to fish, to bird; and the Two Swineherds of ancient Irish story have a particularly lively time as ravens, warriors, sea monsters, demons, worms, and oxen. Circe's swine, Beauty's Beast, the White Cat, and the Blue Bird (Madame d'Aulnoy's) are all examples of successful transfers from human to animal form and back again. *Loups-garous*, swan-maidens, and other cross-creations are instances of the effort to account for animal traits in man and human traits in animals. Story-telling has used these mysterious beings freely, although a werewolf was an unpleasant and dangerous acquaintance, and a swan or serpent lady was likely to prove an embarrassing housemate. But all three were first-rate plot developers. They brought their climaxes with them.

There is, however, another group of man's animal associates that is far more agreeable to consort with — the friendly beast. Sometimes this modest, unselfish animal may

be of real value to the story and take upon itself the responsibility of plot construction as does Puss-in-Boots or the Falcon of Federigo in the "Decameron"; but usually no more is asked of the amiable assistant than to provide advice, as does Whittington's cat, or melancholy detail, as does Mother Hubbard's dog, or house furnishings, as do the Three Bears — who were not friendly by intention. In the mediaeval romances, there are innumerable helpful beasts who guide heroes to waiting and willing fairy maidens, or who warn when danger threatens, or who carry messages between separated lovers. By the middle ages, animal had become much subordinated to man, but, in the judgment of his human contemporaries, animal was animated by the same feelings as his superior. The birds and beasts of the romances and saints' legends love and hate, are courtly and belligerent, and even know the Otherworld.

No more resourceful and considerate animals have ever had their stories written for our learning than have those of the "Golden Legend." There was a lion healed by St. Jerome that remained at the monastery to act as a beast of burden; another lion found St. Zosimus attempting feebly to dig a grave and the lion promptly dug the grave himself, and "departed debonairly." The wild beasts sent to devour St. Eufemia not only fawned upon her but they "joined their tails together, and made of them a chair for her to sit on." (Furthermore, they ate the judge who had directed the torture.) St. Francis's lambs went to church and kneeled at the proper moments; flocks of birds heard his sermons with reverence; and fish listened while St. Brandon said Mass, and hearkened to St. Anthony's sermon preached especially for them.

Perhaps the very prettiest of these legends is the one that begins: "What time St. Francis abode in the city of Agobio, there appeared in the country of Agobio an exceeding great wolf, terrible and fierce, the which devoured not only animals, but also men." Everyone knows the story, how St.

Francis acted as intermediary between the townsfolk and the wolf, how the Saint showed himself not unaware of the wolf's side of the quarrel: "Brother wolf, sith it pleases thee to make and hold this peace, I promise thee that I will see to it that the folk of this place give thee food alway so long as thou shalt live, or that thou shalt not suffer any more, for that I wot well that through hunger hast thou wrought all this ill." Then "the wolf knelt him down and bowed his head, and with gentle movements of his body, tail and eyes, gave sign as best he could that he would keep their pact entire."

Moral lessons are probably the heaviest burden laid on the animals of fiction. From the earliest times, philosophic and ironic thinkers have utilized them to make clear the weakness and wickedness of mankind. In doing this, the story-teller has fastened certain traits upon helpless beasts. Long ago it became an accepted conclusion that peacocks are proud; mice, timid; lions, brave; geese, silly; doves, meek; and pigs, greedy. The convention of poetry is especially insistent that a robin, a lark, and a nightingale shall not depart from their respective song-programmes of cheerfulness, aspiration, and love.

Beast fables have, oddly enough, never lacked admirers though they usually offer moral lessons clearly and with a human applicableness disconcerting to a self-analyzing reader, or listener. But the literary vehicle — an animal story — makes the pertinent connection less impertinent, and one may assure one self that the author has intended not to instruct but to amuse. "Black Beauty" and the "Dog of Flanders" are lineal descendants of the beast epic and present their lessons clearly. Sterne's starling is allegorical, and so are Rostand's Chantecler and Maeterlinck's Bluebird. Mark Twain's "A Dog's Tale" is a sentimental reform-allegory. But a beast fable is not obliged to be moral or satirical: it makes and breaks its own rules, and it is most successful, artistically, when it merely tells a good story as is proved

equally well by examples from "Ysopet" or from "Uncle Remus." And there is little uplift discoverable in the folktales of Louisiana which offer numbers of lively, quite unimproving accounts of the doings of *Compair Lapin*, *Commère Baleine*, and *Michié Nelephant*.

Present-day fiction includes many instances of animals playing either major or minor rôles. As a general thing, however, animals outside of beast fables do not seriously affect a plot. Balzac's "A Passion in the Desert," Poe's "The Murders of the Rue Morgue," Kipling's "Bertran and Bimi" represent the story in which animals motivate the plot. Dr. Brown's "Rab and his Friends," Jack London's "The Call of the Wild," Ouida's "Dog of Flanders," Miss Sewall's "Black Beauty," Richard Harding Davis's "The Bar Sinister," and some of the Thompson Seton stories, all illustrate the variety of narration that makes the animal the leading character, or at least the teller, of a tale in which human beings are seen only through animal eyes and theoretically only with animal intelligence. But the limitations are merely theoretical. It is a difficult matter, apparently, to write an animal story and permit the beast to remain a beast. To attribute human psychology and sentiment to a horse, a dog, or a wolf is an irresistible temptation to many.

In the effort to emphasize pathos or cleverness, an author asks us to believe that a horse will out-Bayard Bayard in chivalric delicacy, that a dog will exhibit a resourcefulness in conducting his master's affairs that would put human achievement to shame, and that a wolf will evidence a self-control and initiative equal to that of the graduate of a correspondence-school course in will power. It is quite true, of course, that an animal does often seem to possess an uncanny comprehension of a human's mood, but such understanding results from keen physical senses not from a man-like brain and soul. It is not truth alone, however, that insures immortality, and many a "real" animal is forgotten while a creature compounded of pathetic fallacies will live to become

an Allusion and a Reference. Sterne is a good example of a writer who can fairly wallow in animal sentimentality and yet remain entertaining. His emotion was always at the service of any adjacent bird or ass or goat. His high watermark, unquestionably, is Uncle Toby's impassioned address to a fly: "'Go' — says he, one day at dinner to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his nose and tormented him cruelly all dinner time, and which after infinite attempts he had caught at last as it flew by him. 'I'll not hurt thee,' says my Uncle Toby, rising from his chair and going across the room with the fly in his hand, — 'I'll not hurt a hair of thy head': 'Go,' says he, . . . 'go, poor devil . . . why should I hurt thee? This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.'"

But occasionally there arises an honest craftsman who shows the animal as it actually is. Stevenson's Modestine is completely a donkey — "patient, elegant in form, the color of an ideal mouse." Even Dickens, admittedly a sentimentalist, resisted any temptation to humanize Paul Dombey's friend, Diogenes, or Bill Sikes's snarling companion — though, being Dickens, he did note mannerisms as in the case of the pony, Whisker (in "The Old Curiosity Shop"), or Dora's Jip (in "David Copperfield"). Scott's Jackanapes is a monkey only (in "Wandering Willie's Tale"); Daudet's mule — the one that reserved the kick — had a normal mule nature; H. C. Bunner's Andromache (originally Hector) is as God made her; Balzac's panther (in "A Passion in the Desert") is an affectionate but bloodthirsty beast; and Kipling, though he did create the lofty minded Bagheera, Balor, and Kaa, also created Bimi. Now, Bimi is real. Bimi is animated by brute sensations only, he has no manners, no morals, no inhibitions of any kind. He is jealous of his master's wife, and he satisfies his jealousy as an orang-outang might be expected to: he tears the woman into quite small pieces. And Poe's orang-outang is equally true to type.

There is a sort of pseudo-animal story that gives sheer

pleasure to the reader, stories in which animals are neither entirely divested of brute traits nor altogether suffocated with human attributes. A certain "Cats' Arabian Nights" was of this nature, but a better known example is "The Ugly Duckling." Now, allegorical (and psychologically false) though it be, "The Ugly Duckling" is a completely satisfying story. It is so entirely reasonable that the ducklings should exclaim on coming out of the shell: "How immense the world is!", and any tom-cat and hen might easily fall into the habit of saying: "We and the world!" and might sensibly suggest to a duckling — an ugly one — that it would have no worries if it would just lay eggs like the hen, or purr like the cat.

A field rather crowded with animals of this variety — partly human, partly bestial — is that of the nonsense story. There have been quantities of foolish and ephemeral animals created to amuse children. But the creatures in "Alice in Wonderland" are among the immortals in literature. The reader, young or old, enjoys equally the Walrus and his associate, the Carpenter. The March Hare is on the same plane as the Hatter. The Mock Turtle and the Gryphon, the White Rabbit (his letters were addressed to Mr. W. Rabbit), the Cheshire Cat, the Mouse whose tale dwindles into very fine print, the guinea pigs that invite continual suppressing, are quite as genuine (and far more satisfying) than any beast burdened with lessons could possibly be. Frank R. Stockton handled his fantastic animals most pleasantly. There was a fearsome griffin that became the warm friend of a minor canon, and a penitent hippogriff that is not easily forgotten. Many of the most famous nonsense animal stories are in rhyme; the romance of the Owl and the Pussy Cat, the death and burial of Cock Robin, and the lamentable tale of the Frog who would a-wooing go, are verse tales of proved charm and longevity.

Animals have even made their way into ghost stories. They may be ghosts themselves or they may merely con-

tribute to supernatural effects as when they cower and shrink from something the human cannot see or sense. And occasionally an author sends an animal to Heaven, following a precedent established by the mediaeval romances which despatched all sorts of creatures freely to and from the Otherworld. (Perhaps it was from the Otherworld that Ambrose Bierce's "Damned Thing" came.) The Moslem creed, I have heard, admitted ten animals to Heaven, Jonah's whale and Balaam's ass being among the number.

This morning a very purposeful, very clean little boy — a fairly holystoned little boy — shared a seat with me in the street-car. He ostentatiously opened his Reader and in a not too low voice he read me the story of the Grasshopper and the Ant. (We had never been introduced. This was one of those regrettable instances where a male and female strike up an acquaintance in a public conveyance.) There was a picture, too: a large green grasshopper was dejectedly watching a small black ant which was just about to enter the door of a cozy mound. Now, in my city of New Orleans, this was an ill-chosen week to drive home the lesson of the industrious ant. It happened to be ant-extermination week. So industrious has the little black ant been, for so many years has it displayed its ceaseless activity, that there is now a long list of charges to its discredit. In the case of the people of my city *versus* the industrious ant, the never wearying insect is held responsible for the destruction of fruit and shade trees, of shrubs and flowers, of floorings and fence-posts, of vegetables in the garden and food in the pantry. Our citizenship has risen against the industrious ant. We do not intend that it shall go into its cozy mound to spend the winter. But I pointed out none of these facts to the earnest reader beside me in the street-car this morning.

The present designs on the ant reminded me that in other days my sorely tried, semi-tropical city has also been obliged to exterminate the rat (conveyer of bubonic plague), the *stegomyia* mosquito (furtherer of yellow fever), the fly (gen-

eral transporter of disease), the caterpillar (devourer of pecan trees), and the sparrow (supplanter of mocking-birds). Yet all these offenders have at some time been recommended by story-tellers as deserving of sympathy or admiration. An higher authority than Aesop has told us to go to the ant and consider her ways; the home life of the mouse has been commended, and the rat's sense of justice has been extolled because of his promptness to punish Bishop Hatto:

They have sharpened their teeth on the cold gray stones
And now they are gnawing the Bishop's bones.

The mosquito finds a supporter (rarely, it is admitted) in those who remark its cheerful singing note; the fly has Uncle Toby and St. Francis for champions, and is established in our sympathies as the pitiful victim of the spider; the blue caterpillar in "Alice" has a superior if caustic personality that wins our respect and uneasy admiration; and the sparrow is lauded by Aesop (to the detriment of the reputation of the cuckoo).

Plainly, there is something wrong about my city's point of view. We are missing some fine moments. We are picking flaws in, or at least discrediting, classics that have done their part towards developing imagination and sympathy. But our attitude is of no importance. These creatures of the animal world will continue to travel the road of story-tellers whether critical folk like it or not. We humans may concoct poison for the extermination of the industrious ant; we may rat-proof our buildings and wharves; we may swat our flies; we may oil our pollywogs and wiggletails; we may spray our caterpillars and shoot our sparrows; but all the while, Story-telling looks on, tolerant and amused, knowing that in various countries, in varying times, narration of one sort and another has been frowned upon, even forbidden, yet that narration persists with perhaps only a greater emphasis on such details as were disapproved by authority.

We cannot hope to cause the story-teller any uneasiness.

He knows much better than we book-reading folk of the moment can know that common sense holds for a day only: to-morrow and all of yesterday belong to the imagination. No actual dog, however companionable, will ever supplant the dog-in-the-manger; no latter-day wolf can ever expect to dim the memory of Red Ridinghood's assailant; and no study of a bird, from life, will take the place of Sterne's wistful starling. "I know my business," says Story-telling. "I've been at this work several thousands of years and I have contracted to continue it during good behavior. I like the procession on my road, and I do not intend to give permanent place to any new figures. I will adapt and renovate costumes, I will teach new marching steps, I will heat up or cool off everybody's temperatures — but I refuse to add to or reduce the numbers of those who walk in my procession." "Do you know," continues Story-telling, "when the reading-public scolds me about the travellers on my road, I am always reminded of the Fable of the Gnat and the Bull:

"Once the Gnat lighted on the horns of the Bull. 'My dear fellow,' said the Gnat with as great a buzz as he could manage, 'pray excuse the liberty I take. If I am too heavy, only say so, and I will go away.'

"'Stay or go,' said the Bull, 'it makes no difference to me. Had it not been for your buzz, I should not even have known you were there!'"

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

LETTERS OF THE CIVIL WAR

MEADE'S HEADQUARTERS 1863-1865: LETTERS OF COLONEL THEODORE LYMAN, *edited by* GEORGE R. AGASSIZ, *Atlantic Monthly Press*.

FOR people who had friends or ancestors in the Army of the Potomac, this is by far the most interesting book which has yet been published about the Civil War.

In the first place, it is highly informing. It is very instructive as to the nature of the country over which the Army of the Potomac moved to and fro during the last two years of the War, and the tremendous obstacles it offered to military operations all the way from Gettysburg to Petersburg; but it also discloses the difficulties under which the Generals actually commanding in the field labored during all that period, because of the orders frequently given them from Washington and the interference of politicians with operations which should have been exclusively in military charge.

It brings out clearly the development in both armies of quick construction of breastworks on any ground where fighting was immediately expected, and also of more permanent trenches and redoubts on long lines of defense. Much of the work of this sort done in France during the World War was anticipated by both armies in our Civil War of 1861-65.

On the other hand, the Army of the Potomac never undertook to construct numerous roads in its rear for bringing up wagon trains to its advancing front; and it had not the telephone, which was so important in the World War for maintaining instant communication between headquarters and the actual fronts. During the whole of the Civil War communication between the Commanding General's Headquarters and the troops that were on the march or going into battle had to be maintained chiefly by staff officers, who remained at the marching or fighting front and reported events personally or by orderlies at headquarters. There was, to be sure, after the battle of the Wilderness a field telegraph managed by an efficient Signal Corps which is favorably men-

tioned by General Grant in his "Personal Memoirs"; but it usually came into play after a march or a battle, and not during either. This lack of telephonic communication during march or battle marks a great difference between the conduct of war in 1861-65 and 1914-18.

Lyman's letters testify often to the remarkably equal fighting powers of the experienced Northern and Southern armies, whether in defense or in assault — an equality which formed a solid foundation for patriotic reunion and constructive co-operation in after years.

Although Colonel Lyman's letters to his wife abound in instructive comments on events of the gravest sort, it is not the instruction they contain which will most commend them to the modern reader. They are highly amusing or entertaining, being full of vivid descriptions of famous persons, personal anecdotes about friends and foes, and comments on the funny or queer sides of soldiers, politicians, Christian Commissioners, and foreign visitors, who were not at all accustomed to being made fun of. He always saw the comical side of things, persons, and events, including his own performances and his honored Chief's, and put it vividly into his home letters. As an example, take the following description of General Custer:

"This officer is one of the funniest-looking beings you ever saw, and looks like a circus rider gone mad! He wears a huzzar jacket and tight trousers of faded black velvet trimmed with tarnished gold lace. His head is decked with a little, gray felt hat; high boots and gilt spurs complete the costume, which is enhanced by the General's coiffure, consisting in short, dry, flaxen ringlets! His aspect, though highly amusing, is also pleasing, as he has a very merry blue eye, and a devil-may-care style."

In addition to the instructive or amusing features of these outspoken letters from camp and field, there are many critical or satirical passages, which reveal his impressions at the moment concerning the qualities of eminent personages, or the meaning of grave events which passed before his eyes. Here are two examples of these interesting revelations taken from letters sent home during the last days of the War:

The kindliness of Lyman's humor is well illustrated in some remarks about President Lincoln, which he made in a letter dated

March 26, 1865, one of the days of great fighting: "The President is, I think, the ugliest man I ever put my eyes on; there is also an expression of plebeian vulgarity in his face that is offensive (you recognize the recounter of coarse stories). On the other hand, he has the look of sense and wonderful shrewdness, while the heavy eyelids give him a mark almost of genius. He strikes me, too, as a very honest and kindly man; and, with all his vulgarity, I see no trace of low passions in his face. On the whole, he is such a mixture of all sorts, as only America brings forth. . . . I never wish to see him again, but, as humanity runs, I am well content to have him at the head of affairs. . . . After which digression I will remark that the President (who looks very fairly on a horse) reviewed the 3d division, 5th Corps, which had marched up there to support the line, and were turned into a review. As the Chief Magistrate rode down the ranks, plucking off his hat gracefully by the hinder part of the brim, the troops cheered quite loudly." These words "gracefully by the hinder part of the brim" illustrate perfectly the quality of Lyman's wit.

The most striking of these extracts is as follows: "We are pelting after Old Lee as hard as the poor doughboys' legs can go. I estimate our prisoners at 16,000, with lots of guns and colors. . . . General Meade received distinct intelligence, at nine o'clock, that the enemy was moving on Deatonsville. Instantly General Meade gave orders for the 6th Corps to face about and move by the left flank and seek roads in the direction of High Bridge, with the idea of supporting the cavalry in their attempt to head off the enemy. . . . As the afternoon closes, here comes the inevitable Wright, grimly on their left flank, at Sailor's Creek. The 6th Corps charges; they can't be stopped — result, five Rebel generals, 8600 prisoners, 14 cannon; the Rebel rear-guard annihilated! As we get to our camp, beyond Deatonsville, there comes a Staff officer with a despatch: '*I attacked with two divisions of the 6th Corps. I captured many thousand prisoners, etc. etc. P. H. Sheridan.*' 'Oh,' said Meade, '*so General Wright wasn't there.*' 'Oh, yes!' cried the Staff officer, as if speaking of some worthy man who had commanded a battalion, 'Oh, yes, General Wright *was* there.' Meade turned on his heel without a word, and Cavalry Sheridan's despatch proceeded — to the newspapers."

Lyman's relations to General Meade were unique, and his

of the efforts of a century of research to discover the facts about Jesus, a study unequalled in its acumen, in the depth and range of its scholarship, and in its unflinching purpose to let no theological presuppositions stand in the way of the truth. Here was the attempt, as a result of that study, to interpret the life of Jesus from the point of view of a "thorough-going eschatology." Here was a challenge to that liberal thought which saw in Jesus a modern-minded teacher merely set back into an earlier date; and here was equally a challenge to the traditional thinker who saw in Jesus a miracle-working being with small touch upon human life. Jesus belonged in his own time. He shared its limitations. He expected the sudden apocalyptic appearance of the Kingdom. He knew himself to be the Messiah; he believed that he was to come in power; but until the end he made no public claim to the messiahship. That knowledge was his secret, revealed even to his nearest disciples only late in his ministry. His life must be interpreted throughout from the point of view of his eschatological hope. Thus Schweitzer, bringing to a conclusion one of the tendencies which since the days of Reimarus had constantly been appearing in the study of the Gospels, solved the problem of the eschatology by accepting it as the key to the whole story.

His solution has not, at least as yet, been accepted in full. The theory is too clear-cut and logical (like some of those it opposes) to take account of all the facts. The personality of Jesus still is baffling. No one has yet quite succeeded in drawing a picture which fits successfully the aloof serenity and universality of his teaching with the earth-shaking violence and local and temporal character of the apocalyptic.

But two things Schweitzer has certainly done. On the one hand, he has made it impossible to picture Christ without recognizing the fact that although he belongs to the ages, he belongs likewise to his own time, shares its limitations and must be interpreted in the light of its thought. On the other hand, he has helped to rescue us from that liberal school which in England and America as well as in Germany has tried to boil down Christianity to a few theological principles summing up the teaching of Jesus. Christianity never has been "the religion of Jesus." It has always been the religion which finds its primal impulse and its moulding spirit in the personality of Jesus. Its doctrines are doctrines about

Jesus. Its church is a fellowship of devotion not to Jesus' teaching, but to Jesus himself. Schweitzer does not put it that way; but that is what he means. The tremendous power of Jesus' personality; his earth-shaking, world-destroying faith; his confidence in his destiny to rule men; his seizing the Kingdom by hurling himself to death — no one who has read the last chapters of the "Quest" can ever forget the vividness and vastness of the portrait. "He was not a teacher; he was not a casuist; he was an imperious ruler." He wins men but likewise he subjugates them. Now, whatever future scholarship may say of the bearings and importance of the eschatological theory, Schweitzer has helped scholarship to see that the supreme fact in historic Christianity is not devotion to Christ's teaching but personal loyalty to that imperious ruler. A portrait of the historic Jesus which gave us a daily journal of his sayings and doings and left us cold would be not nearly so accurate as an utterly inaccurate chronicle which left us breathless and spent before his heroic and loving power. That is the reason that the Fourth Gospel is the paradox of the New Testament. Almost destitute of historic accuracy, it is of priceless historic value.

And that is the reason that Papini's "Life of Christ" will be read and delighted in by all kinds of people. It recalls the last chapter of the "Quest" because both authors have discovered that the historic Jesus is a power in the souls of men and that no portrait is historical which does not convey something of the sense of that power. Both understand that whatever else he did, Jesus of Nazareth shook men's souls to the depths and destroyed their worlds. Under the spell of that power Schweitzer, having finished his critical studies, put away his books and went to Africa as a missionary. Under its spell Papini, atheist and scoffer, after the conventional manner of his literary kind, comes back into the church and writes a book to tell us what Christ is like to him.

It is a notable book. In Italy it has sold like a best-selling novel. But one must read it as a human document, the outpouring of a human heart. It knows nothing of the quest of the historical Jesus as the scholar knows it. It is written for the modern man; but Papini does not mean the modern man who is perplexed by miracles and biblical criticism. In the torrential rush of the author's devotion the modern man's questionings are swept away

unnoticed. There is no synoptic problem. There is no distinction between the Fourth Gospel and the Synoptics as sources. There is no attempt to order the story of Christ's life chronologically. The wedding at Cana follows the raising of Lazarus. The miracles are just miracles. In the background lies the whole fabric of the orthodox Roman Catholic view of religion and life. "They did not know," he says speaking of St. Mary, "that the Church of Christ would make a woman the link between the sons and the Son"; and of Christian ideals: "The saint rose higher yet to voluntary chastity."

But once the quest of the historical in the sense of accuracy of fact is given up and sympathy for Papini's purpose is established, the significance of the book is apparent. "The book we need," he says, "is a living book to make Christ more living, to set Christ the ever-living with loving vividness before the eyes of living men, to make us feel him as actually eternally present in our lives." The picture is vivid. The world-renouncing, man-subjugating Son of Man is a living figure. His conflict with the powerful classes of his day and land is portrayed with striking relation to our day. Papini accepts Christ's ethics as "profoundly repugnant to our nature." Wealth and worldly power and the entire structure of our commercial and industrial civilization fall under his invective. He accepts the most radical implications of Christ's teaching; and he makes his readers see and feel them. No doubt there is exaggeration; but exaggeration may be pardoned if, like some of Christ's own hyperboles, it makes the point clearer. There is much striking comment on Christ's sayings. Especially noteworthy are the expositions of the Beatitudes and the frequent and illuminating passages on the meaning of love. "To love your enemies is the only way to leave not an enemy on earth." "There is nothing servile in serving." Stories like that of the Prodigal Son are re-told with brilliant charm. Situations are lighted in a phrase. "The Holy City" says Papini of Jerusalem, but perhaps not without thought of another city nearer by, "lived apparently on faith, but really on the faithful." Pathos, invective, satire, and devotion mingle to make the picture. Through it all two things are revealed. The book is Papini's "Confessions." It is as obviously the revelation of a human heart as if it were introduced with Augustine's title. And again it gives an impression

of the personality of Jesus, his love, his courage, and his power, which one would have to look far to match. Indeed it could not be matched so far as the reviewer knows. There is certainly no life of Christ at once so vivid, so powerful, and so gorgeous. Although there can be few so careless as Papini of what is commonly called history, there are fewer so historical in the capacity for conveying the truth that the Jesus of history is primarily a creative personality, source of a new spiritual impulse and life.

The book will not help to solve theological questions. It will prove in the high and continued tenseness of its emotion difficult for many an American reader. But among the books which help men to understand the power of Christ it will take high rank. The American public is indebted to Mrs. Fisher not only for making the book accessible in English but also for a translation so felicitous and so adequate.

EDWARD L. PARSONS.

San Francisco.

W. H. HUDSON AS A MYSTIC

A HIND IN RICHMOND PARK, *by* W. H. HUDSON, *E. P. Dutton & Co.*

HUDSON was at work on "A Hind in Richmond Park" almost up to the day of his death. He left it complete except for the concluding paragraphs of the last chapter; for these he left notes which Mr. Morley Roberts has pieced together creditably enough.

The title "A Hind in Richmond Park" is misleading, since it suggests a kind of Arcadian romance, whereas the book is nothing of the sort, consisting, as it does, of nineteen chapters which follow one another on the very loose principle of the "suggestion of contiguity," and which, though "dealing mainly," as Hudson puts it in a letter to a friend, "with the five or seven senses" (in man, bird, beast, fish, and insect) "we are told of by the physiologists, and the dozen others we hear little about," yet deals, by the way, with an infinitude of delectable matters and finally loses itself, like the Oxus in its sands, in a somewhat esoteric discourse on the Sense of Beauty.

Hudson has been reading Sir Thomas Browne and ends with an "*O Altitudo!*" The sense of beauty, he asserts, "has its roots deep in the world and is in all sentient life; not in man only, but also in bird and beast and fish and insect." More than that. "It is in-

herent in the granite itself and pervades it like a subtle fire." It is particularly well developed in the birds, as appears from their games and music, which adequately express the emotions created in them by it. The emotions created in man by his sense of beauty find their most notable expression in the arts. But it is not an adequate expression. The dying Hudson notes "signs of progress towards something above the arts, which will satisfy the creative powers, the desire of self-expression." Dying, he poses the question: What will that something be?

So Hudson ends complete mystic. To some it will seem an edifying and altogether satisfactory end; to others the opposite: but to all interesting and dramatic. But whereas some will have a vision of Hudson, at last indued with those wings of a bird for which he had always longed, turning, as he is about to take flight, to whisper an intimation of the mysteries seen with his "inward opticks," or perhaps past an uplifted corner of the veil; others will see a dissolution of the beautiful and well-ordered republic of Hudson's mind and the usurpation of sole power there by the mystical faculty.

Whatever may be the truth of that matter, this is certain: that it is the mystical quality of Hudson's mind which gives to his nature studies and speculations their unique and imperishable beauty, diffusing over them a light as of that sunset on the hills of Parahuari described by him in "Green Mansions," lending to them a spiritual fragrance as of the blossoms of the Pride of China or of the evening primrose; his passionate apprehension of beauty everywhere, which, as we have seen, developed finally into the apprehension of a *sense of beauty* (together with the impulse to express the emotions aroused thereby) as common to all sentient life, as even inherent in the granite itself, pervading it like subtle fire. Indeed, the idea is too beautiful not to be true. I was of two minds a while ago about the final chapter. But now, with no "mental reservations," I join my *O Altitudo!* to that of the dying Hudson. *Credo, quia impossibile est!*

I was so "intrigued" by that final chapter that I have little space left for other remarks. But if the reader will accept my assurance that "A Hind in Richmond Park" is quite as interesting and delightful as any other work of Hudson's, he will readily dispense with my criticism; or rather eulogy, for to me the charm of

Hudson at his best, of the authentic Hudson, is irresistible. The book is more various and discursive than any other of the works. The discussions of the senses five recognized by the physiologists, and of sundry other senses recognized by Hudson (as the wind sense, the atmospheric sense, the sense of polarity, and so on), interspersed with descriptions of the most vivid, and sometimes of the most lovely, with anecdote and whimsies and even perverse divagations (for Hudson had a perverse streak), are, apart from their charm, a distinct contribution to "the embryology of the mind." No doubt many of the pundits will not have it so; but so I am sure it is. Of these discussions, that of the sense of smell and that of the "sense of polarity," which latter in Hudson's view accounts for the impulse of bird migration, I find the most interesting. For one example of many incidental beauties I commend to the reader the description of the music of the leaf-locust; a description which out-Hudsons Hudson for scientific observation sublimated by emotion and expressed in that style scarcely surpassed in the world's literature for lucidity and lucency.

HENRY W. BUNN.

New York City.

THE ENDS OF THE EARTH

A WINTER CIRCUIT OF OUR ARCTIC COAST, by HUDSON STUCK, *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

SOUTH, by SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON, *Macmillan Co.*

THE FRIENDLY ARCTIC, by VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON, *Macmillan Co.*

THE NORTHWARD COURSE OF EMPIRE, by VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON, *Harcourt, Brace & Co.*

AMONG books of travel those devoted to the ends of the earth take high rank. The true ends of the earth are the poles. It is not by accident that books on polar regions stand well above the average in accuracy, vividness, moral tone, and charm of literary style. These qualities are the natural result of a severe selective process. The explorer or traveller in the cold polar regions is the selected survivor, so to speak. Among the many who write books of travel few have the strength, courage, adaptability, resourcefulness, and persistence to carry to completion a long adventure in the regions where snow, ice, and darkness reign so large a part of the year. Still fewer have the vision to see the far future of those seemingly inhospitable lands.

Four volumes that have appeared since the war stand high even in so fine a group as the books on polar regions. Two of the authors, sad to say, are already among the heroes of the past. Archdeacon Hudson Stuck, author of "A Winter Circuit of our Arctic Coast," died in the midst of one of the noblest missionary careers. Sir Ernest Shackleton met his death in the first stages of a second attempt to accomplish the feat which ice and storm prevented him from achieving on the journey described in "South." Only Stefansson, the author of the unique books called "The Friendly Arctic" and "The Northward Course of Empire," is still with us.

The three men were alike in their sturdy contempt for nature's buffetings and in their iron will to carry out what they had set themselves to do. They were also alike in resourcefulness and in their ability to grasp and explain the meaning of the facts which came under their observation. But they were very different in other respects. Stuck was devoted heart and soul to the work of teaching religion, which to him meant all that is fine and noble in every phase of civilization. He wanted the young Eskimos and Indians, whose guide and mentor he was, to appreciate literature, art, science, and philosophy, as well as religion. Yet he urged first of all that they become thoroughly proficient in the simple arts by which alone a living can be obtained in the northern half of Alaska. The reader finishes "A Winter Circuit of our Arctic Coast" with the feeling that the prospects of the Indians and Eskimos of Alaska are very dark. Not so the good Archdeacon. In the face of utmost discouragement he has faith in a better future, not only in heaven, but on earth and even in native Alaska.

Just as Archdeacon Stuck was made of the same stuff as the colonial John Eliot, Apostle to the Indians, so Shackleton was fashioned after the pattern of Champlain. If he had been born in the sixteenth century, he might have led a famous expedition through the wilds of early America. As things fell out, he died in exploring Antarctica, the only continent that still awaits the pioneer explorer. In "South" he tells the splendid story of a brave but losing fight. Fairly early in his voyage towards one of the great gulfs where the sea bites most deeply into Antarctica, his ship was caught in the ice. The tale of how the ship was swallowed

inch by inch in the ice and the pictures of successive stages in the slow, inexorable process make a tale of unique interest.

When the ship was gone the men lived on the ice for months, travelling when they could, but unable to make land because of open water and gales. Finally by desperate efforts they reached Elephant Island, landing on it with stores for a moderate period, but with nothing except a small open boat as a means of escaping or of making their whereabouts known. The nearest place frequented by men and attainable by such a boat was South Georgia, eight hundred miles away across perhaps the stormiest stretch of ocean in the world. Shackleton with five companions attempted the voyage. His tale of that rough battle with the elements fires the imagination, and the final episode is thrilling even to the most seasoned traveller. Reaching the little island of South Georgia, the voyagers had to climb over mountains and glaciers to the harbor where the whalers congregate. Shackleton and one companion made the climb on foot and alone, for their comrades were exhausted and stayed near the wrecked boat. As the two men walked dizzily on the edges of precipices amid fog and blinding snow, they thought — both of them — that a third person walked with them and showed them the way amid the avalanches and and huge crevasses. To us this may seem the product of an overstrained imagination, but to them it was a real experience. Very reverently they speak of it, and of the almost miraculous rescue of the whole expedition.

Stuck's narrative of faith and love, and Shackleton's story of courage and bold adventure are well supplemented by Stefansson's great story of prophecy. Stefansson is a modern representative of Daniel Boone. Although he commanded the most fully and expensively equipped expedition that ever explored either the Arctic or Antarctic regions, he would far rather go off alone for a twenty-hour walk in the dark in an utterly unknown region than stay with his men and plan for the little details that keep them happy and busy. In this lies both his strength and weakness. "The Friendly Arctic" recounts the splendid successes of a man of superb vitality, indomitable patience, and endless determination. It recounts the failure of a huge and elaborate expedition. It will live as one of the great books of Arctic exploration, for it is written with humor, clearness, accuracy, and the intangible

something which makes a book "literary," and it marks a genuine advance in methods of polar exploration. Stefansson, in a degree not matched or even approached by any other explorer, lived off the country. His chief contribution to Arctic exploration has been to show that a huge expedition and vast supplies, such as he himself started with, are not necessary. A man who will live as the Eskimos do, and who has uncommon vitality, keen sight, and unusual powers of observation and of drawing conclusions from his observations, can find a living practically everywhere, even in the Far North.

But Stefansson is more than a Daniel Boone. He has something of the vision of a Columbus. He is a pioneer among pioneers. Because he himself has succeeded so well in getting a living in the North and because Arctic oceans are full of life and Arctic lands are often green with lush meadows and gay with bright flowers for a few months in summer, Stefansson maintains that the Arctic regions are friendly. Having given the world a story of adventure second to none, he devotes "The Northward Course of Empire" to a great dream of the future. Vast areas in the northern part of North America and Asia contain millions of acres of grassland. Most people think of these tundras as regions of mosses and lichens covered most of the year with snow and of no use to civilized man. Stefansson protests against any such idea. Not only has he travelled thousands of miles over flowery tundras that were real prairies deep with grass, but many other explorers have described the same thing. The grasslands of the Far North are scarcely more to be despised than are the grasslands west of the Mississippi. Then, too, the North is full of valuable minerals.

In addition to all this, the northern lands will soon be crossed by some of the main lines of travel. When the airplane becomes a well established means of transportation, the best route from Chicago to Petrograd will traverse central Greenland; that from New York to Yokohama will cross the very northern part of Alaska; the express airplanes from London to Seattle will fly over the centre of Greenland and north of Hudson Bay. The tundras will be full of way stations on many of the most important airways.

So Stefansson, with his far view into the future, sees the north-land the home of a busy, happy, prosperous people. The centres

of population will be mining towns and way stations on the great air routes. Surrounding them there will be perhaps six million square miles where great herds of reindeer and ovibos are raised for the markets of the populous regions farther south.

Still another alluring picture is painted by Stefansson. Since man first rose above the beasts he has domesticated many plants and animals. But, strange to say, he almost finished that work before he reached the point where he could record his doings in writing. One important animal appears to have been overlooked. The musk-ox, which Stefansson prefers to call the ovibos, was never domesticated because it lives so far north that it did not come in contact with people who saw its value. The musk-ox is as valuable as the cattle of more southern regions. Its milk is delicious, its hide as good as that of the best domestic animals, and it furnishes not only hair, but wool equal to that of the sheep. Still more important, the meat is so like beef that only an expert can tell the difference. To catch the young animals and bring them up by hand is almost child's play. Yet to domesticate a new animal would be a thing that man has not done for perhaps five thousand years — a perfectly simple deed, yet one in which civilized man till now has never emulated his savage ancestors.

According to Stefansson's picture, the northland will be full of prosperous mining towns set in the midst of vast grasslands teeming with northern cattle and reindeer; it will be connected with the outside world by some of the greatest air routes; there will be "movie houses on every corner." Much of the "Frozen Desert of the Far North" will disappear because it never really existed. "The rest the ingenuity of men will conquer, here partially and there completely. In some sections now most forbidding we shall find undreamt values. The creative minds and guiding hands of the future will turn many of the forces we now dread to precious use."

How far is this picture true? Will our descendants see such a northland as Stefansson paints? In part, no doubt, but only if the settlers in the North are picked men like those of Iceland whence Stefansson's forebears originated. There the original inhabitants were largely members of the best families. They brought with them an inheritance of ability and character which makes Iceland to-day one of the most law-abiding, best educated,

and most prosperous countries in the world in spite of its seeming disadvantages. There the mothers are all school mistresses, so that even on the most remote farms the children are well educated.

In Stefansson's northland the population, except in the mining centres, must apparently always be sparse. How sparse, even the author of "The Northward Course of Empire" does not seem fully to realize. According to his own statement thirty reindeer or an equivalent number of ovibos can be supported on an average square mile of the tundras. One Eskimo is needed to care for about 1500 reindeer. But 1500 reindeer require fifty square miles of pasturage. One family, then, in the reindeer country, would be all that would be needed to develop the grazing possibilities of an area five miles by ten, and the conditions where ovibos are raised would be similar. That the children of such families would be well educated, that they would keep in touch with the world's progress, that they could resist the tendency towards deterioration which comes to all isolated people, as we see among the mountain whites of our own land, is highly doubtful. That the mining towns would be real centres of progress is equally doubtful, if we may judge from the character of mining towns as we see them to-day. That Stefansson's dream of a northland which supplies southern regions with great quantities of meat will come true seems highly probable. But that the northern regions will ever be more than an outpost of civilization, a ragged fringe upon the borders of the main centres, seems doubtful.

ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON.

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HISTORY IN VIVID COLORS

THE SECOND EMPIRE, *by* PHILIP GUEDALLA, *G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

As one might expect, Mr. Guedalla has written a highly diverting book. His main subject and his materials suit him perfectly: the intermingling of the ironic, the ludicrous, and the tragic, with the dash of grandiose, which forms so much of the history of the Bonapartes since 1815, is exactly what he delights in. Much has been printed of this history. He has read assiduously, and he has selected with dramatic skill what he wants to emphasize. The result is an essay to which future historiographers may, perhaps, devote less attention than to the works of de la Gorce or Jerrold,

but which will at least be read and enjoyed. It is of the type of the "new history," largely set in fashion by Mr. Strachey — gossipy, epigrammatic, sardonic, with frequent generalizations that are sometimes suggestive and not so often misleading. Those critically minded will regret that Mr. Guedalla seems to make no distinction between anecdotes and allusions for which there is good evidence and those which must be regarded as apocryphal unless the author has investigated unknown sources. This is a characteristic of "interesting" history. Without adding to available knowledge Mr. Guedalla has garbed it in graceful and attractive attire, and his book will go far to popularize a period which few Americans have taken the trouble to know anything about.

The title is a misnomer, for the Second Empire, as a political organization at least, is scarcely dealt with. "Bonapartism" would have been more apt, had not Mr. H. A. L. Fisher pre-empted this some years ago for his brief and brilliant essay, which in many respects Mr. Guedalla has taken as a model. That title indeed is used for the first of the four chapters which make up the present book, that one in which the author sketches hastily the birth of the Napoleonic legend. The second and third chapters are devoted to the hopes, madness, and disappointments of Louis Napoleon as exiled and imprisoned Prince, and to his sudden good fortune and its skilful utilization when, almost without warning, he became President of the Second Republic. Only the fourth chapter, representing less than half the book, purports to deal with the Empire, and this is rather a study of the Emperor Napoleon the Third and his intimates. In sum the work is a biographical essay, expounding the Bonapartist myth as personified in the nephew of the Man of Destiny. It thus possesses the natural cohesion of a biography, a fact which enhances its readable qualities.

Ultra-serious students may object to the bold lines and vivid colors which Mr. Guedalla uses to make the men and women he pictures stand out on the canvas, but they are unquestionably human beings and no mere lay figures. Thus of Carlo Buonaparte, "who was that one figure in life more pathetic than a sick doctor (for he was a litigious lawyer)." Or of Napoleon the First: "His contact with the Revolution left him with an extreme distaste for crowds." And again: "Napoleon regarded civilian accomplishments with the full contempt of one to whom they have been

denied." Pedantic historians may object that this method, as illustrated in such quotations, has more to do with brilliance than truth. They will certainly complain of inconsistencies in spelling (for Earl Russell becomes "Russel" and Colonel Vaudrey, "Vaudry"), and of a state of mind which permits confusion between Louvet and Louvois. The lay reader himself will puzzle over references such as that to Louis, King of Holland, who "was of the melancholy stuff that unmarried uncles are made of," for surely the traditions of childhood have it quite the other way. But phrase-making is as perilous for historians as for statesmen, and if Mr. Guedalla slips at times into the pitfalls that beset the epigrammatic writer, he offers honest compensation in many a brief sentence that is close-packed with suggestion. Two examples may be used to illustrate: "The siege of Rome was the prelude of the Second Empire, and in its queer melody one may catch the dull roll of the last movement." And later when, with some daring but equal success, he begins the story of the days that followed Austria's defeat by Prussia: "It was the year 1867, and the brilliance of the Empire (for it had still brilliance) was a glow of evening, a vivid light upon quiet hills that face a setting sun."

CHARLES SEYMOUR.

Yale University.

THE EVOLUTION OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AND POLITICS, *by* CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT *and* NETTIE ROGERS SHULER, *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

THIS book is unique in the literature of the suffrage movement in that it does not attempt to write of details of suffrage history but is a statesmanlike presentation of the great forces at work pushing on or retarding the evolution of democracy in the United States. In the language of the preface, the book's "essential contribution must be sought in its revelation of the bearing of American politics upon the question of woman suffrage."

The writers trace briefly the development on the one hand of the principle of the right of peoples to self-government and the parallel movement to free women from educational and legal disabilities. The logical outcome of the two movements is the enfranchisement of women.

The year 1800 is taken as a fixed point from which to measure

progress. Early in the last century two great reforms began to take shape, each rousing bitter antagonism and being pressed by ardent advocates. The two were the anti-slavery and anti-liquor movements. It is undoubtedly true that the great interest in these two questions on the part of the most earnest and intelligent women of the country was "an impelling motive that led women to come forth from their seclusion to take part in public affairs."

Until the question of slavery was forever settled, it was inextricably bound up with the fortunes of the suffrage movement. The abolition of slavery became a burning political issue before which men of all parties felt that the women should give way. It became a question of party expediency. The Civil War pushed the granting of woman suffrage into the background. It was "the Negro's hour." Negro suffrage became a political necessity. Women must wait. The descriptions of the contest over "the adjective male" in the Constitution, of the political wiles employed to enlist the influence of women for or against the proposed Amendments, of the promise unfulfilled for over half a century of a "woman's hour" to come, are given in vivid chapters.

Then follows the story of prohibition, the spread of the movement, the organization of the Liquor Interests to fight not only this but the enfranchisement of women as their most dangerous enemies — a fight which lasted till the last moment of the last day before victory was finally won.

The weird juggling of the doctrine of States' Rights to suit the exigencies of political situations is convincingly told in the stories of the "State by State" method of securing enfranchisement long recommended by political leaders as a safe (to themselves) way out of responsibilities.

And then comes the decisive moment of conviction that the time has arrived for the determined and tenacious onslaught on Congress in behalf of the Federal Amendment. The line-up of the opposing forces is pictured; the agonizing, exhausting battles; the triumph in Congress; the campaign for ratification, and the final victory.

Perhaps it is hard for a suffragist of the third generation, who is also not a literary person, to give a fair estimate of this book. To her it seems not only statesmanlike in its grasp of the whole situation, in its analysis of the political forces at work over a

period of eighty years, which have at last made the United States, at least so far as constitutional rights can make it, a real democracy, but also so clear in style, with so logical an arrangement of material and with so much of purely human interest, that having once begun it, she does as with her favorite novelist — sits up half the night to finish the book.

KATHARINE BEMENT DAVIS.

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THE CLASSICS AND THE MODERN MIND

OUR DEBT TO GREECE AND ROME SERIES: VIRGIL, *by* J. W. MACKAIL;
HOMER AND HIS INFLUENCE, *by* GRANT SHOWERMAN; *Marshall Jones Co.*

THE LEGACY OF GREECE, *edited by* R. R. LIVINGSTONE, *Oxford University Press, American Branch.*

TRADITION AND PROGRESS, *by* GILBERT MURRAY, *Houghton Mifflin Co.*

THE war at one time seemed to threaten the extinction of classical studies, and it is still too early to estimate the set-back which it has brought to all cults of the ideal that cannot promise immediate returns in utility or entertainment. But thus far there is little abatement in the production of good books about the classics. Pearson's "Fragments of Sophocles," Headlam's "Herondas," and the recently published "History of Magic and Experimental Science," by Professor Lynn Thorndike, would be creditable to the most flourishing age of scholarship.

The volumes before me belong rather to the literature of popularization in the good sense. The title of the series "Our Debt to Greece and Rome" suggested to some scholars the hope that we were at last to have what Germany failed to give us in her series: "Das Erbe der Alten," a sequence of critical monographs tracing in some detail the influence on modern literature of each of the great classics. The publishers and editors have decided that it will be more helpful to the cause to appeal rather to the educated layman, who would be repelled by footnotes and the apparatus of scholarship. Such a reader wishes at the most a sketch of the way in which Horace and Cicero have influenced the modern mind, with a few apt illustrations. And to appreciate even this he must like M. Jourdain be told again, as if he did not know it, what manner of men Virgil and Horace were, what they wrote, and how

it reflected the life of their own day. In a volume of twenty or thirty thousand words, that leaves little space for minute study of literary influences. Within these limits, Professor Mackail and Professor Showerman have done as much as was humanly possible. They are both experienced and fluent writers of some distinction, and they have done again for our generation, with more dignity and a more critical background of knowledge, what the volumes on Horace and Virgil in the "Ancient Classics for English Readers" did for the Harvard undergraduate of forty years ago. In these readable little volumes, the tired business man can learn or recall pleasantly, in an hour or two, as much as he needs and wishes to know of the two poets who have given the sense and charm of poetry to more readers than any other poets in the world's literature.

"The Legacy of Greece," edited by R. W. Livingstone, is a much more solid though little less readable performance. It is an attempt of ten specialists to sum up in intelligible form the outstanding achievements of the Greek mind in religion, philosophy, mathematics and astronomy, natural science, biology, medicine, history, political thought, art and architecture. Professor Gilbert Murray contributes an introduction, and the editor, Mr. Livingstone, author of "The Greek Genius," writes the chapter on Greek literature. A discriminating criticism would mark the differences in style and method between Dean Inge, writing on religion, Professor Burnet, writing on Greek philosophy, Sir T. L. Heath on mathematics, and A. E. Zimmern on political thought. With few exceptions, however, all the essays of the volume are models of intelligent condensation and exposition. The tired business man could not run through the book in an evening. But if he studies the essays one at a time, he will be entertained as well as instructed, and will be prepared to believe that Professor Murray's eloquence does not overestimate "The Value of Greece to the Future of the World."

"I tell the truth," said Montaigne, "not my bellyful, but as much as I can." In the collection of his later essays, to which he gives the title "Tradition and Progress," Professor Murray tells as much truth as is compatible with the unfailing charm and urbane persuasiveness which he enlists in the service of what the American language would not unfairly designate as "pink propaganda."

Religio Grammatici rejuvenates the conventional apology for classical studies by translating four or five of its *obligato* topics out of pedagogical jargon into seeming simple but really very exquisite English that vibrates with feeling in every phrase. Nothing is really gained by substituting "the Grammata" for Arnold's "best that has been thought and said." But it has a weird, impressive, prehistoric sound. "Aristophanes and the War Party" is an entertaining study of democratic politics in war time which brings out once more that singular modernity of the Age of Pericles which was the theme of an early lecture of Matthew Arnold. The "Bacchae of Euripides" is a reprint of the introduction to the translations. It is delightful reading. But Professor Murray still argues from his own felicitous paraphrases of Herodotus and Thucydides as well as of Euripides, and reprints unrepenting, for the delusion of his followers, the equivocal rendering of "Bacchae" 779:

To hold a hand uplifted over Hate,

which was quoted from coast to coast in pacifist propaganda while we were at war.

A Platonist cannot be expected to let pass without challenge the statement with which the lecture on the Stoic philosophy begins, that "Stoicism is the greatest system of organized thought which the mind of man had built up for itself in the Graeco-Roman world before the coming of Christianity." Far nearer the truth is Professor Santayana's cavalier dictum that the reader of Plato and Aristotle need not greatly concern himself with any of the post-Aristotelian philosophies. They may be interesting as human documents, but intellectually and spiritually they are on a distinctly lower plane. The Stoics were not the rationalists of the Moncure D. Conway type for which Professor Murray seems to take them. The earlier Stoics were pedants. The later Stoics, who do edify, were half Platonists. But panegyric is more interesting than discrimination. And this lecture has had wide vogue both as good reading and as propaganda. As Emerson says, "Who cares what the fact was, when we have thus made a constellation of it to hang in heaven?" The simple "principle that Nothing but Goodness is Good," from which Professor Murray deduces the Stoic ethics, was not enunciated by the philosopher to whom he attrib-

utes it, nor did it mean what he interprets it to mean. The charming lecture on "Poesis and Mimesis" similarly tempts Kipling's critical devil to whisper: "It's pretty, but is it *true*?" Professor Murray urges us when we are puzzled by the classics "to be literal and exact and entirely disregard elegance." But "not here, O Apollo, are haunts meet for thee." His experiment in literal and exact translation of a sentence from the beginning of the *Poetics* inserts nine words that are neither in the language nor the thought of the original. Aristotle neither says nor means that the different kinds of poetry "are as a matter of fact (not makings but) imitations"; nor does he say that history *makes imitations* of what did happen. Professor Murray, of course, is aware of this. As he says in the lecture on "Literature as Revelation," he belongs to the class that "does not really much like the process of reading, but reads because it wants to get somewhere." He preaches the *Religio Grammatici* with unction and eloquence, but he himself is something that the world prizes more highly than it does any *grammaticus*, even in the broader ancient use of the word.

The remaining papers of the volume belong to the journalistic or propagandist literature of what "The Atlantic Monthly" calls "the New World." One of them dates from the Boer War, and the author apologizes for "a certain ferocity of tone, which expresses the feelings of the liberal minority in England at the time." Professor Murray's conception of ferocity, like Wordsworth's notion of inebriety, is inadequate. But I do find in the paper much of the radical logic and rhetoric of the past twenty years, and the familiar radical *clichés*, culminating in the incongruous list that associates Plato and Emerson with Tolstoi, Walt Whitman, and Rousseau.

When under pressure of the great war, the line was sharply drawn, and it was a question of saving England, Professor Murray promptly rallied to the "right," and his reasoning became direct and lucid, his logic trenchant and sound. And for this his former American radical admirers bracketed him with Wilamowitz as a typical reactionary classicist. They now are eager to welcome him back to the fold. But does he belong there? And if there were a new line-up, say, on the issue of Communism and Soviet Revolution, would he join them or recoil? The answer is obvious. Why

then will he play with the rhetoric of opinions, from whose practical applications he would shrink?

PAUL SHOREY.

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MAGIC, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION

ORIGIN AND EVOLUTION OF RELIGION, *by* E. WASHBURN HOPKINS,
Yale University Press.

A HISTORY OF MAGIC AND EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCE, *by* LYNN THORNDIKE, 2 vols., *Macmillan Co.*

THE GOLDEN BOUGH, *by* SIR J. G. FRAZER, *Macmillan Co.*

PROFESSOR HOPKINS is a specialist in Sanskrit and comparative philology who long ago passed beyond the confines of purely linguistic study into that of social institutions, chiefly religious. His widening interests have led him into ranges represented by his former books on the religions and epics of India and by numerous shorter publications upon this or that detail of custom or belief. It is but natural that his new volume on the "Origin and Evolution of Religion" should bear the stamp of his major interest and should show him particularly versed in what has to do with India.

The author treats rather briefly of theories of religious origins, sweeping Tylor and Spencer off the board somewhat cavalierly; and he dismisses Frazer in a paragraph or so, suggesting, after Durkheim, "that magic is the child of religion rather than that religion is the child of magic." One might agree with that without passing Frazer by forthwith. Professor Hopkins thinks that Durkheim, in turn, "ignores or minimizes beyond reason the individual in favor of the group." One may hold no brief for Durkheim, whose work may strike him as viscous and muddy, and yet be unwilling to accord him the attention he here receives, and still believe that there is something in the contention that, if there is to be any science of society, the aggregate must be studied for itself.

Succeeding this foray into theory there follow twenty-eight solid chapters upon animal worship, ancestor worship, sacrifice, priests, trinities, and other topics, upon which the author's special knowledge of India casts an especially instructive light. The student will find here a good body of facts and explanations upon which he can rely. The last chapter, being upon "the reality of religion," registers the personal convictions of the writer, for he

concludes as follows: "Religion itself, in whatever we are pleased to call its mystic phase, is the experience in which the soul . . . becomes conscious of itself as one with the divine soul. It is an experience which can convince only him who experiences it, but to him the proof is irrefragable and not to be gainsaid."

Perhaps the keynote to Professor Thorndike's "History of Magic and Experimental Science" is found in the now generally accepted contention of Frazer and others that modern science is an outgrowth from primitive magic. Few scholars are competent to pass critically upon this learned treatise, with its long array of sources. As a layman turns over its pages, he cannot but compare it with a former set of two volumes which have brought emancipation of spirit to many men who are no longer young — Andrew D. White's "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom." I do not know how better to give my opinion of Thorndike's work than by setting it up beside the older book.

The impression left by these volumes is that they might be said to constitute a sort of casebook for White's treatise; they contain vast masses of detailed materials corroborative of the conclusions drawn by White from much less evidence. This means that White's book is, in comparison, a general work — a fact betrayed by his very chapter-headings — for instance, "From Magic to Medicine" — while Thorndike's is particular. The latter heads most of his chapters with proper names: not only Seneca and Ptolemy, who are recognizable by a layman, but Aelion, Solinus, and Horapollo; not merely Abélard and Roger Bacon, but Cecco d'Ascoli, Daniel of Morley, and Kiranides. We meet no such battery of personalities in White. The detail offered by Thorndike is wonderfully copious; it is derived from much reading in manuscripts and obscure books; it presents the results of painstaking and avid research. It is in such respects an exemplar of investigation into materials that leaves White's book following afar off.

It is no criticism of Professor Thorndike's enterprise to say that White's scope and perspective lend to his book a quality of spaciousness that a more detailed work, by its very nature, cannot hope to attain. White cites enough evidence to persuade any mind not prepossessed. Thorndike carries many more guns of erudition, but his killings are not likely to be as numerous. When this has

been said, the whole case has virtually been stated. Thorndike's is a piece of scholarship, and a very fine example indeed of scholarly method. It is imposing; it creates respect. White's volumes are an eloquent demonstration of salient truths which light up, both backward and forward, the path trodden darkly by anxious humanity from ignorance into insight. Thorndike is workmanlike in the best sense; White was an intellectual emancipator of considerable stature, with the purpose and the fire of one who deliberately assaults prejudice, well witting of the peril. Both works are notable, but there is some such difference in their conception and spirit. After White, men are quite ready for Thorndike, with his wide range of unexciting confirmatory evidence.

Professor Thorndike knew what he wanted to do, and could doubtless have outlined, before he began to write, some such comparison between his project and purposes and those of President White. The comparison here made is not intended at all as a criticism, but as a device in description. The defect of Thorndike's book is that his chapters read somewhat like disconnected monographs on various men. The several Gerberts and Michael Scots pass in review before us in rather monotonous single file, open formation. They are all going in the same direction, right enough, and we know where they are coming out — if not otherwise, then because White and others have shown us on their more sketchy, but quite understandable, maps; but our eyes are upon the men rather than the movement, and we tire somewhat as they, little and big, troop by. A casebook, however trustworthy and admirable, does not hold attention like a narrative or a topic-wise demonstration. Thorndike's book is an excellent reference-book for rather advanced students of social institutions; it is not the place to which to send young men in order that they may get points of view and perspective.

Both of the authors whom we have been comparing could have set their acts before a more suggestive background if they had possessed more of the sweep over the whole course of social evolution exhibited by the aged scholar who has now presented the world, in so graceful a form, with the quintessence of his many volumes on primitive beliefs. Frazer's original multiplicity of volumes represents a veritable encyclopædia of primitive religion — no less. His cases are so numerous and so apt that any worker in

his vicinity would like to have them all on cards to shuffle about for many purposes. His life-long pursuit of a puzzle set in Roman tradition is a cheerful thing to contemplate, and an edifying. His shrewd urbanity, behind which often a kindly irony seems to lurk, is downright engaging. One likes his cases and his casual comments, it may well be, better than his more pretentious theories; but it is impossible not to enjoy his quest of the Golden Bough along with him; and this one-volume condensation of the results of a quiet lifetime of study, presented in a form so genuinely fascinating to any reflective human being, and even to the unreflectively curious, is an event in both the scientific and the literary world. All teachers of literature should read it, and anyone else who desires to acquire background. There is here tremendous follow-up of the Grove of Nemi motive. There is also an example of what an accumulation of evidence can do, even when one is inclined at first to doubt the significance, taken separately, of its constituent cases.

A. G. KELLER.

Yale University.

CHRONICLES OF PERSONALITY

DAMAGED SOULS, *by* GAMALIEL BRADFORD, *Houghton Mifflin Co.*
BARNUM, *by* M. R. WERNER, *Harcourt, Brace & Co.*

PERHAPS it is the paucity of great novels that is turning readers more and more to biography and memoirs. It is a healthy reaction to reality, yet such work as Mr. Bradford's is animated to a certain extent by the spirit of fiction. Fielding's opinion that everything in history is false except the names and dates while everything in a novel is true except those necessary evils, is perhaps a sufficient authority for the modern biographers who insist upon letting their imagination play upon their gathered facts. There is, of course, nothing new in this attitude. The scientific historian, who insisted upon facts first and interest afterwards, had his reward. But some years ago, there was a reaction against mere accuracy, and it brought forth a number of "True Benjamin Franklins" and "True Thomas Jeffersons," some of which were original and some of which were good. The aim of these books and of volumes like Mr. Bradford's and Mr. Werner's is to present a portrait and not a photograph, and in the case of the author of

"Damaged Souls," he has been careful to hold the camera a bit askew.

The method has its obvious advantages. For years the present writer assigned as a subject to a college class in composition the treatment of historical characters from a point of view different from that usually taken, and he recalls with pleasure consequent gems, among them a portrait of "Lot's Wife" which would have astounded biblical criticism had it ever been published. The dangers inherent in this method are also apparent. To be effective the subjects must be sufficiently well known to make popular appreciation of the new point of view immediate, and the reconstructor of history is tempted to emphasize unduly these undiscovered phases of his subjects' natures or to set up straw men to knock down.

Mr. Bradford has undoubtedly felt himself upon the defensive in this last respect, for in his introduction he has explained his choice of the "Damaged Souls" he is endeavoring to rehabilitate. It is truly at first glance a strange collection: Benedict Arnold, Thomas Paine, Aaron Burr, John Randolph of Roanoke, John Brown, P. T. Barnum, Benjamin F. Butler. How different in historic importance, in immediate appeal, in permanent interest are those "palely damaged, but not completely damned souls." Barnum and Butler seem negligible, Randolph is remote in present interest. Paine seems hardly in need of defense, for the country he helped to found has lasted, the religion he tried to destroy can afford to forget his attacks. But after all the sketches in this well-written and stimulating book have been completed, a likeness evolves out of the confused events of their lives, a likeness Mr. Bradford doubtless felt although he does not express it concretely. They are examples of men in whom personality was developed at the expense of character. That is why, in moments of temptation, Arnold, Burr, and Butler disgraced themselves, in large and in little things, while Paine, Randolph, and Brown, brooding too intensively, struck at the foundations of religion and government.

In a book like this, the treatment is of course uneven. Arnold, Burr, and Brown are the best portraits, probably because they really were damaged souls. The quotation from Burr's farewell to the Senate, "If the Constitution be destined ever to perish by the sacrilegious hands of the demagogue or the usurper, which God

avert, its expiring agonies will be witnessed on this floor," almost justifies the article alone. And the concluding paragraph on John Brown is masterly in its depiction of the influence of Brown on the Civil War and on posterity. The portrait of Paine is well drawn, and Mr. Bradford rightly shows the lofty aims of that sometimes misguided man. He points out, also quite truly, that Paine writes in phrases rather than in words. But to one who has read Paine's own works, the essay is a bit disappointing. Perhaps Mr. Bradford had to keep his greatest figure down to the level of the others to prevent him from escaping altogether from the common category.

Randolph's portrait is disappointing for another reason. Mr. Bradford does not understand the southern landholder. He speaks of Randolph as though he contained a "multiplicity of conflicts" within him, because "he was a slaveholder and a lover of liberty" "an aristocrat and a lover of democracy," because he denounced the slave trade and yet hated abolitionists. Such apparent inconsistencies did not bother Randolph. In his conception of society, a few leaders ruled by right of superior intelligence the rest of mankind, who were equal to each other and who were relieved of all responsibility, who were to be protected as well as governed, and whose rights their leaders would allow no one to infringe but themselves. It is the clan theory of society and it differs radically from that which Mr. Bradford understands as democracy. Yet it is democracy of a certain kind, and we may be sure that its workings caused Randolph no spiritual disturbance.

If the article on Barnum appeals to us least, it is because its subject is of no great significance. And this is the reason why Mr. Werner's "Life of Barnum" seems relatively of less value than Mr. Bradford's collection of portraits. For, after all, a biography should have an important figure. Barnum was notorious, but not significant. He contributed nothing of permanence to our civilization, his methods brought discredit to America at times and in nearly every particular he is an example of the transitory. Mr. Werner has endeavored to sift the many statements of the different editions of Barnum's autobiography and to supplement these and check them by other statements. A picture of Barnum emerges from the book, and with that the author is principally concerned.

It is a question, however, whether Mr. Bradford does not give us in a few pages all that is really necessary concerning P. T. Barnum, and there is little difference in the two pictures. Mr. Werner has a certain skill in depicting the associations of the showman in New York. Of the theatrical history of the time he gives us practically nothing, and indeed Barnum was not intimately concerned with the legitimate theatre. But such a misstatement as that in which Mr. Werner gives to Jack Diamond the credit of being the first dancer of negro dances in this country, makes us suspect the accuracy of other statements, not so obviously incorrect. Our principal unfavorable criticism of Mr. Werner's "Life of Barnum" is, however, its tone. He feels that he has to be smart and such remarks as "The *Herald* wrote: 'Jenny Lind is the most popular woman in the world at this moment, — perhaps the most popular that ever was in it.' In the excitement of the moment the *Herald* apparently forgot the Virgin Mary," are indicative of a lack of taste, at least, upon the author's part.

The two books are more easy to contrast than to compare. Mr. Bradford's distinction of style is wanting in Mr. Werner's book. But they both illustrate the biography of personality. And in this day when we are suffering from an excess of personality and a lack of character, in public and private life, perhaps the representation of damaged personalities may not be without its significance.

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A REALIST AND TWO IDEALISTS

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HUMANISM, by VISCOUNT HALDANE, *Yale University Press*.

MATTER, LIFE, MIND, AND GOD, by R. F. ALFRED HOERNLÉ. *Harcourt, Brace & Co.*

SCEPTICISM AND ANIMAL FAITH, by GEORGE SANTAYANA, *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

"THE PHILOSOPHY OF HUMANISM" is a sort of sequel to Viscount Haldane's previous volume, "The Reign of Relativity." The title raises expectations that are not fulfilled. There is little of humanism in the book, and a great deal of abstract discussion, not enlivened either by concrete applications or by graces of style. The author has read widely and industriously in certain fields of

science, particularly among German works arising out of the physical theory of relativity. Some of the chapters come to be almost annotated bibliographies of the literature he has read. And the annotations pretty uniformly take the shape of vague suggestions of how pleasingly all this falls into place in the author's metaphysical scheme. The essence of this scheme is the thesis that there are grades of reality, each of which is identical with a grade of knowledge, and each endowed with its own appropriate categories, so that what is true on one level is false or meaningless on the next — a most convenient scheme to enable one to admit inconvenient scientific truths and then a moment later deny them again.

Beside these chapters, there are others devoted to physics, biology, and psychology. The most merit resides in the chapter on biology, which neatly sums up certain conclusions published elsewhere at more length by the author's brother. The thesis is, of course, the irreducibility of the life stage of reality to the lower categories of physics and chemistry, and is thus a defense of vitalism. As here described, the vitalist is not one who introduces some mystic explanation in terms of life-force; but is one who simply describes as nearly as he can, and insists upon the uniqueness of, those phenomena which appear wherever life is. His opponent, the mechanist, it is, who is the metaphysician, striving to achieve a paradoxical transformation that shall reveal life as something different from what life seems observationally to be. In this chapter the author writes really effectively, because his specific illustrations are kept in the forefront.

Lord Haldane's range of information is extraordinary, his understanding of difficult theories is the fruit of much earnest pondering, and yet the total result of so much reading and such long thought and speculation, as it here stands recorded in this book, is small.

Professor Hoernlé is like Haldane an idealist and, more particularly, a follower of the late Bernard Bosanquet. Though now in South Africa, his brilliant powers as a teacher of philosophy are not unknown in this country, where he was for several years a teacher at Harvard. His book is intended for the thoughtful layman in philosophy, who would like to know what topics are now most discussed by philosophers, and what is being said

about them. Unlike Haldane's rather labored discussions, Hoernlé writes so directly and so well that the chapters seem only too brief. For just when the plot has thickened enough to get the reader interested, Professor Hoernlé drops one subject and hurries on to an equally brief sketch of something else. His useful annotated bibliographies are a partial compensation, for they direct the reader to more lengthy, if also at times more tangled and obscure, discussions of the same topics.

Professor Hoernlé's point of view is eclectic and widely sympathetic, "synoptic" he calls it. It lends itself easily to such a sweeping introductory survey as is here undertaken. The first chapter deals with the achievements and growing prestige of science. Chapter two, which attempts to make out that physical science itself is tending to grow less materialistic, contrasts interestingly with Santayana. Controversies about the nature of life and of mind occupy the next two chapters, and the book closes with an attractive section on religion and philosophy. All the chapters are animated by a common sympathetic and "synoptic" tendency, and a refusal to admit that the world can be divided into Haldane's or Santayana's compartments. The philosopher, as Hoernlé sees him, is one who assembles all the evidence, and false philosophies are false not so much in what they say, as in the fact that they leave out some aspect or other of the full concrete reality of things.

Where Professor Hoernlé talks to beginners about philosophers and scientists, and hopes for a new synthesis, Professor Santayana philosophizes in his own way, defying other philosophers, and challenging current tendencies. He makes it only too evident that Hoernlé's synoptic synthesis of all existent doctrines will be no easy matter to achieve. The appearance of his book, "Scepticism and Animal Faith," is a real event in the philosophical world. In it Santayana has published an expansion of his last lectures before leaving Harvard in 1911. It is to be continued in a sequel, the whole work constituting a naturalistic or materialistic system of philosophy. The substance is still that of 1911, though distinctly different in emphasis from those earlier publications by which he is generally known. And furthermore, a dozen years of pondering, combined with the care of shaping his thoughts into suitable form for a book, have wrought a trans-

formation in the style that makes the thoughts themselves seem richer and more compelling.

Here is a volume that is unique in quality among recent philosophical writings. A flash of epigram lightens the most abstract discussions. Pages of unnecessary repetitions seem all too short as the reader is lured on and on by the novelty and beauty of the phrases. No one else living can write philosophy like this. He fascinates us as even the Santayana of former years could not. Utterly unfair to his opponents, insinuating that their opinions have a direct connection with their mental deficiencies, he says the most biting things in a manner so bland and urbane and almost condoling, that we are sure his opponents will want to thank him for concealing from the public the actual abysses of their mental degradation. He is so anxious to guard every point and reply to every thoughtless objection, that he is enabled quietly to evade the real difficulties of his position, and nevertheless baffle even the trained philosopher watching for weak links in the chain of his deductions. He leaves the more trustful reader in no doubt that he at least, unlike the idealist Haldane and Hoernlé, is open-eyed to look upon the world as it really is, and intellectually honest enough to tell the cruel truth about it. We may well believe that this book, too remote in subject from taxes and the price of sugar to interest the casual reader, more remote indeed than most of Santayana's own writings, will none the less find its audience, and be a delight to many an embryo philosopher. And perchance if some of them try to imitate the finish and beauty of his style, as well as the peculiarities of his point of view, we shall have cause to be thankful.

Mr. Santayana's world is in three parts — like Gaul, he used to say — or perhaps better, like a layer cake, only that the layers are quite unequal in size and consistency. There is the gigantic miscellaneous lower layer of Essences, containing everything that is, and everything that could by devils and angels be imagined, the realm of all the possible. And on that is a smaller but solider layer of Substance or Matter, containing in part the same ingredients as the lower layer, but somehow solider, and furnishing what unity there may be in the structure of things. And on top of this almost indigestible mass there is fortunately Consciousness, which is not so much a third layer, as it is a peculiarly thin

but delicious icing, imperfectly spread over the top of things. If eaten along with the rest of the cake, it gives something of its own flavor to the whole. But idealist philosophers are those who like to lick off this icing and ignore the solid food beneath, and thus fall victims to spiritual indigestion. It may be said, however, that in some passages of the present book, Mr. Santayana rather suggests that Consciousness is not so much a stuff, or even a William Jamesian "stream of thought," playing over life as the rainbow plays over the blind rush of the waters and the roaring surf, as it is a beholder, an eye that sees, analogous to those really disembodied Spectators of the Samkhya school of Hindu philosophers, who, beholding the fantastic transformations of Matter, confuse themselves therewith, and follow Matter's doings with an unnecessary anxiety.

This philosophy built of mud and rainbows, of matter and mirage, reiterating over and over the words of Goethe, "In the superficial iridescence of things our life is set," is the effort of an aesthete, convinced of the scientific truth of materialism, so to limit materialism as to make room for art. Consciousness is a by-product and not a cause; but it adds all the values to things, and all the values it adds are aesthetic values. Among these values themselves Santayana would establish a supremacy for the values of the plastic arts, as they seek to catch and fixate something eternal amidst the apparent rush of change—he would even play with logical fallacies, to make out that change itself, being forever change, is forever the same. In the superficial iridescence of things Santayana's heart and philosophy themselves are set; and if he at this point ceases to be skeptical, but has the animal faith dogmatically to believe that mind is not a cause, but that blind nature and whirling atoms wrote Mr. Santayana's books, it is because he wants it so, because he wants to prove that other goods than those he loves have no deep roots in the universe. These other goods, moral personality and social loyalty, seem to him but means and often hindrances to the private goods he seeks; and he is the more persuaded that they have no deep roots in the universe, because they have no deep roots in Mr. Santayana himself.

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SIX BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

ROOTABAGA STORIES, *by* CARL SANDBURG, *Harcourt, Brace & Co.*

THE VOYAGES OF DR. DOLITTLE, *by* HUGH LOFTING, *F. A. Stokes Co.*

SHAKESPEARE AND THE HEART OF A CHILD, *by* GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER,
Macmillan Co.

BATTLES AND ENCHANTMENTS, *by* NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONOR,
Houghton Mifflin Co.

THE CHILDREN WHO FOLLOWED THE PIPER, *by* PADRAIC COLUM,
Macmillan Co.

TWO LITTLE MISOGYNISTS, *by* CARL SPITTELER, *Henry Holt & Co.*

Two of the books before me are by explorers of strange lands. Carl Sandburg tells about the Rootabaga country, and Hugh Lofting about Popsipetel and other unappreciated places, throwing in as good measure a description of a journey over the floor of the ocean all the way from Brazil to Europe. Both of these men write as though they believe what they are writing. It is the only way to create fantasy and to hold the attention of children. Both have the downright method and the persuasive, authentic voice of the story-teller.

Mr. Sandburg's Rootabaga country is the great American corn-belt with little to retard the sweep of the wind across its prairies. The Village of Cream Puffs is blown away by that wind. "It is a light little village on the upland corn prairie many miles past the sunset in the West." It blows away, flutters at the end of a long string, and is pulled back when the wind has had all the fun it wants. I have been homesick for this village as though I had once lived there through many contented days. I think it is a village of minstrels singing to people who want to listen.

These fantastic tales have the precise folk quality of many lives lived and much wisdom gathered and spent. They are vigorous and subtle and merry. They are told in a rhythmical prose as highly organized as Mr. Sandburg's poetry. Very often they are poetry. He uses old words as they have never been used before and new words of his own. He creates names. It is a language by itself. Repetitive words and phrases are interwoven and parallel constructions used, frequently based upon the magical three-times-and-out of the fairy tales. Rhythms carry the mood and fascinate the ear. I wonder whether people who have not heard this poet read his own stories know how they rise and fall like the wind

blowing, how they whisper sometimes and shout sometimes. The repeated phrases, having degrees of emphasis, are distinct colors. I believe that imaginative children recognize and respond to the irony and the humor of this writing.

"Do you wish a ticket to go away and come back," asks the poet gravely, "or do you wish a ticket to go away and never come back?"

Mr. Lofting has Dr. Dolittle go away and come back. Children who know the Animals' Own Doctor through the two books about him would not want him to buy a ticket to go away and never come back. In the book of "Voyages" Tommy Stubbins, a cobbler's son, tells of a journey with the doctor from their home, Puddleby-on-the-Marsh. This is a little town with a river running through it. Sailing ships may follow this river like a street. "When they got round the bend in the river and the water was hidden from view, you could still see their huge brown sails towering over the roofs of the town, moving onward slowly like some gentle giants that walked among the houses without noise." This mystery of sails and roofs is the kind of picture which the artist-author sees in his own way but must allow us to see in ours. I have heard an argument between two young readers about the color of those sails. Weren't they cinnamon sails, or something nearer red? In the same earnest fashion they have discussed the plumage of the parrot, Polynesia, and what things were seen under the sea through the transparent shell of the marvellous snail.

Mr. Lofting makes many delightful drawings for his books, but he will not always commit himself. He offers his inventions with a gentle humor and with the kindness of Dr. Dolittle at his kindest. But he knows what to leave to his readers.

Mrs. Slaughter has done an ingenious thing in her book, "Shakespeare and the Heart of a Child." To tell of a little girl's happy adventures with a dozen or more of Shakespeare's plays and to make phrases and whole passages of the plays familiar to young readers, is an admirable achievement. Perhaps it is the fault of Mr. Lofting and of Mr. Sandburg that the book seems to me a little obvious in its manner. It is too explicit. More might have been left to the children who love to improvise and to pretend. But it has charm of association and of intention.

Norreys Jephson O'Connor has made a really valuable addition

to the body of Irish legend in his book, "Battles and Enchantments." He has a love of this material retold from the early Gaelic literature, which may be discerned both in his choice and arrangement of it, and in occasional delicate emphasis betraying the poet. There is a simple dignity in the telling of these tales, a dignity altogether winning. I like best the story of the Dagda and his harp. In another, "The Passing of the Dedannans," one comes with pleasure upon a translation of the chant of Amergin beginning —

I am the wind blowing over the sea.

The only thing I miss in Mr. O'Connor's excellent book is color. I wish that he might finish certain of these episodes in that enamel of gold and red-gold and green used by the unknown author of "Sir Gawaine and the Green Knight."

Mr. Padraic Colum has no hesitation about color. From the description of the pied dress of the Piper, a gaiety not of music alone runs through the story of the children who followed him through the mountain into the Wood of Daylight-Gone. "The Piper played, and a light came out of the pipes he held." Among the children who follow are many out of old nursery-tales. Led by the Piper who is Mercury, they find many friends: Silvanus with a bag of nuts between his knees, many-voiced Faunus, Janus with "one face bent to the ground and the other face watching the star above." That star recurs like a refrain. After all, a poet has designed this exquisite fantasy. There is humor, too, both of situation and detail. The dogs of the rat-ridden town, meeting people on the streets after the Piper has played the rats out of existence, wag their congratulations.

Gerold and Hänsli and Gesima would have followed the Piper with great satisfaction. They are the children of another book, "Two Little Misogynists," by Carl Spitteler. What an unfortunate title for a finely wrought and most lovable work! Gerold and Hänsli never dream that they are misogynists. A grown-up label, and somewhat overwhelming. Swiss villages clinging to the precipice edges and all but sliding into the ravines of the charming drawings in this book, are the background for picturesque and amusing incident in the lives of these two. Gesima enters on stilts, a fact distinctly in her favor. All are quite real, quite convincing. Something gracious and a little whimsical in the style of the telling reminded

me of the joy I had in reading "A Little Boy Lost" by W. H. Hudson.

I know that these books for children were written for me, too.

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LEADERS OF LOST CAUSES

THE DECADENCE OF EUROPE, *by* FRANCESCO NITTI, *Henry Holt & Co.*

THE WORLD CRISIS, *by* WINSTON CHURCHILL, *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

WHITHER FRANCE? WHITHER EUROPE? *by* JOSEPH CAILLAUX, *A. A. Knopf.*

THE KAISER'S MEMOIRS, *by* WILHELM II, *Harper & Brothers.*

COMPARATIVE HISTORY, 1878-1914, *by* THE EX-EMPEROR OF GERMANY, *Robert M. McBride & Co.*

MY WAR EXPERIENCES, *by* THE FORMER CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY, *Robert M. McBride & Co.*

THERE is a motto of a famous organization far removed from the exalted circles in which the authors of these volumes live, move, and have their being — or did — that has peculiar application here. It is that "a man may be down but he is never out." Not, at least, while the presses run. It is natural, indeed it seems inevitable, for one who has played his part in the public eye to believe that the public is still interested in him when he no longer occupies the stage. It is no less natural for him to wish to set his case before the world, and gain as favorable verdict from posterity as his literary skill permits. He takes his appeal from the present to the future, and sometimes that appeal is allowed. Even the great Napoleon did not disdain this last resource of overthrown greatness. It is peculiarly interesting, therefore, to consider this group of leaders of what are for the moment at least lost causes, these footnotes of history.

Some years ago I suggested in this magazine that if one wished to know why there was a war he need only to read six books, all German. One might almost reduce that now to one. He needs only to read the Kaiser's memoirs. Not that the late Emperor was, perhaps, the precise cause of the war. But seldom, if ever, is there to be found in so brief a compass the epitomized spirit which lay behind the conflict, the extraordinary psychology — or obsession — which the world has come to recognize as the peculiar characteristic of the German people. To serve its ends of mingled

ambition and suspicion — the “inferiority complex,” as it has been unkindly described — every fact of history, every activity of politics, has been interpreted as jealousy, or rivalry, or hatred, or envy, or conspiracy against Germany. It needs no further comment on such a state of mind than to observe that while it has been said that Admiral Mahan’s works were the chief influence behind the development of German sea power, it appears that Professor Usher’s volume on Pan-Germanism seems to have profoundly influenced, or misled, Germany’s foreign policy. Nowhere in the world probably is there to be found a more extraordinary misconception of world politics, and especially the policy of the United States, than in the Emperor’s insistence that there was a “secret agreement” between the other powers, especially this country, Great Britain, and France, to overthrow Germany — as far back as 1897! This, apparently, on the testimony of Professor Usher, as interpreted by the Kaiser.

But the fact is that the world at large was far less interested in Germany and her ruler than the Germans and William the Second believed. Who now cares much about the war experiences of the late Crown Prince? Those experiences, we have been led to believe, however exciting to the subject of them, were neither so extraordinary, nor so important, certainly not so effective, as that discredited commander thought, and apparently still thinks. His book helps to explain some things which were tolerably obvious before.

But there are here three volumes which do explain many things. The violent pro-German, anti-French attitude of Nitti finds nowhere clearer expression than in his own pages, and it explains, among other things, Signor Nitti, his past, his present, and, it may be, his future. No less the extraordinary, clever volume of the stormy petrel of French politics, M. Caillaux, indicates, not, indeed, the obscure past of that now discredited politician, but at least why that past was possible. It is frankly a bid for his return to power. Had we no other lamp to guide our feet than these pages, we might believe that there could conceivably be some justification for his appeal. But too much lies behind. Were that expunged from the record we could well believe that so forceful, so clear-sighted, so persuasive a personality might come back. For he, almost alone, seems to have some dim conception of

the new politics. If he would only tell all he knows, he would achieve an immortality beyond even his own dreams.

Winston Churchill, though he tells much, and tells it well, hardly commits that indiscretion. If Caillaux tells us more of the future than of the past, Churchill clears up many points of history, with scarcely less cleverness, and perhaps more authority. Nowhere is there to be found a clearer, more readable statement of many disputed problems in British naval activities, nowhere more interesting side-lights on many phases of politics, both civil and military, than here.

And as one lays down the last of these volumes, he is strongly moved by one reflection. How rapidly the truth is coming to light! We may not have, we may never have, open covenants openly arrived at; but one thing is certain. We are infinitely better informed of the late war within five years of its close than men were of the Napoleonic wars fifty years after Waterloo. There is no stronger proof that we live in a new age, the age of publicity; pitiless, if you like, but popular. Everything is now everybody's business. It is the great characteristic of democracy. And there is no greater proof of the emergence of that phase of political development which we call public opinion than that so many men of so many minds, so wide variation in rank, nationality, point of view, and character, thus appeal to world opinion. That we live in an age of publicity is an observation which is neither novel nor original. But this internationalism in publicity is both new and remarkable; and the appearance of so many books of this character in the United States is one proof, among many, that this country is, consciously and unconsciously, becoming a part of that world public which all future politics and politicians must, in some sort, take into account.

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LETTERS AND COMMENT

THE following list of recent books is suggested by the article on "The Humor of Max Beerbohm" in this number of THE YALE REVIEW:

- THINGS NEW AND OLD, *by* MAX BEERBOHM, *Doubleday, Page Co.*
 A SURVEY, *by* MAX BEERBOHM, *Doubleday, Page Co.*
 ROSSETTI AND HIS CIRCLE, *by* MAX BEERBOHM, *Doubleday, Page Co.*
 ZULEIKA DOBSON, *by* MAX BEERBOHM, *Boni & Liveright.*
 A CHRISTMAS GARLAND, *by* MAX BEERBOHM, *E. P. Dutton & Co.*
 MORE, *by* MAX BEERBOHM, *Dodd, Mead & Co.*
 SEVEN MEN, *by* MAX BEERBOHM, *A. A. Knopf.*
 YET AGAIN, *by* MAX BEERBOHM, *A. A. Knopf.*
 AND EVEN NOW, *by* MAX BEERBOHM, *E. P. Dutton & Co.*
 THE HAPPY HYPOCRITE, *by* MAX BEERBOHM, *Dodd, Mead & Co.*
 MAX BEERBOHM IN PERSPECTIVE, *by* BOHUN LYNCH, *A. A. Knopf.*
 OVERSET, *by* FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, *Doubleday, Page Co.*
 SINGLE BLESSEDNESS, *by* GEORGE ADE, *Doubleday, Page Co.*
 THE COLLECTOR'S WHATNOT, ANONYMOUS, *Houghton, Mifflin Co.*
 TIMOTHY TUBBY'S JOURNAL, ANONYMOUS, *George H. Doran Co.*
 ON, *by* HILAIRE BELLOC, *George H. Doran Co.*
 LOVE CONQUERS ALL, *by* ROBERT C. BENCHLEY, *Henry Holt & Co.*
 LATEST THING, *by* ALEXANDER BLACK, *Harper & Brothers.*
 FRIGHTFUL PLAYS, *by* CHARLES S. BROOKS, *Harcourt, Brace & Co.*
 PIECES OF HATE, *by* HEYWOOD BROWN, *George H. Doran Co.*
 ABANDONED FARMERS, *by* IRWIN S. COBB, *George H. Doran Co.*
 THE MARGIN OF HESITATION, *by* FRANK M. COLBY, *Dodd, Mead & Co.*
 THE CHEERFUL GIVER, *by* SAMUEL MCCORD CROTHERS, *Houghton, Mifflin Co.*
 THE CROW'S NEST, *by* CLARENCE S. DAY, JR., *A. A. Knopf.*
 GIGOLO, *by* EDNA FERBER, *Doubleday, Page Co.*
 GIRTH CONTROL, *by* HENRY T. FINCK, *Harper & Brothers.*
 WINDFALLS, *by* ALFRED G. GARDINER, *E. P. Dutton & Co.*
 LEMONS & POPPIES, *by* GERTRUDE S. GERTRUDE, *Thomas Seltzer.*
 LITTLE RAYS OF MOONSHINE, *by* A. P. HERBERT, *A. A. Knopf.*
 NEITHER HERE NOR THERE, *by* OLIVER HERFORD, *George H. Doran Co.*
 IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF MURRAY HILL, *by* ROBERT C. HOLLIDAY, *George H. Doran Co.*

SAY IT WITH OIL, *by* RING LARDNER, *and* SAY IT WITH BRICKS, *by* NINA WILCOX PUTNAM, *George H. Doran Co.*

OVER THE FOOTLIGHTS, *by* STEPHEN B. LEACOCK, *Dodd, Mead & Co.*

YOU KNOW WHAT PEOPLE ARE, *by* E. V. LUCAS, *Little, Brown & Co.*

THE SPORTING LIFE AND OTHER TRIFLES, *by* ROBERT LYND, *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

SONNETS TO A RED-HAIRED LADY, *by* DON MARQUIS, *Doubleday, Page & Co.*

OUR AMERICAN HUMORISTS, *by* THOMAS L. MASSON, *Moffatt, Yard & Co.*

IF I MAY, *by* A. A. MILNE, *E. P. Dutton & Co.*

THE POWDER OF SYMPATHY, *by* CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, *Doubleday, Page & Co.*

AS I LIKE IT, *by* WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

THE STAG COOK BOOK, *by* C. MAC SHERIDAN, *George H. Doran Co.*

MORE TRIVIA, *by* LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH, *Harcourt, Brace & Co.*

AUNT POLLY'S STORY OF MANKIND, *by* DONALD O. STEWART, *George H. Doran Co.*

SINBAD AND HIS FRIENDS, *by* SIMEON STRUNSKY, *Henry Holt & Co.*

THE FASCINATING STRANGER, *by* BOOTH TARKINGTON, *Doubleday, Page & Co.*

THE OUTLINE OF EVERYTHING, *by* PROFESSOR HECTOR B. TOOGOOD, *Little, Brown & Co.*

SARAH OF THE SAHARA, *by* DR. WALTER E. TRAPROCK, *G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

GROUPS AND COUPLES, *by* FRANCES L. WARNER, *Houghton, Mifflin Co.*

AN OUTLINE OF HUMOR, *by* CAROLYN WELLS, *A. A. Knopf.*

OH, DOCTOR! *by* HARRY L. WILSON, *Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.*

MISS GRACE GUINEY, literary executor of Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, requests that persons having in their possession any of Miss Guiney's letters lend them to her as soon as possible for use in a volume of Letters which she is preparing. Her address is 10 Holywell, Oxford, England.

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A PREFACE TO A SYSTEM OF PHILOSOPHY

By G. SANTAYANA

THE world is old, and can have changed but little since man arose in it, else man himself would have perished. Why, then, should he still live without a sure and sufficient philosophy? The equivalent of such a philosophy is probably hereditary in sundry animals not much older than man. They have had time to take the measure of life, and have settled down to a routine of preferences and habits which keeps their heads, as a race, above water; and they are presumably visited at appropriate seasons by magic images, which are symbols to them for the world or for the cycles of their destiny. Among groups of men, in the same way, an equilibrium of this moral sort has been sometimes approached — in India, in China, under the Moslem or the Catholic regimens; and if socialist or other panaceas now exercise such a strange influence over men's hearts, it is perhaps because they are impatient of being so long the sport of divers ignorant dogmas and chance adventures, and aspire to live in a stable harmony with nature.

In fact, beneath these various complete systems which have professed but failed to be universal, there is actually a

dumb human philosophy, incomplete but solid, prevalent among all civilized peoples. They all practise agriculture, commerce, and mechanical arts, with artificial instruments lately very much complicated; and they necessarily possess, with these arts, a modicum of sanity, morality, and science requisite for carrying them on, and tested by success in doing so. Is not this human competence philosophy enough? Is it not at least the nucleus of all sound philosophy? In spite of the superficial confusion reigning in the world, is not the universal wisdom of the future actually gathering about this human competence in engineering, in chemistry, in medicine, in war?

It might seem so, since the sort of knowledge involved in the arts, though it may not go very far, is compulsory so far as it goes, and being sanctioned by success, it ought to be permanent and progressive. There is indeed a circle of material events called nature, to which all minds belonging to the same society are responsive in common. Not to be responsive to these facts is simply to be stupid and backward in the arts; those who explore and master their environment, cannot help learning what it is. In this direction competence involves enlightenment. Among minds forming a moral society, and able to compare their several opinions, this enlightenment in the expert is coercive over the layman also, because the same facts confront them both. Did not the same facts confront them, communication would be impossible between them, or if communication was reputed to exist by magic there would be no possible conflict or progress among their opinions, because they would not refer to the same events. Even if each declared himself competent and prosperous in his own world, he would know nothing of the world of his neighbors. Their several minds would simply be variously or similarly brilliant, like jewels, signifying nothing to one another.

If any mind hopes to address another (or even itself) persuasively, as I now wish to address the reader and my own

thoughts, it must assume a single system of events to which both minds are responsive, and which includes their respective bodies and actions. Assuming such a common world, it is easy to see how animals may acquire knowledge of it and may communicate it. Material events will arouse in them intuitions conformable to their several stations, faculties, and passions; and their active nature (since they are animals, not plants) will compel them to regard many of the essences so given in intuition as signs for the outer things among which they move, modifying these things and affected by them. This assumption justifies itself at every turn in practice, and establishes in the habits of all men, in proportion to their competence, an appropriate adjustment to the *Realm of Matter*, and in their imagination a suitable picture of the same.

Nevertheless, since the station, faculties, and passions of all men are not identical, these pictures will not be similar. Different observers may be addressed to different regions of nature, or sensitive to different elements in the same region; thus dwellers in distinct planets must evidently have distinct geographies, and the same battle in the clouds will be known to the deaf only as lightning and to the blind only as thunder, each responding to a different constituent of the total event, and not simultaneously. So an eclipse — itself but one aspect of a constellation of events in the heavens — may be known in various entirely different terms; by calculation before it occurs, by sense when it is occurring, by memory immediately afterwards, and by reports to posterity. All these indications are entirely inadequate to the facts they reveal in the realm of matter, and qualitatively unlike those facts; they are a set of variegated symbols by which sensitive animals can designate them. Of course, the existence and use of such languages is an added fact in nature — a fact so important and close to the egotism of the animals themselves as perhaps to obscure all else in their eyes. Their instinct, indeed, keeps their attention stretched upon the material world that

actually surrounds them; but sometimes sensation and language, instead of being passed over like the ticking of the telegraph, may become objects in themselves, in all their absolute musical insignificance; and then animals become idealists. The terms in which they describe things, unlike the things they meant to describe, are purely specious, arbitrary, and ideal; whether visual, tactile, auditory, or conceptual these terms are essentially *words*. They possess intrinsically, in their own ontological plane, only logical or aesthetic being; and this contains no indication whatever of the material act of speaking, touching, or looking which causes them to appear. All possible terms in mental discourse are essences existing nowhere; visionary equally, whether the faculty that discovers them be sense or thought or the most fantastic fancy.

Such diversity in animal experience taken in itself exhibits sundry qualities or forms of being, a part of the infinite multitude of distinguishable ideal terms which (whether ever revealed to anybody or not) I call the *Realm of Essence*. Pure intuition, in its poetic ecstasy, would simply drink in such of these essences as happened to present themselves; but for a wakeful animal they are signals. They report to his spirit, in very summary and uncertain images, the material events which surround him and which concern his welfare. They may accordingly become terms in knowledge if interpreted judiciously, and if interpreted injudiciously they may become illusions.

The dumb philosophy of the human animal, by which he rears his family and practises the arts and finds his way home, might take definite shape and establish a healthy routine in all his dealings with matter (which includes society) and yet his imaginative experience might retain all its specious originality. The control which the environment exercises over the structure and conduct of animals is decidedly loose. They can live dragging a long chain of idle tricks, diseases, and obsolete organs; and even this loose

control fails almost entirely in the case of alternative senses or languages, one of which may serve as well as another. Many species survive together, many rival endowments and customs and religions. And the same control fails altogether in regard to the immaterial essences which those senses or languages call up before the mind's eye when they are used. Adaptation is physical, and it is only the material operation in sensation or speech that can possibly be implicated in the clockwork of nature. The choice of those visionary essences which meantime visit the mind, though regular, is free; they are the transcript of life into discourse, the rhetorical and emotional rendering of existence, which when deepened and purified, becomes poetry or music. There can be no reason why differences in these spheres, even among men of the same race, should not be perpetual. It would be mere sluggishness and egotism to regret it. Such differences are not merely added like a vain luxury to a sane recognition, in other conscious terms, of the facts of nature. The "sane" response to nature is by action only and by an economy which nature can accept and weave into her own material economy; but as to the terms of sense and discourse, they are all from the very beginning equally arbitrary, poetical, and (if you choose) mad; yet all equally symptomatic. They vary initially and intangibly from mind to mind, even in expressing the same routine of nature. The imagination which eventually runs to fine art or religion is the same faculty which, under a more direct control of external events, yields vulgar perception. The promptings and the control exercised by matter are continuous in both cases; the dream requires a material dreamer as much as the waking sensation, and the latter is a transcript of his bodily condition just as directly as the dream. Poetic, creative, original fancy is not a secondary form of sensibility, but its first and only form. The same manual restlessness and knack which makes man a manufacturer of toys makes him, when by chance his toys prove useful, a manufacturer of implements. Fine art is

thus older than servile labor, and the poetic quality of experience is more fundamental than its scientific value. Existence may revert at any moment to play, or may run down in idleness; but it is impossible that any work or discovery should ever come about without the accompaniment of pure contemplation, if there is consciousness at all; so that the inherent freedom of the spirit can never be stamped out, so long as spirit endures.

Nor is it safe to imagine that inspired people, because they dream awake in their philosophy, must come to grief in the real world. The great religious and political systems which I mentioned above have had brilliant careers. Their adepts have been far from making worse soldiers than skeptics make, or worse workmen than materialists; nor have they committed suicide or been locked up in the madhouse more often than exact philosophers. Nature drives with a loose rein, and vitality of any sort, even if expressed in fancy, can blunder through many a predicament in which reason would despair. And if the mythical systems decline at last it is not so much by virtue of the maladjustments underlying their speculative errors — for their myths as a whole are wisely contrived — as because imagination in its freedom abandons these errors for others simply because the prevalent mood of mankind has changed, and it begins dreaming in a different key. Spirit bloweth where it listeth, and continually undoes its own work. This world of free expression, this drift of sensations, passions, and ideas, perpetually kindled and fading in the light of consciousness, I call the *Realm of Spirit*. It is only for the sake of this free life that material competence and knowledge of fact are worth attaining. Facts for a living creature are only instruments; his play-life is his true life. On his working days, when he is attentive to matter, he is only his own servant, preparing the feast. He becomes his own master in his holidays and in his sportive passions. Among these must be counted literature and philosophy, and so much of love, religion, and patriotism as is not an effort

to survive materially. In such enthusiasms there is much asseveration; but what they attest is really not the character of the external facts concerned, but only the spiritual uses to which the spirit turns them.

A philosopher cannot wish to be deceived. His philosophy is a declaration of policy in the presence of the facts; and therefore his first care must be to ascertain and heartily to acknowledge all such facts as are relevant to his action or sentiment — not less, and not necessarily more. The pursuit of truth is a form of courage, and a philosopher may well love truth for its own sake, in that he is disposed to confront destiny, whatever it may be, with zest when possible, with resignation when necessary, and not seldom with amusement. The facts to which it is prudent and noble in him to bare his bosom are the morally relevant facts, such as touch his fortunes or his heart, or such as he can alter by his efforts; nor can he really discover other facts. Intuition, or absolute apprehension without media or doubt, is proper to spirit perusing essences; it is impossible to animals confronting facts. Animals know things by exploration, reaction, and prophetic fancy; they therefore can know only such parts and depths of nature as they explore materially and respond to vitally. The brave impulse to search may, indeed, become eager and may wish to recognize no limits; and there may be spirits so utterly practical and serious that the pursuit of material facts absorbs them altogether, to the exclusion of all play of mind. Yet such hectic exactitude is an expression of fear, and automatic rather than rational. Curiosity in an animal always has limits which it is foolish to transgress, because beyond them theory insensibly lapses into verbal myths, and if still taken for true knowledge defeats the honest curiosity that inspired it. What renders knowledge true is fidelity to the object; but in the conduct and fancy of an animal this fidelity can be only rough, summary, dramatic; too much refinement renders it subjective, as does too much haste. This is true of mathematical refinements no

less than of verbal pedantries. The realm of matter can never be disclosed either to hypothesis or to sensation in its presumable inmost structure and ultimate extent: the garment of appearance must always fit it loosely and drape it in alien folds, because appearance is essentially an adaptation of facts to the scale and faculty of the observer.

There are also moral limits to seriousness and utter literalness in thought. The tragic compulsion to honor the facts is imposed on man by the destiny of his body, to which that of his mind is attached. But his destiny is not the only theme possible to his thought, nor the most congenial. The best part of this destiny is that he may often forget it; and existence would not be worth preserving if it had to be spent exclusively in anxiety about existence.

It follows from all this that knowledge of facts merely because they are facts cannot be the ultimate object of a philosopher, although he must wish to know the whole unvarnished truth about relevant matters. A liberal mind must live on its own terms, and think in them; it is not inferior to what surrounds it; fact-worship on its part would accordingly be a fault in taste and in morals. What is the function of philosophy? To disclose the absolute truth? But is it credible that the absolute truth should descend into the thoughts of a mortal creature, equipped with a few special senses and with a biassed intellect, a man lost amidst millions of his fellows and a prey to the epidemic delusions of the race? Possession of the absolute truth is not merely by accident beyond the range of particular minds; it is incompatible with being alive, because it excludes any particular station, organ, interest, or date of survey: the absolute truth is undiscoverable just because it is not a perspective. Perspectives are essential to animal apprehension; an observer, himself a part of the world he observes, must have a particular station in it; he cannot be equally near to everything, nor internal to anything but himself; of the rest he can only take views, abstracted according to his sensibility and foreshortened

according to his interests. Those animals which I was supposing endowed with an adequate philosophy surely do not possess the absolute truth. They read nature in their private idioms. Their imagination, like the human, is doubtless incapable of coping with all things at once, or even with the whole of anything natural. Mind was not created for the sake of discovering the absolute truth. The absolute truth has its own intangible reality, and scorns to be known. The function of mind is rather to increase the wealth of the universe in the spiritual dimension, by adding appearance to substance and passion to necessity, and by creating all those private perspectives, and those emotions of wonder, adventure, curiosity, and laughter which omniscience would exclude. If omniscience were alone respectable, creation would have been a mistake. The single duty of all creatures would then be to repair that creative error, by abolishing their several senses and desires and becoming indistinguishable from one another and from nothing at all; and if all creation could attain to this sort of salvation, the absolute substance, in whose honor all else had been abandoned, would become unconscious. The time will doubtless come for each of us, if not for the universe at large, to cease from care; but our passage through life will have added a marvellous episode to the tale of things; and our distinction and glory, as well as our sorrow, will have lain in being something in particular, and in knowing what it is.

Thus if there is a sense in which all special and separable existence is illusion, there is another sense in which illusion is itself a special and separable existence; and if this be condemned for not being absolute substance and for excluding knowledge of the absolute truth, it may also be prized for these very reasons. Sensation is true enough. All experience yields some acquaintance with the realm of essence, and some perspective of the material world; and this would always be a true perspective (since things seen at that angle and with that organ really look like that) if the appearance

were not stretched to cover more than it covers in reality. Of such true perspectives the simplest and most violently foreshortened may be as good as the most complicated, the most poetical or pictorial as good as the most scientific, not only aesthetically but even cognitively; because it may report the things concerned on that human scale on which we need to measure them, and in this relation may report them correctly. Nor is the error which such very partial knowledge may breed, when inflated by precipitate judgments and vanity, altogether unavoidable. The variety of senses in man, the precarious rule of his instincts, and the range of his memory and fancy, give rise in him eventually to some sense of error and even of humor. He is almost able to pierce the illusions of his animal dogmatism, to surrender the claim to inspiration, and in one sense to transcend the relativity of his knowledge and the flightiness of his passions by acknowledging them with a good grace.

This relativity does not imply that there is no absolute truth. On the contrary, if there were no absolute truth, all-inclusive and eternal, the desultory views taken from time to time by individuals would themselves be absolute. They would be irrelevant to one another, and incomparable in point of truth, each being without any object but the essence which appeared in it. If views can be more or less correct, and perhaps complementary to one another, it is because they refer to the same system of nature, the complete description of which, covering the whole past and the whole future, would be the absolute truth. This absolute truth is no living view, no actual judgment, but merely that segment of the realm of essence which happens to be illustrated in existence. The question whether a given essence belongs to this segment or not — that is, whether a suggested idea is or is not true — has a tragic importance for an animal intent on discovering and describing what exists, or has existed, or is destined to exist in his world. He seldom has leisure to dwell on essences apart from their presumable truth; even their

beauty and dialectical pattern seem to him rather trivial, unless they are significant of facts in the realm of matter, controlling human destiny. I therefore give a special name to this tragic segment of the realm of essence and call it the *Realm of Truth*.

The knowledge of relevant truth, while it has this fundamental moral importance, is far from being our only concern in the life of reason. It comes in only incidentally, in so far as a staunch and comprehensive knowledge of things makes a man master of things, and independent of them in a great measure. The business of a philosopher is rather to be a good shepherd of his thoughts. The share of attention and weight which he gives to physical speculation or to history or to psychology will express his race and disposition, or the spirit of his times; everyone is free to decide how far material arts and sciences are worth pursuing, and with what free creations they shall be surrounded. Young and ardent minds, and races without accumulated possessions, tend to poetry and metaphysics; they neglect or falsify the truth in the heat of their imaginative passion. Old men, and old nations, incline to mix their wine with larger dilutions of reality; and they prefer history, biography, politics, and humorous fictions; because in all these, while the facts are neither conceived nor tested scientifically, the savor of earth and of experience remains dominant. By the philosopher, however, both the homeliest brew and the most meticulous science are only relished as food for the spirit. Even if defeated in the pursuit of truth, the spirit may be victorious in self-expression and self-knowledge; and if a philosopher could be nothing else, he might still be a moralist and a poet. He will do well to endow his vision of things with all the force, color, and scope of which his soul is capable. Then if he misses the truth of nature, as in many things is probable, he will at least have achieved a work of imagination. In such a case the universe, without being mapped as a whole in the fancy, will be enriched at one point, by the happy life enacted there, in one

human focus of art and vision. The purer and more distinct the spirit which a philosopher can bring to light in his thoughts, the greater the intellectual achievement; and the greater the moral achievement also, if the policy so set forth is actually carried out in his whole life and conversation.

As for me, in stretching my canvas and taking up my palette and brush, I am not vexed that masters should have painted before me in styles which I have no power and no occasion to imitate; nor do I expect future generations to be satisfied with always repainting my pictures. Agreement is sweet, being a form of friendship; it is also a stimulus to insight, and helpful, as contradiction is not; and I certainly hope to find agreement in some quarters. Yet I am not much concerned about the number of those who may be my friends in the spirit, nor do I care about their chronological distribution, being as much pleased to discover one intellectual kinsman in the past as to imagine two in the future. That in the world at large alien natures should prevail, innumerable and perhaps infinitely various, does not disturb me. On the contrary, I hope fate may manifest to them such objects as they need and can love; and although my sympathy with them cannot be so vivid as with men of my own mind, and in some cases may pass into antipathy, I do not conceive that they are wrong or inferior for being different from me, or from one another. If God and nature can put up with them, why should I raise an objection? But let them look sharp; for if they have sinned against the facts (as I suspect is often the case) and are kicking against the pricks of matter, they must expect to be brought to confusion on the day of doom, or earlier. Not only will their career be brief and troubled, which is the lot of all flesh, but their faith will be stultified by events, which is a needless and eternal ignominy for the spirit. But if somehow, in their chosen terms, they have balanced their accounts with nature, they are to be heartily congratulated on their moral diversity. It is pleasant to think that the fertility of spirit is inexhaustible, if matter

only gives it a chance, and that the worst and most successful fanaticism cannot turn the moral world permanently into a desert.

The pity of it is only that contrary souls should often fight for the same bodies, natural or political, as if space and matter in the universe were inadequate (as on earth indeed they are) for every essence in its own time to see the sun. But existence is precipitate and blind; it cannot bide its time; and the seeds of form are often so wantonly and thickly scattered that they strangle one another, call one another weeds and tares, and can live only in the distracted effort to keep others from living. Seldom does any soul live through a single and lovely summer in its native garden, suffered and content to bloom. Philosophers and nations cannot be happy unless separate; then they may be single-minded at home and tolerant abroad. If they have a spirit in them which is worth cultivating (which is not always the case) they need to entrench it in some consecrated citadel, where it may come to perfect expression. Human beings allowed to run loose are vowed to perdition, since they are too individual to agree and too gregarious to stand alone. Hence the rareness of any polity founded on wisdom, like that of which ancient Greece affords some glimpses, and the equal rareness of a pure and complete philosophy, such as that of Dante or of Spinoza, conceived in some moment of wonderful unanimity or of fortunate isolation.

My own philosophy, I venture to think, is well-knit in the same sense, in spite of perhaps seeming eclectic and of leaving so many doors open both in physics and in morals. My eclecticism is not helplessness before sundry influences; it is detachment and firmness in taking each thing simply for what it is. Openness, too, is a form of architecture. The doctrine that all moralities equally are but expressions of animal life is a tremendous dogma, at once blessing and purging all mortal passions; and the conviction that there can be no knowledge save animal faith positing external

facts, and that this natural science is but a human symbol for those facts, also has an immense finality: the renunciation and the assurance in it are both radical and both invincible. In confessing that I have merely touched the hem of nature's garment, I feel that virtue from her has passed into me, and made me whole. There is no more bewitching moment in childhood than when the boy, to whom someone is slyly propounding some absurdity, suddenly looks up and smiles. The brat has understood. A thin deception was being practised on him, in the hope that he might not be deceived, but by deriding it might prove he had attained to a man's stature and a man's wit. It was but banter prompted by love. So with this thin deception practised upon me by nature. The great Sphinx in posing her riddle and looking so threatening and mysterious is secretly hoping that I may laugh. She is not a riddle but a fact; the words she whispers are not oracles but prattle. Why take her residual silence, which is inevitable, for a challenge or a menace? She does not know how to speak otherwise. Her secret is as great a secret to herself as to me. If I perceive it, and laugh, instantly she draws in her claws. A tremor runs through her enigmatical body; and if she were not of stone she would embrace her boyish discoverer, and yield herself to him altogether. It is so simple to exist, to be what one is for no reason, to engulf all questions and answers in the rush of being that sustains them. Henceforth nature and spirit can play together like mother and child, each marvellously pleasant to the other, yet deeply unintelligible; for as she created him she knew not how, merely by smiling in her dreams, so in awaking and smiling back he somehow understands her; at least he is all the understanding she has of herself.

THE CHURCH OF THE SPIRIT

By FRANCIS G. PEABODY

AMONG the many causes of division which have perplexed and distressed Christians, one issue has become of late increasingly conspicuous, and creates the most definite and, perhaps, the only distinct line of cleavage. It runs between those who are primarily concerned with their religion as an institution and those who find its essential character in an experience; between doctrinal Christianity and spiritual Christianity; between the church of authority and what may be loosely defined as the church of the Spirit.

The first of these types of Christian loyalty is so impressive in its dimensions and so sweeping in its claims that it is generally assumed to be the normal and authorized expression of Christian faith. Historians of the Christian church deal in the main with its personages and events. The Christian religion, according to this view, is committed to a divinely established authority or transmitted through a divinely inspired book. It may be the rock of Peter or it may be the rock of Scripture which guarantees stability; in either case, the Christian church becomes an external, official, authoritative organization. Papal Encyclicals, Anglican Articles, Westminster Confessions, and similar documents, announce or define Christian truth. Within this great organization each individual finds his place. His primary obligation is that of conformity. He attaches himself to the institution. He accepts the prescribed standards; he "joins" the church; he "takes orders" from a superior authority; he sings the militant hymn, "Like a mighty army moves the Church of God." There ensues for him a sense of intellectual certainty

and tranquillity, a happy consciousness of attaining ultimate truth. The announcements of his creed are not propositions to be interpreted but plain statements of fact, acceptance of which gives membership in the Christian church, and denial of which involves self-exclusion. By this fellowship with the church as an institution the individual is released from solitude, doubt, or despair. He is the heir of the ages; he has the companionship of the glorious company of apostles, the noble army of martyrs, the holy church throughout the world.

To this habit of mind, the great epochs of Christian history appear to have occurred when the organization of the church was most definitely assured or its nature most clearly defined. As the historian of modern Europe recalls the diplomatic achievements of Napoleon or Pitt or Bismarck, so the historian of the church recalls the epochs of ecclesiastical transition or expansion. Ignatius and the authority of bishops; Athanasius and the definition of orthodoxy; Hildebrand and the primacy of Rome; Luther and the great secession — figures and events like these represent the progress of the Christian religion. The church is the body of Christ, and that body grows in mass and coherence, or is threatened by dismemberment, or renews its vitality and continuity. Christian history thus becomes a record of theological controversies and ecclesiastical development or decline. Catholics and Protestants, far apart as they appear to stand in many teachings, may be united in the assurance of a revelation which is not to be questioned, but to be received and obeyed. Protestant literalists would concur in the unqualified confession of Cardinal Newman: "From the age of fifteen, dogma has been the fundamental principle of my religion. I know no other religion, and cannot enter into the idea of any other religion." Indeed, it is a Presbyterian theologian who has lately remarked: "The Church of Rome may represent a perversion of the Christian religion, but materialistic liberalism is no Christianity at all."

This development of institutional Christianity is unquestionably inevitable. Religious experience must be rationalized and systematized. A theology is the legitimate offspring of a religion. It is not merely the motive of self-defense which promotes organization, but the deeper desire for reassurance and fellowship. Stability, expansion, and legality are the marks of a visible church. It counts its converts; it measures its progress; it guarantees its creed. Many a modern mind recognizes in itself the inclination which a historian of the church has discovered in no less a person than St. Augustine: "Men of considerable intellectual activity, weary of the questionings and skepticism which they cannot resolve, fall back upon external authority as the only mode of silencing the reason and satisfying the conscience." Indeed, the hope is cherished that this unanimity of opinion may soon become complete, and that the prayer of Jesus, "That they may all be one," may be fulfilled by a concurrent confession of the Lord Jesus Christ as God and Savior.

Yet, with all these manifest advantages of authority and tradition, the church as an institution is confronted by grave difficulties. It may be tempted to regard religious faith, not as a spiritual experience, but as an assent to definitions of God and man. Christian ethics may become merged in Christian metaphysics. The imitation of Christ may be subordinated to the adoration of Christ. The soul of the church may languish while its body still thrives. Conformity may not ensure consecration. The end for which the church exists may be forgotten in devotion to the means. A creed may define with precision the events of the life of Jesus or his relation to God without committing the worshipper to any pledge of Christian character or experience. He may affirm with every mark of reverence that Jesus was conceived by the Holy Ghost, without being himself born again; or that Christ was raised from the dead without being himself risen with Christ and seeking those things which are above. He may believe in the resurrection of the body in

heaven without mortifying his members which are upon the earth. In short, he may hold with complete conviction almost all the articles of the ancient creeds without being in any real sense a Christian, or prepared to meet the apostolic test: "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his." A curious nemesis thus confronts Christian theologizing; for it has often reached such elaboration of statement concerning the nature and mission of Jesus that it becomes more than questionable whether the founder of Christianity could meet the tests of membership proposed by his church, or be fairly entitled to the name of Christian.

To admit all this is by no means to conclude that a creed is unimportant or superfluous. Every thinking person has a creed; if it be only the creed that all creeds are false. To deny one creed is to affirm another, and to deny all creeds is to confess that one has given up thinking. But a creed is not a religion. It is a scaffolding erected round the structure of faith. The scaffolding is essential for the building, but it does not support the building; and, as the building is reconstructed, a new scaffolding may be necessary.

As with the creeds of the church, so with its sacraments. When a distinguished Bishop defines the Christian church as "The great company of the baptized," he is confronted by the unquestionable fact that many baptized persons are not in the conduct of their lives Christians, and that many unbaptized persons have the mind of Christ. Membership in the church of Christ may thus become so completely institutionalized and de-spiritualized that at last, as in the Athanasian Creed, Christology may altogether supplant discipleship, and unverifiable metaphysics become the condition without which one is assured that he will perish everlastingly.

Thus it has come to pass that, along with this inevitable growth of the church as an institution, there has appeared throughout the whole course of Christian history another type of faith and fellowship — at times conspicuous, again declining in vitality, and yet again recovering strength and

persuasiveness. It is a form of discipleship less easily defined, because it is progressive, expanding, spiritual. It is sufficient to call it, in contrast with the church as an institution, the church of the Spirit. It is, in the noble words of the Anglican Communion Service, "the blessed company of all faithful people"; or, as a group of Presbyterians has lately affirmed, "the Spirit of God speaking to the Christian believer." The rock on which this church of the Spirit is built is the indestructible and substantial consciousness of the living God, needing no external support to guarantee its stability. This inner fellowship of religious experience is sustained by the mighty promise that the Spirit of truth, when it has come, will guide men into all truth. To the church of the Spirit the most precious incidents of Christian history are not those of theological or ecclesiastical transition but those of religious revival — the testimony of the saints and seers, the experience of holy souls, the convincing evidence of the life of God in the soul of man. Such a fellowship discovers strange and surprising affinities. Lives which seem hopelessly separated by the divisions of the organized church find themselves speaking the same language and walking the same way. No ecclesiastical barrier interrupts this spiritual intimacy. Thomas à Kempis and the "*Theologica Germanica*" sustain the religious life of many a Protestant; the Quaker "surrender of silence" makes its appeal to Anglicans; mediaeval mystics and modern seers, Tauler and Martineau, Newman and Bushnell, Wesley and Fox, satisfy the same spiritual hunger. Differences of sects or creeds are swept away by this spiritual inrush. The rising tide of faith penetrates the bounds of conformity, as along the seacoast a wave breaks through the beach and runs up into the interior. The church of the Spirit is an inflowing, refreshing, irresistible tide.

Here, it is true, occurs the tragedy of many devout souls. They find themselves members of an organization which demands conformity, but their nature craves release. Thus a spiritual schism may rend their souls. Their place is in the

church as an institution; but their hearts dwell in the church of the Spirit. The influx of spiritual vitality which sweeps them out to larger comprehension and association is, as a rule, greeted by the organized church with hesitancy or rebuke. The message of Jesus himself is rejected by the religious leaders of his people, and he dies as a criminal instead of being welcomed as a Messiah. The Apostle Paul proposes the universalization of the Christian message; but is regarded by the first disciples as a dangerous heretic. It has been the same throughout Christian history. The religion of experience appears to threaten the religion of conformity, and the church as an organization represses the church of the Spirit. When Peter Waldo, the merchant of Lyons, is called to unworldly self-denial, it would seem that an epoch of cleansing had arrived; but his mild and generous teaching is repelled as an offense and reproach, and the blood of his martyred followers becomes the seed of the Waldensian church. When the gay courtier of Assisi gives himself to his holy mission, counting poverty a privilege and finding joy in sacrifice, the spiritual revival to which he calls the church is greeted as an extravagant indiscretion and tolerated rather than praised. There was little welcome in the Anglican church for the spiritual fervor of Wesley, and, against his will, he became an apostle of dissent. The Society of Friends commits itself to the inner light of divine guidance, and sustains the faith of the church by the Journal of Woolman or the lyrics of Whittier; yet this spiritual fellowship, which has of late so generously obeyed the great command, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him," is still to the institutionalized church a heretical sect. Indeed, it offers an insoluble problem to the advocates of doctrinal or ecclesiastical unity. Here is a group of believers who dissent at many points from the prevailing creed; unbaptized pacifists, without ministry, priesthood, or ritual; yet so manifestly possessed by the grace of Jesus Christ that their right to the Master's acceptance becomes impossible to deny. It may be difficult to

reckon them as of the organized church, but they are convincing witnesses of the church of the Spirit.

Yet, in spite of the spiritual tragedy which is involved, and, indeed, often through such poignant experiences, this conscious association with the church of the Spirit may bring with it a refreshing sense of confidence and exhilaration. One becomes aware of a larger fellowship than that of sect or creed. From the most varied regions of religious experience come the reassuring confessions of wise and saintly lives, which have discovered, sometimes through torturing doubt, sometimes through tranquil meditation, the inner resources of the Christian life. A mediaeval mystic speaks across the centuries to the religious experience of a modern Protestant. A teacher standing quite outside the technical limits of the organized church — Whittier it may be, or Emerson — restores to an evangelical Protestant his spiritual confidence. The new companionship is not with an institution but with an inspiration. And behind all these interpreters of the religious life, with their diverse experiences blending in a common confession, stands the figure of the Nazarene Teacher, with his summons to repentance and his vision of God's kingdom. Renewal of loyalty to this convincing Master brings with it to many a responsive life a sense of spiritual emancipation, and it turns with a tranquil joy from the discordant controversies of the organized church to the richer harmonies of the church of the Spirit. Here, it would seem, is the Holy Catholic Church — catholic because holy, with its apostolic succession extending throughout the Christian centuries, and its perennial reassurance of the open mind and loyal will.

What, then, it may be asked, is likely to be the outcome of the conspicuous cleavage thus indicated, between conformity and liberty, literalism and modernism, the acceptance of the Christian religion as a governmental scheme and the acceptance of it as a spiritual experience? It must be admitted that the issue is serious; for it involves nothing

less than a revolution in Christian thought. It subordinates opinions to obedience and orthodoxy to loyalty. In other words, the church of the Spirit makes the audacious assertion that the church of authority, through all its history, has taken the wrong road; making central what was incidental, and setting logic before life, speculation before inspiration, the letter before the spirit, the communion of sects before the communion of saints. To the church of the Spirit a creed is the best that the theologians of the ancient world, or the convocations of modern Christians, could make of the mysteries of God and man. In the nature of the case, therefore, these formularies or summaries are subject to amendment or revision. It may even happen that a prescribed creed becomes, as Bacon said of riches, *impedimenta*, or baggage which must be carried. "It cannot be spared or left behind, but it hindreth the march." One may have to "hold" his creed instead of having his creed hold him. Fixity in one's creed is possible only to a closed mind. It may give security, but at the cost of movement. It holds at anchor a craft that was meant to sail. To the church of the Spirit, religious faith is not a safe harbor, but a brave venture; not the cable which moors life to the shore, but the canvas spread to catch the winds of God and bear life to its port.

What, then, is likely to happen when this issue — fitly called fundamental — is, as at the present time, clearly recognized? Is it probable that the spiritual tradition will receive such general acceptance that the entire structure of ecclesiasticism will be overthrown, and a new temple of Christian loyalty rise from its ruins; or, again, is it probable that spiritual freedom will be rejected by Protestantism, as Modernism has been suppressed by the Roman church, and a reversion to obscurantism and literalism ensue; or, finally, is it probable that a new alignment will occur, when the existing distinctions of sects will be forgotten, and over against the forces of external authority there will stand the organization of a church of the Spirit? Each of these conse-

quences of the present crisis might seem possible, and each has been advocated or anticipated by zealous advocates. When, however, one reviews the course of religious history, neither revolution nor repression nor realignment would appear immediately probable. A new reformation would presuppose, not only a Luther to touch the spark, but an inflamed sense of spiritual oppression which even the severest literalism has as yet failed to provoke. A sterner repression of Modernism would not only encourage fresh protests, but would alienate many thoughtful minds from all interest in organized religion. A new alignment would unquestionably be welcomed by many Modernists in all communions, and would relieve them of many conscientious scruples. They would withdraw from their various sects, as Chalmers and his four hundred followers marched out together from the Council of the Church of Scotland, surrendering their churches and manses, and not knowing whither they went. Such a gallant enterprise would, however, have against it all the forces of sentiment, association, and habit — not to speak of invested interest — and would demand a sacrificial heroism which might seem ill-advised or premature.

What would seem more probable, therefore, is a gradual process of spiritualization, penetrating the existing churches, as spring comes in New England, with retarding hesitancy and occasional reversion to wintry storms; but with unmistakable, though intermittent, evidences of increasing sunshine and gentler days. This interior experience of spiritual loyalty will concern itself, not with controversy, but with consecration. It will operate, as in the ancient fable, not as the harsh wind against which one wraps his cloak, but as the warmer air to which one opens his arms. The external defenses of the organized church are likely to be advanced from point to point as this movement of spiritual experience proceeds, each point being regarded as a fixed position, but each point in turn being abandoned and left behind. Slowly, even imperceptibly, sometimes unconsciously, this Holy Catholic

Church is already uniting lives which the competing organizations of Christendom seem to divide. They are working together, worshipping together, with no sense of friction or maladjustment; they are at one in the comprehensive affinities of religious experience; and while they may tolerate separate organizations as providing for diversity of temperament or habit of mind, they leave the boundaries of such organizations as unguarded as the three thousand miles of frontier dividing Canada from the United States, without protecting fort or aggressive ship or threatening gun.

When one turns to the voices of the past, one finds this great expectation of a spiritual springtime anticipated and prophesied by spiritual seers and saints of the most varied associations and beliefs. The last years of Auguste Sabatier's devout life were dedicated to this discrimination between "Religions of Authority and the religions of the Spirit," or, as he wrote, to the study of religion "conceived of as an inner inspiration upspringing in human conscience, or as a supernatural institution charged by a higher and external authority." "The religion of the Spirit," he adds, "flows beneath the other, an invisible, subterranean stream of thought and life, gushing up intermittently through breaches that become larger with the advancing years." The same visionary hope made the reiterated message of William Ellery Channing — "There is," he said, "a grander church than all particular ones, however extensive — the Church Catholic or Universal, spread over all lands and one with the church in heaven. . . . Into this church all who partake the spirit of Christ are admitted, and no man can be excluded from it but by himself, by the death of goodness in his own breast. . . . I belong to the Universal Church. Nothing can separate me from it." Not less comprehensive was the anticipation of Frederick Robertson: "There is a church larger than the limits of the church visible, larger than Jews or Christians or the Apostle Peter dreamed, larger than our narrow hearts dare to hope for now. . . . The open vision is manifested to all in

any nation who fear God and work righteousness; to all, in other words, who live devoutly towards God and by love towards men."

What, indeed, is this common ideal, shared by teachers of such varied traditions, but a renewal of the audacious hope which sustained their common Master? Round him were the tests of conformity, within him was the call of the ideal; his temporal fate was determined by the church of the Pharisees, his permanent Messiahship was in the church of the Spirit. Beyond the sundered communions of his time he discerned a comprehensive kingdom of God, and the authority of the past became fulfilled by the inspiration of the future. "Ye have heard," he taught, "that it was said by them of old time, but I say unto you"; "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." They were the second because they were the first — life-giving because spiritual. His teaching flowed, in Sabatier's words, "like an invisible subterranean stream" beneath the visible church; working, as Jesus said, like the leaven, like the ripening of the harvest; not to contend with the church of authority, but to convert it into a church of the Spirit.

THE LAGGARDS

By EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

SCORNERS of earth, you that have one foot shod
With skyward wings, but are not flying yet,
You that observe no goal or station set
Between your groping and the towers of God
For which you languish, may it not be odd
And avaricious of you to forget
Your toll of an accumulating debt
For dusty leagues that you are still to plod?

But many have paid, you say, and paid again;
And having had worse than death are still alive,
Only to pay seven fold, and seven times seven.
They are many; and for cause not always plain,
They are the laggards among those who strive
On earth to raise the golden dust of heaven.

SOME PERSONAL QUALITIES OF FRANCIS PARKMAN

By BLISS PERRY

IT is thirty years since Francis Parkman died. A few elderly Bostonians recall that gallant crippled figure, with the keen gray eyes and the chin thrust forward, as he marched rapidly with his two canes along Chestnut or Charles Street, stopping every few rods to rest against a fence. It was agony for him to walk, it was a worse agony to sit still. Yet his proud face gave no sign. He had a smile for an old friend and for every child, and if there were roses in any window, his eye quickened, but he hobbled on, through those streets already submerged by the tide of alien immigrants, a patrician, a Puritan of the Puritans, remote, inscrutable, indomitable.

Thanks to the autobiographical fragments which Parkman left to the keeping of the Massachusetts Historical Society, thanks to that Society's remarkable collection of his note-books and manuscript sources, and to Farnham's painstaking biography, we may know this reserved and secretive man better than did his contemporaries. We know now the history of that athletic but wrongly disciplined body, that passionate but hard mind, that unbroken will which made him choose his life-work at eighteen and follow it until he pencilled on a few slips of orange-colored paper, in his seventieth year, his last notes for a revised edition. It is impossible here to tell the detailed story of his life or to weigh carefully his merits as a historian. Nevertheless, one may venture to point out a few personal qualities which entered into the very texture of his books.

Enough has been made of Parkman's boyish passion for

the woods as related to his later development, but not enough has been made of his early reading in its relation to his task as a historian. The young Parkman was a Romantic. He tells us in an autobiographical sketch that his first ambition was to be a poet, then a novelist, and that he turned to history as a third choice. He read Byron, Scott, Chateaubriand, Cooper. I find the trace of Byron everywhere in his earliest books, such as "The Oregon Trail" and "Vassall Morton." When Quincy Shaw offered him three books to read at Fort Laramie in 1846 — the Bible, Shakespeare, and Byron — Parkman chose, he says, "the worst of the three," and "Childe Harold" happened to be the last book he read before his death. In "The Oregon Trail" and "Vassall Morton" you will find the very image of the Byronic wanderer and outlaw, the Byronic clash of the Primitive against the Civilized. Doubtless the middle-aged Parkman felt that there was too much Byronic rebellion and self-revelation in "Vassall Morton," and was glad to suppress his unsalable novel. But Byron had taught him much. I have the greatest respect for the certificated professional historians of the present day, but I submit that some of them might still learn a little something from the art of the great poets and novelists.

One scarcely needs to say how much Parkman owed to Sir Walter Scott. Here was his pattern for portrait-making, for picturesque grouping, for dramatic narrative. From "The Oregon Trail" to the "Half-Century of Conflict" how many a forceful personage, how many a march, a bivouac, an attack, are painted in the Scott manner! But I think that Parkman learned from Scott a more significant historical lesson than the mere art of picturesque narrative; namely, the secret of dispassionate fairness. For the Wizard of the North was a very soundly documented wizard; an antiquarian who knew the value of personal narrative and family papers and government archives; a lawyer who could sift evidence; a historian who could weigh Jacobites and Presby-

terians, kings and commoners, in the scales of equal justice. When Parkman came to his extraordinarily delicate task of comparing English and French civilizations, of appraising the merits of Jesuit and Puritan, of explorer and soldier, I think his judgment was all the more finely balanced, his sense of human values all the more penetrating, for his early training in Sir Walter's school. If you and I are ever tried for murder, we may well wish to have a Parkman and a Scott upon the jury; for if these gentlemen vote that we deserve hanging, we should be quite content to be hanged.

But Francis Parkman was far other than a mere reader of books. More than most historians, he coveted first-hand experience. He must see for himself. Even as a college student he followed on foot the old trail of Rogers the Ranger; he tramped back and forth across Northern New England studying the topography, the water-ways and the battle-fields of the Seven Years' War. To understand how his personal qualities affected his literary methods, the indispensable document is "The Oregon Trail," dictated when he was twenty-three. He wanted a key to that "history of the American forest" to which he had already devoted himself, and he found it in the Far West of 1846. That journey gave him the clue to the Indian character, to the hunter, the bush-ranger, the pioneer. The college boy who had built his own raft to float down the flooded Magalloway had already learned some of the obstacles that confronted Tonty and La Salle. Long days of enforced idleness in Dakota wigwams helped him to understand the Jesuit Relations and the French archives. Henceforth he could check up his sources by what his own eyes had seen. That journey to the Black Hills may have fatally impaired his health, but its wholesome influence upon his mind can be traced in every one of his later books. Just as Charles Dickens's boyhood gave him the key of the London streets, Parkman's boyhood gave him the key of the wilderness.

The name of Dickens suggests another curious parallel be-

tween a writer's physical endowment and his chosen theme. The bodily and mental restlessness of Dickens, his sense of life as motion, as struggle, gives his novels their flashing, pulsing energy. Parkman's physical and mental energy was subjected to a more rigid control, for he was told that his sanity and even his life depended upon mastery of his emotions, and he never failed to keep himself in hand. It was the irony of his career that his disease increased this inner urge to action, while forbidding — often for years at a time — any real mental or physical exertion. The irony is not lessened, if we believe, with Dr. George M. Gould, who has made Parkman's case the subject of closest professional study, that the chief trouble was originally a peculiar form of eye-strain, which proper glasses would have relieved, or removed entirely. But whether his malady was curable or not, it certainly intensified his abnormal inner excitement in the presence of his material. He wanted to tell the thrilling story of the struggle of two empires for the control of a continent — a struggle typified by racing ships, forced marches, Indian raids, swift reversals of fortune — the drama of clashing, changing civilizations. That this drama was enacted in the lonely forest only increased its fascination to a man who knew, as Parkman did, the secret of the woods. That secret is *expectancy*. You have in the woods, even more than in the great cities, the sense of "something evermore about to be."

The motion-picture was unknown in Parkman's day, but this new art of our time suggests something of the fashion in which that restless forest-drama unrolled itself before his picture-making, his story-weaving imagination. If you can fancy a "movie" without sentimentality, a "movie" firmly documented, unwaveringly just, with every landscape sharply focussed, every portrait clear, every action motivated, then I submit that you would have something like the effect which Parkman's twelve volumes convey. And his nerves paid the price of his self-absorption in his theme. "The poet writes

the history of his own body," said Thoreau. But so does the historian, and every artist who puts himself into his books. It is as true of Tacitus and Carlyle as of Dickens and Victor Hugo. Parkman lived passionately with his characters for fifty years. With every instinct urging him to a life of action rather than contemplation, he was forced to sit for long years in his wheel-chair and see that splendid swift procession of his heroes pass — priests and soldiers, statesmen and savages, against a background of eternally living Nature where the woods break into leaf and then turn to gold or scarlet, where the pitiless rains fall and the snow-drifts melt into the floods of spring — pageantry all, passing, passing, with men withering like leaves and newer generations pressing on, pageantry and heroism and martyrdom and dreams of empire, until that stormy September morning upon the Plains of Abraham when the dying General Wolfe knew that he had won.

To have had his first glimpse of that unforgettable story-picture in boyhood, to keep it steadily in focus through the tortured years of manhood, patiently adding his pitiful five or six lines a day, but never yielding to despair, never abandoning his theme — I maintain that that achievement of a motor-minded cripple was as gallant and glorious an exploit as anything achieved by any of Parkman's heroes.

Francis Parkman belonged, no doubt, to what New Englanders were once fond of calling "the old dispensation." He could not have accommodated himself to some twentieth-century conceptions. He distrusted democracy, and democracy is in the saddle, though here and there a dictator may be leading the horse. He disliked woman suffrage. He hated sentimentality, and sentimentality engulfs us. There is a demand just now in the United States that American history should be rewritten, not in the interest of Truth, but in the interest of some racial or religious or ancestor-worshipping group. I should enjoy hearing Parkman's comments on this contemporary insolence; for he commanded, in his

rare moments of unrepressed indignation, a vigorous, not to say profane, vocabulary.

But it may likewise be true that Parkman would be deaf to some of the finer voices of the twentieth century, as he was certainly deaf to the more spiritual accents of seventeenth-century mysticism. It would have been hard for him to think internationally, for he had, I imagine, less faith in World Courts and Leagues of Nations than he had in the sword, held by firm and able hands. Parkman was a Stoic, in philosophy as in life. He would perhaps retort that his life-work was not to dream of a new heaven and a new earth, but to give the actual record of the American wilderness. And we may say for him, what he would have been too modest — or too proud! — to say for himself, that he told that story as no other man could have told it, and that he served his generation best by living — as the dying Henry Thoreau said quietly — in “one world at a time.”

EUROPE'S BIG DEBTS

BY IRVING FISHER

THE greatest economic problems before the world to-day are those growing out of the big war debts and post-war debts. These debts constitute one of the two millstones around the neck of Europe. The other millstone is that of armaments. Under the weight of these two millstones, much of Europe is sinking into chaos. Though the two millstones are tied together in many ways, the present article is primarily concerned only with one. The total debts of five principal countries (United States, United Kingdom, France, Italy, and Germany) increased from 15 billion dollars in 1913 to 127 billion dollars in 1922 or 1923. Most of these debts are internal or national.

Of the international debts Germany's reparation debt is by far the greatest. In fact the German debt is incomparably the greatest international debt in all history. For these reasons, among others, it lies at the storm centre of the vast economic cataclysm now ravaging Europe. Even without any reparation bill, Germany would have been very deeply in debt. During the war she borrowed practically all of the war cost, relying on her success to pay her bond-holders out of the indemnities to be laid on those with whom she fought. She began this policy as soon as she invaded Belgium, on which country she imposed "fines," taking an outrageous advantage of a helpless people. As it turned out, Germany lost in her gamble. The tables were turned.

The war financing of France had been similar to that of Germany. She, too, had shirked taxation and borrowed almost all of her war costs. And since the war she has gone on borrowing, counting on reimbursement from Germany, just

as Germany had once counted on reimbursement from her. Only recently has France shown any disposition to check her high finance, presumably because of the growing realization that, in counting on huge reparations, she has been, for the most part, banking on a very weak asset. Already the interest on her debts absorbs half her revenues.

Now that France is seeing her hope of over-large and prompt reparation from Germany fading into an iridescent dream, what will happen? I think the answer is inflation and the fall of the franc — unless arrangements are made whereby American investors step into the breach and finance both France and Germany.

At the Peace Conference, President Wilson tried hard to get a fixed lump sum agreed upon; but, unfortunately, the large French claims made any agreement impossible. Consequently the amount of the reparation was left somewhat indefinite except that, in principle, the total was supposed to cover the devastations of Northern France and of Belgium, and, in addition, the cost to the Allies of the war pensions. The total sum was finally settled by the Reparation Commission at 132 billion gold marks, or 32 billion dollars.

According to the London agreement, this debt was to be expressed in "A, B, and C bonds." But the C bonds are so indefinite and so far postponed that they are unlikely to be made operative in any foreseeable time. For the present they are merely a sword of Damocles over Germany's head. The A and B bonds covering the "immediate" debt amount only to twelve and one-half billion dollars.

Towards the payment of this sum Germany has been credited on the reparation account with a little over two billion dollars. But, counting all payments and losses to Germany other than those as yet credited on the reparation account, Germany has suffered a penalty of much more than two billions. Including the expense of the army of occupation and payments to the clearing house of private debts and the various other payments that were required

under the Treaty of Versailles, Germany has lost (according to Moulton and McGuire's "Germany's Capacity to Pay") a total of six billion dollars. The payments have been mostly in the form of transferring to the Allies foreign investments and private property abroad and, in surrendered territories in Europe, public property of various kinds. That is, Germany has paid, for the most part, not out of current income but out of capital. And the capital which she has thus transferred to the foreigner was already located on foreign soil.

But this cupboard is bare now. It is practically impossible for Germany to pay more in that way for a long time to come. Even for domestic expenses she had drawn partly on her past accumulations. The German government is practically bankrupt. Over a year ago it stopped payment.

Germany did try somewhat to pay out of taxes. As a matter of fact, in 1921, out of an income reckoned by Moulton and McGuire at about 40% of her pre-war income, that is, at a little over four billion dollars of pre-war purchasing power, the German people paid about 23% in taxes to the commonwealth or federal government. Not all taxes were specifically income taxes of course. There was even a capital levy.

But, being unable or unwilling to pay all her bills by taxes, she resorted to inflation and paid partly by paper money, newly created for that purpose. German inflation will go down in history as the most instructive lesson in unstable money the world has ever seen. It has not only been the symptom of German economic degeneration but has become in turn the principal cause of that degeneration. It created a vicious circle which drew Germany down to the bottom of a madly whirling vortex where she now lies struggling to recover by substituting the more stable renten mark and gold mark for the discredited paper mark.

Inflation is a form of indirect taxation; for, just to the extent that the government compels the people to take marks which depreciate, to that extent it taxes the people.

Nor has this tax fallen wholly on the Germans; for, to the extent that paper marks have been sold abroad and not afterward realized on, Germany has taxed, or at least mulcted, the foreigner also. In effect this amounted to making the Allies pay the reparation! For, curiously enough, the total thus raised by Germany has probably nearly equalled the part of her payments to the Allies which have been credited to reparation account. It is not really possible, with the figures available, to estimate what the amount of the indirect tax through inflation really has been, but it has in several years, though not in 1921, exceeded the taxes in the strict sense of the word. It seems probable that, since the war, the total revenue from taxes and inflation has exceeded 25% of the income of the German people. This includes only the revenues of the commonwealth government. The total taxation of the United States, including not only federal but state and municipal taxes, is only about one-seventh of the nation's income.

Thus the German people have been paying to their *Reich* government alone, nearly twice as much in proportion to income as is paid by Americans to all their various governments. Of course, this does not begin to express the real burden; for the real burden of a tax of a quarter of one's income is heavier to a poor man, such as the average German to-day, than to a comparatively well-to-do man, such as is the average American. It follows that the burden of taxation (including inflation) in Germany is not only several times the burden of taxation in this country, but is probably more than the burden of taxation even in England, commonly regarded as the most heavily taxed country in Europe.

And even this omits the chief consequence of inflation — industrial and commercial demoralization — which cannot be put in figures and which is a dead loss, affording no return to the government or to anyone else except a few profiteers. Before the war Germany was rich, as European countries go. The total wealth of the German people was

estimated at about 75 billion dollars and the total income at about 10 billion. To-day the total income of Germany must be much less than the four billion estimated by Moulton and McGuire for 1921. It is probably less than a third of what it was before the war, or about 5 billion dollars of to-day.

The present reparation bill is thus the equivalent of about six or seven years' income of the German people. For America a reparation debt would have to be about half a trillion dollars to be six or seven times our yearly income. The fact seems to be, the German government is unable just now to pay anything substantial — far more unable than two years ago — and will remain unable for a long time to come, until, in fact, her old productivity is largely restored.

But this has not been the view of France — at least not of French officialdom. When Germany stopped paying, France maintained that she had stopped simply because she was not willing to go on. Until recently France has consistently maintained that Germany could and must pay the whole reparation bill.

At Genoa France refused to allow the reparation question to be considered, the result being that the Conference was like "Hamlet with Hamlet left out." Had it not been for the French attitude the Genoa Conference would have been perhaps the greatest landmark in progress since the Peace Conference. Later France seized the Ruhr.

Probably Germany could have and would have tried harder than she did if she had had the incentive which France had in 1871 — the realization that her total debt (of 132 billion gold marks) *could* be paid. But a sword of Damocles paralyzes effort.

Now at last France has consented to permit an expert investigation of Germany's capacity to pay. General Dawes is, at this writing, the pivotal figure in this investigation. On his findings may depend the whole future welfare of Europe. The report of his Committee should go far to settle the question whether the French view or the view here

taken is correct. If the view here taken is correct, one of the tragedies of the situation is that Germany's capacity to pay has been greatly reduced by the very effort to compel her to pay so much and so quickly. The common notion that the present misery of Europe is directly due to the war, and so was unavoidable, is erroneous. That misery is due to certain by-products of the war — especially militarism, debts, and inflation — which were very largely preventable.

To understand this we must first disabuse our minds of the common impression that in paying these debts "the world is paying for the war." The truth is the war cost has already been paid for. It was paid for during the war itself when the shells were exploded, when the soldiers' clothes were worn out, when their food was eaten. The debts that are now left merely mean, that, during the war, some people paid more than other people, so that now the latter are asked to reimburse the former. That is, the taxpayer is asked to reimburse the bond-holder. The world as a whole not only pays but receives. It redistributes from one set of pockets to another.

To redistribute the burden on the scale originally proposed by all and still advocated by France, is impracticable, and to attempt to do so spoils the functioning of the world's entire productive machinery, on which the whole world, including creditors and debtors alike, depends.

The debt problem is primarily a problem of governmental functioning. There is a limit to the tax-collecting power or tax-extracting power of the government. Let us try to bring this home to ourselves. Suppose that we in America had a debt at all comparable with the debts of Europe; say, a debt of one hundred billion dollars, and suppose that this debt was a debt to our own people, as our present debt practically is. Next let us suppose that every man, woman, and child in America holds a thousand dollar liberty bond. With our population of the hundred million people, this evidently represents, in the aggregate, one hundred billion

dollars of debt. Let us further suppose that the government tries to levy a per capita tax of one thousand dollars to wipe out this debt. If every one of us held a thousand dollar bond, no more and no less, and the government should tax every one of us one thousand dollars and should then liquidate the debts by paying every bond-owner one thousand dollars, evidently what would happen would be that every person would hand over one thousand dollars in taxes to the government and the government would hand it back to him in return for his bond, which would then be destroyed. In such a case, each person would virtually pay himself one thousand dollars.

The short cut would be for each to tear up his own bond. As a matter of practical fact, however, every one of us would *bug his bond and shirk his tax*. Instead of an innocuous cancellation, there would occur just what has occurred in Germany. The government would find that it could not extract one thousand dollars from each of our several pockets. Each of us — or many of us — would find ways and means of avoiding such a tax. A tax of a thousand dollars per capita would seem so outrageous as to make many of us feel quite justified in dodging it. Any government that tried to levy and collect it would be so unpopular that it would be thrown out of power at the first opportunity.

And if the government, without being able to collect a tax of \$1,000 per capita, should attempt to pay each of us \$1,000, it would have to resort to inflation. Now, with inflation economic degeneration begins, and this further reduces the ability to collect taxes, and this, in turn, requires inflation, in a vicious circle.

Thus, even in America to-day, simply by owing ourselves too much money, we could crush out our prosperity. Even had there been no war nor any physical destruction of property, if simply Uncle Sam should grant every one of us a bonus of one thousand dollars in the form of a bond and then try to collect a thousand dollars from each of us, the

effect would be much like that of throwing a monkey wrench into a delicately adjusted machine. Economic functioning would be hopelessly deranged.

The fundamental reason for this apparent discrepancy between theoretical bookkeeping and practical results is that, when the government steps in, individual motive steps out. Were this not true we could make communism a success. The failure of communism in Russia and the failure of other governments to manage huge debts have the same fundamental reason.

In the case of Germany we have to deal not only with a huge debt but with the fact that it is owed not to the German people but to a hated enemy. We also have to reckon with the fact that the task of collecting the taxes necessary to liquidate that debt falls on a very weak government while the taxpayers have an income only about a third of the pre-war figure, thanks to the losses and demoralization of war and inflation. It is chiefly inflation that has reduced the income of Germany probably by two-thirds.

Incidentally, the total value in dollars of the German currency has sunk to a fortieth of what it was before the war. That is, the mark has fallen far faster than the number of marks has risen. The volume of business has been reduced, barter has been resorted to, and other abnormalities have come about. A currency so little trusted that it performs less than a fortieth of the business performed by the pre-war currency is a veritable curse. It is so in Russia and Poland, which have no indemnities hanging over them. The experience of Poland, in particular, shows what havoc mere inflation can work.

Because of Germany's unstable currency, all business has become a gamble. Commercial credit and confidence necessary to carry on business have been destroyed, the whole salaried or middle class — teachers, professional men, scientists, artists, literary men — has been practically wiped out or reduced to penury. This includes inventors and

discoverers, and those who transmit from one generation to another what we call civilization and what the Germans call "Kultur." Geniuses have become trolley car conductors or anything else to enable them to earn their daily bread. Science, art, literature, and invention have been sacrificed. Civilization still exists in the sense that the records are there — the books of Goethe, the music scores of Wagner and the rest. But where are the Wagners and the Goethes themselves, who ought to keep this slender thread of civilization continuous? Unless something effective is done, *and done in the present generation*, the thread of civilization may be broken and most of Europe sink back into semi-barbarism. The world is killing itself trying to pay itself what it owes itself.

The effects of inflation are so subtle that they are seldom perceived at all until most of the damage is done, and even then they are only imperfectly perceived. Germany has been ruined *since* the war and despite the fact that she has been relieved of her burden of militarism, has not suffered much physical devastation, and has virtually reduced her internal debt to zero by the depreciation of the mark. Her land was not impaired, as some of the French land was. Her buildings, shops, railroads, machinery, and other equipment, though allowed to run down, have not otherwise been impaired or destroyed. Her labor productivity has not been impaired except as a reflex of unemployment and of the injury to health and efficiency that has come from the demoralization already described. And, so far as the killing and maiming of potential laborers by the war are concerned, these are largely offset by the corresponding reduction in the number of mouths to feed. Finally, the organizing power, the brains, have not been particularly impaired. Only the opportunity to organize has gone. Public confidence, the pre-condition of organization, has been lost.

In short while we find, on the one hand, that German land, equipment, labor, and organizing ability — the four chief factors in production — are *potentially* almost as

strong as they were before the war, and that the great burden of a standing army, munitions, and internal debt has been abolished; nevertheless, we find, on the other hand, that the German income is only a third of its pre-war volume, starving and impoverishing the many and enriching only those few "profiteers," a situation which inflation always entails.

The paradox is not so puzzling. One part missing from a complex machine can render the other parts useless. Consider Ford's wonderful factory. Its enormous productivity depends not merely on so many machines, buildings, and other physical equipment. It is the fine adjustment which makes it possible for all this equipment to lay part after part on the moving belt at the right time and in the right sequence. But suppose at some one point there should be no spokes, or tires, or rivets. The whole system would collapse. Every workman might be working as hard as before, but he would not be producing so much.

Yet such a maladjustment is as nothing compared with the subtle maladjustments which come from upsetting the unit of money. This interferes with everything in which currency is used, and it is used in every nook and cranny of business and industry. Had the Allies marched on Berlin, they could scarcely have laid Germany as low by the sword as she has been laid low by her own paper money.

We have seen that, if we could tear up the war bonds we could, to a large extent, avoid such evils. In substantially such a procedure seems to lie the solution. No other solution is in sight. Indeed, every practical scheme for dealing with these colossal debts amounts to tearing up at least some of the bonds.

There are several ways of tearing them up. They may be torn up with the consent of the creditor as has been proposed for the cancellation of Europe's debt to us. Or they may be torn up by repudiation as by the Soviet government of Russia. Or they may be torn up by depreciating the currency, as in Germany and, to a lesser extent, in France. Or

virtually they may be torn up in large part by long delay in payment as in the case of the Austrian debts which have been postponed for twenty years — for any long postponement without interest amounts to partial cancellation.

The objections to any form of debt cancellation in Germany's case are two: the doctrinaire idea that any debt is so sacred that it ought never, under any circumstance, be reduced; and the reluctance to let Germany recover.

Both these objections have weight with France. England, on the other hand, just as she long ago gave up the idea of imprisonment for debt and instituted practical bankruptcy laws, is now willing to accord to her debtors some cancellation, even though her own creditor may be unwilling to accord any cancellation to her. England sees that we must apply to international debts the same common sense which Anglo-Saxon nations long since applied to private debts. Without some concessions to common sense no recovery of Europe is possible. If, as doctrinaires on the sacredness of a debt *per se*, we were to try to compel a literal fulfilment of *every* obligation, how could Russia or Germany ever recover? Or even France? The public debt of France in the fall of 1922 was reported as 337 billion francs. At the par value of the franc this is 67 billion dollars or 10% more dollars than the total estimated wealth of France in 1913. Of course, we shall never see the greatly depreciated paper money of Europe elevated to the old *pars* — probably not even the British sovereign.

We come now to the other objection — unwillingness to let Germany recover. However richly she may deserve to do penance, the natural way of increasing her paying capacity is by reducing the debt until it is within that capacity.

Judging from the book of Moulton and McGuire on "Germany's Capacity to Pay," the *immediate* payments of which she is capable amount to zero, in fact to less than zero. For, in order that the maximum *ultimate* capacity may be attained, it seems necessary that Germany should receive

not only a long moratorium, but also an *ad interim* loan. A moratorium is purely negative. It helps the debtor simply by not burdening him. But in such desperate cases as are here under discussion more positive help is needed. During the early part of that moratorium Germany will need to be supplied with loans. Instead of Germany paying the rest of the world, the rest of the world must, for a time, be paying Germany. It is sometimes good business for the creditor to pay the debtor awhile.

If a potentially productive individual at the end of a long illness owed a huge sum of money, the creditor would scarcely say, "Now, you must pay all you owe or I will seize all your assets." On the contrary, if the creditor were really intent on getting all he could from his debtor he would say: "I know you are potentially solvent; and if you can give me sufficient security, I will not only let your loan run on for a few years but I will lend you even more in order to put you on your feet. You need to repair your premises. You need raw materials for your factories. All these things should be provided for you in order that you, utilizing them, may get back to your former prosperity and repay me. I must add to your resources before subtracting from them."

We have an actual object lesson in the case of Austria. After going through exactly what Germany is going through to-day and being, two years ago, on the high road to ruin, she sent out an S.O.S. call to the League of Nations. The League responded. It did what the wise creditor would do for the individual. It appointed a receiver, Mr. Zimmerman. In international affairs such action was a novelty. There has never been anything like this in history. A defeated nation, largely responsible for precipitating the greatest war in history, received help from those whom it had wronged. Mr. Zimmerman went to Vienna. He virtually said to Austria: "We can get the nations in the League to put you on your feet provided you will do your part. You will have to discharge your supernumerary government

employees and in every other way cut your expenses to the bone. Thus you can balance your budget, and can pay your bills out of taxes with no more inflation. You cannot do this all at once. We will give you two years. If you accept this proposition we will ask your creditors to give you a moratorium of twenty years, and we will advise the investors of the world to lend you thirty-two million pounds sterling."

The result was that the Austrian bonds were floated. In fact, in a few minutes after being put on the market in New York and London they were over-subscribed. They attracted the investor because, besides bearing seven per cent, they bore the endorsement of many other members of the League of Nations besides Austria herself — Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, Spain, Holland, Sweden, Switzerland, and even Czechoslovakia. In consequence of this same treatment Austria is recovering even faster than the schedule called for. There is no prospect of the creditors having to call on the endorsers of the bonds.

There is now talk in Germany of asking the League for the same treatment. Why was this not done long ago? Because France stood in the way. And why did France stand in the way in the case of Germany and not in the case of Austria? Because France feared a great recovered Germany but was willing to see a little recovered Austria.

"How short-sighted," says England. "The only way to get reparations from Germany is to let her recover enough to pay them." Economically, as we have seen, this is sound enough; but the Frenchman shrugs his shoulders and replies, "Mon Dieu, if Germany recovers enough to pay us she will recover enough to fight us instead." Who can blame him for putting safety first, and so invading the Ruhr, where are made the munitions and chemicals and where lies as well the coal? As long as France has her grip on these economic vitals of Germany, Germany can do her no harm. Yet if the Frenchman could once feel security from attack, he would concede that the Englishman was right. Thus debts

are linked with security. The question arises, how can France obtain such security except by holding the Ruhr and keeping a standing army of 700,000 men?

Once France answered that question very explicitly. She pleaded with England and the United States to guarantee her safety not only through the general provisions of Article X in the Covenant of the League of Nations, but more specifically through a special treaty by the terms of which England and the United States were to spring to France's assistance if Germany should again make an unprovoked attack on France.

Had we then acceded to France's request, and accepted the recommendation so to do made by President Wilson — that is, joined the League of Nations, without reservation as to Article X, and ratified the special treaty of defense — who can doubt that the history of Europe during the last four years would have been different — that France would have reduced her army, kept out of the Ruhr, and reduced the reparation bill to manageable proportions? Even at this late date if America were to join the League — but that is another story!

So we come back to the two problems with which we started. The debt problem which we sought to study by itself is found to involve the other problem — that of armaments, war, and security. These two problems could best be solved together. In fact they are part of one problem — reconstruction.

But, apparently, this great problem is being treated piecemeal. For instance, Germany's debt to France is being considered separately from France's debt to America, although the payment of the latter depends on the payment of the former. This separate treatment seems to me a mistake, as also the separate settlement of the English debt to America.

Unfortunately America — the chief creditor and so the chief factor in solving this problem — has thus far refused to

join the one great conference body at Geneva where all parts of the complicated problem can best be considered in their many interrelations.

But I wish to discuss only the debts. What are the natural steps to be taken in solving the debt problem?

The first step has already been taken — the acceptance by France of the suggestion of Secretary Hughes and the consequent appointment by the Reparation Commission of the Committee of Experts headed by General Dawes. This commission is studying Germany's capacity to pay.

Much has been said about America's cancelling the Allied debt. As already indicated some form of cancellation of such huge debts — huge for the debtors — seems a necessity. We saw that there are four ways of cancelling debts — namely by forgiving, repudiating, depreciating, or postponing them. Postponing is, of course, the most practical. In fact, it has already been forced upon us. Germany's cessation of payments represents not the obstinacy of Germany but the obstinacy of economic facts. Likewise, France's failure to pay any of her debt to us represents not French obstinacy but the same obstinacy of fundamental economic conditions. While men have gravely discussed a moratorium, circumstances have made one. It would be far better to come to a definite understanding as to the terms of the moratorium. This should last for many years, and coupled with it should, I believe, be an *ad interim* loan to France. This loan should not be from treasury to treasury but should take the form of French bonds underwritten, on certain conditions, by other nations including the United States, and offered to the investors of the world. Very likely it will take a long time before the necessity of some such settlement will be sufficiently perceived to compel its adoption, just as it took several years before this very thing was done for Austria, and just as it has taken several more years to bring about even a discussion of the plan for Germany.

In any case, America is the key to the situation. We, more

than any other nation, can quiet the fears of France and, more than any other, can invest on a large scale in the *ad interim* loans which seem so essential to finance European recovery. We are the only great creditor nation. The Allies owe us eleven and a half billion dollars, while Germany owes the Allies (on A and B bonds) twelve and a half billion dollars. Thus practically we are the one great creditor, and Germany is the one great debtor. If we had a clearing house in which we could cancel debts and one debt was as good as any other, the intermediate countries, such as England, would find their debts largely cancelled out.

But even without any such clearing house treatment, we can at least "let up" on our debtors and ask them to "let up" on each other. Having a creditor's advantage, we ought to be able to obtain the fulfilment of almost any reasonable conditions in return for a moratorium, the floating of *ad interim* loans, and even a little help towards insuring peace. We do not even need to sacrifice in order to be of help. We could help as the banker helps the business man and make a profit into the bargain.

Since, of course, the debts will not be completely cancelled, ultimately some payments must be made. We therefore face the question: what *form* will the ultimate payments take? There are three chief conceivable forms: the debts may be paid in money, in goods, or in securities.

As to the first, however, Europe could not possibly find and pay over to us eleven and one-half billion dollars in new gold. And if she could, although she would have to expend much effort in mining the gold, we should obtain no benefit from it whatever unless or until we traded off the gold with other countries for goods. We could reap no benefit by keeping a great unused hoard of gold. We already have too much. Even if we used the gold by expending it in *domestic* trade we should, in the end, achieve only an inflated cost of living, prices soaring perhaps to four times what they are now. Such gold inflation is almost as injurious as paper

money inflation. To heap up gold in a country does not add to its bread and butter, its shoes and clothing, its shelter and amusements. It only gives the people superfluous claim checks to their own goods, and those tokens (beyond what is needed to maintain a fixed level of prices) are as useless to the nation as a whole as was the gold which Robinson Crusoe found in the ship. The only use of money is as purchasing power, and, with inflation, any increase of money defeats itself by decreasing proportionately its purchasing power per unit. The only national advantage comes by sending the money abroad again for purchasing something of real utility, which of course is just what normally happens. In short, as rational beings, we ought to want from Europe not *money* but *goods*.

Yet to the average man, in spite of the terrible examples of European inflation, an increase of the national stock of money seems desirable while the "dumping" of foreign goods on our shores seems undesirable. He thinks two mutually contradictory thoughts. When he thinks in terms of money, he wants to compel the Allies to pay. When he thinks in terms of goods, he wants to prevent them from paying. Even free-trade England took fright over the prospective "dumping" of German goods. She passed some protective legislation as to "key" industries, while France refused to let German labor reconstruct the devastated area.

As Mr. Dulles once said, the reparation question has three stages. One has already passed. It was: "How much does Germany *owe*?" Now that we know she owes more than she can pay, the question is taking the new form: "What *can* Germany pay?" Later, when it is realized that Germany can pay more than the Allies are willing to receive, the question will be: "How much will Germany be *allowed* to pay?"

Here, then, is another reason for cancelling some of these huge debts. We would never allow them to be paid in full! Why ask a debtor to pay and then prevent payment?

So long as we in America cling to our national fallacy of

high "protection" the only form in which we can be paid any huge amounts is the third form — securities. It was in this way, before the war, that England, then the world's creditor, received her payments. She was entitled to billions of interest. But her merchants preferred to re-invest the interest abroad, and the only things to show for these investments which were received in England itself were the imported securities — the stocks and bonds certifying to English ownership abroad.

In the same way we, as a creditor nation, could re-invest abroad the interest and principal of Europe's debt to us, thereby avoiding both a flood of gold and a flood of goods, and, instead, storing up investments abroad as in a sort of international savings bank. But such investments abroad can best be brought about if the debts are first postponed and then gradually converted into investments. Thus we find yet another reason for such postponement. Even rolling up foreign investments could scarcely go on forever. In the end we should find our import of goods increasing greatly.

This whole problem of international debts could probably be solved very simply — without loss but with gain to all concerned — first, by an earnest effort on our part to co-operate in maintaining world peace, second, by long moratoria, and, third, by *ad interim* loans on the Austrian model.

What is needed is intelligent, far-sighted, and idealistic statesmanship to speed up the process, the kind of statesmanship exemplified by our great war President. The process itself will be inevitably forced upon us unless, while we are waiting, Micawber-like, for something to turn up, the world again bursts into flames.

THE STRUGGLE FOR POWER IN RUSSIA

By MICHAEL FARBMAN

THE important point to grasp in any consideration of the political future of Russia is the fact that a new ruling class is being evolved. Russia has never been so fortunate as to possess a ruling class in the European sense of the word. Certainly the nobility was traditionally recognized as the first order in the empire. But the nobles never actually exercised real power; for though the bureaucracy was recruited from them, it was in fact independent of them as a class. It was, indeed, independent of any class, absolutely isolated. Certainly the monarchy and the bureaucracy were accustomed to invoke the name of the nobility in any reform they initiated. But, as a matter of fact, the nobility, having no instrument of publicity in their hands, had never any direct or immediate say in such matters. And though the monarchy was permeated with the feudal ideas of the nobility, the nobility was in no proper sense the ruling class. The nobles had many privileges but no political power. They were the "foundation" of the state; but they could make no claim to "being the state."

The merchants, the bourgeoisie, on the other hand, had infinitely less influence in state affairs than the nobles. Not even in an elementary form could they acquire the position of a ruling class. This failure to assert themselves as a class was due, first, to the belated advent of capitalism in Russia, and, second, to the outnumbering of Russian capitalists by foreigners, who naturally had little desire to wield political power, as long as the monarchy was able to guarantee them cheap labor and handsome profits. The Russian bourgeoisie, besides being weak, was handicapped by the jealousy of both the nobility and the bureaucracy.

This disability of the nobility and of the bourgeoisie explains why Russian political parties have always represented ideas rather than interests and have been made up of intellectuals furnished by all classes rather than of classes or groups. The peculiarity indeed of political life in Russia has been the complete absence of the party system. There were many groups in opposition; but a party in power never existed. No party, up to the creation of the Duma, ever contemplated the possibility of assuming power. The constitutional parties merely claimed the right to recognition as an opposition; what they wanted was not to govern, but to criticise and to interpellate the government. The revolutionary parties, too, though determined to smash all and every government, never contemplated the idea of assuming themselves the government of the country, and indeed were entirely opposed to taking any part in it.

Members of Russian revolutionary parties have generally been intellectuals of the Dostoevsky type, idealists and dreamers, introspective, doubting, hesitating, diffident. Propagandists and conspirators, they were never men of action; they never even expected to have to act, except perhaps in a spasmodic and impulsive fashion. In Russian revolutionary history these men showed themselves capable of great self-sacrifice; but when the testing moment came, when the success of the revolution of 1917 threw them up and they were called to assume power in the state, they proved themselves not only inexperienced, as might have been expected, but timid and perverse. At a time calling for energy, decision, and initiative they had no programme ready and possessed no other qualifications for government than those of agitators and sentimentalists. They were great talkers, men of mood not of action; and, accordingly, when the revolution began, it began with the usual flood of talking. The endless speeches of Kerensky and of the early Soviets caused astonishment and indignation among non-Russians, who could not help regarding such an orgy of oratory as the work

either of madmen or of wreckers. But to Russians it seemed quite natural.

At the very moment when the West was looking for the arrival of the strong man who should dissolve this hopeless chaos and stem this endless flood of words, Lenin emerged; and we can now see that the success of his little party was predestined. Lenin supplied what had always been lacking in previous Russian parties, a programme and a purpose. He knew what he wanted, and he knew how to obtain it. The organized and businesslike persistence of the little group of Bolsheviks was bound to meet with success; for they brought with them new methods of political activity and a relation to life quite unusual in Russia, and constituted a rallying point for the growing forces of opposition.

Apart from the cruelty they showed to their opponents, it was the social and economic experiments which they made that aroused the fiercest resentment against the Bolsheviks; but, as a matter of fact, what they tried to effect was — as theory and doctrine — not absolutely foreign to Russian revolutionary ways of thinking. The Bolsheviks were only more reckless and uncompromising than the other groups of Russian socialists. In many ways their economic experiments had been anticipated by Kropotkin in his “*Conquête du Pain*.” As a theory, indeed, Bolshevism is a mixture of typical rigid Marxian dogma and of the characteristic Russian propensity to run amok. This tendency known as *boont* — a tendency manifest all through Russian history — expresses the self-assertion of men who embody their protest against some grievance in forcible action, who are ready in redress of this grievance to smash through all and every opposition, and who, from exuberance of vigor and uncontrollable passion, rejoice in encountering the maximum of opposition. Proclaimed as the last word of the social economic gospel, Bolshevism is, in fact, a revival of the spirit of Bakunin, the untameable and insatiable spirit of revolt and of Russian extremism that preaches an abso-

lutist philosophy, and declares for "all or nothing," for "to-day or never." In their impetuosity and ardor to establish a new order overnight the Bolsheviks tried to imitate the Paris communists of 1870, whom they were proud to consider their spiritual ancestors. On the other hand, in their attitude to the state, which they regarded as supreme, they were commonplace followers of the most uncritical Marxian doctrine.

What was new and really surprisingly new about them was the tenacity and thoroughness with which they went to work. The strict discipline and thorough organization of their underground party, the constancy of their effort, the indomitability and energy shown in the pursuit of their aims startled the average Russian as something not only unusual but even uncanny. These qualities were indeed so alien from the usual national laxity that they could not but suggest a foreign origin. Their strange un-Russian capacity for continuous and organized action was more than anything else responsible for the ready acceptance of the legend that Lenin and Trotsky were disguised agents of Germany.

When Lenin arrived in Petrograd shortly after the commencement of the revolution, those "delirious" speeches of his in which he announced, to the profound perplexity and consternation of the revolutionary democracy, that the world-wide socialist revolution was at hand, not only spoiled his chances of general leadership, but isolated him even within his own party. Yet hated by the bourgeoisie, lacking the support of his own party, not understood even by his closest friends and oldest associates, Lenin won the victory, first over his own party and then over the Provisional Government. Without doubt the chief cause of this tremendous success has to be sought in the events of the revolution and in the mistakes made by Lenin's opponents. But the more the revolution is studied, the more it becomes evident that it was Lenin's attitude to the problem of governmental power that gave him and his party the victory. Indeed, the

Bolshevik attitude to power, their appetite for power, their steady undeviating advance to it, and their continuous exercise and successful retention of it, constituted the crucial and unpassable line of demarcation between the Bolsheviks and the other socialist parties in Russia.

The Russian intellectuals had a pietistic abhorrence of power as a thing essentially evil, base, and degrading. Controlling most of the instruments of real power from the very moment of the March revolution, the socialists were afraid, not only to assume the government, but even to have a share in it. Kerensky alone took the risk of entering the government; but his decision aroused a storm of indignation among his fellow socialists, who only forgave him when he put forward the theory that he took office as Minister of Justice, not in order to exercise power, but merely to secure the punishment of the enemies of the people — the leading members of the old régime. In accordance with this theory, Kerensky proclaimed himself "a hostage of Democracy in the First Provisional Government," not a member of it. The few dramatic months of the revolution from March to October, 1917, were, after all, nothing but a struggle for supremacy and political power between the masses and the bourgeoisie; and while the other socialist parties trembled at the very idea that power might fall into their hands, the Bolsheviks were the only party of the Left which definitely and persistently fought for power. But this thirst for power was so contrary to the traditions of Russian political life, that even the Bolshevik ranks had time and again to be reassured by Lenin that the assumption of power was necessary and by no means wicked or degrading. On the very eve of the Bolshevik revolution he issued a pamphlet in which he said: "I continue to believe, that any political party — especially a party which represents a progressive class — would lose the right to exist, would be unworthy to be considered a party at all, would count for less than nothing, if it refused power when there was a chance of obtaining it."

This clash of opinion and divergence of attitude towards power was the main, if not the only cause, of the conflict between the Bolsheviks and the Russian intellectuals; it is no exaggeration to say that the Russian intellectuals not only hated but loathed the Bolsheviks for "sticking to power." The Bolsheviks were certainly not behindhand in reciprocating this hatred. They ridiculed the intellectuals as "too pure-minded to do the dirty work of the world" and only concerned with keeping their "robes unsullied"; and they actually instituted persecution against them.

It will be seen, then, that the communist party was not only the first party in Russia to regard power as desirable but the first party to govern the country. The assumption of power by the communist party was the first manifestation — a distorted manifestation — of the new Russia which emerged from the war, the Russia of new impulses and instincts, and of the new will to live. The success of the Bolsheviks is due solely to their capacity for responding to this new spirit of action, of enterprise, and of acceptance of life. The Bolsheviks saw a new ruling class emerging in Russia and were astute enough to manoeuvre themselves into the position of its leaders. To define in set terms this ruling class is impossible at this stage. The Bolsheviks, at any rate, were not anxious to give a very strict definition of the class in whose name they assumed the government. They proclaimed that "the toiling masses," whoever these may be, alone possessed political rights; they excluded "the exploiting elements," an equally vague class, from any exercise of such rights; and on this foundation they based a theory which permitted them to retain power exclusively in their hands. This theory depended on two assumptions: first, that the proletariat is the best organized and most self-conscious element of the toiling masses, and second, that the communist party is the advance-guard of the proletariat. By the aid of this fallacious syllogism the Bolsheviks were enabled to narrow the basis of the revolutionary government

which became vested in a Junta called the Political Bureau and consisting of five members of the Central Committee of the party. The system evolved worked like an equation. The government of "the toiling masses" equals the dictatorship of the proletariat, equals the dictatorship of the communist party, equals the Central Committee of the party, equals the Political Bureau of the party.

So long as the Bolsheviks were expropriating the capitalists and landowners and promising to fulfil the utopian dreams of the masses for social and economic equality, the dictatorship of the communist party was readily accepted by the working and peasant classes as their own dictatorship. But the more the country was plunged into poverty, and equality revealed itself as equality in misery only, the more, too, the masses, especially the peasants, became aware that the dictatorship was being exercised no longer in order to dislodge the old propertied classes, but with a view to establish in power a new minority, the urban proletariat, the more ready were the "toiling masses" to renew the struggle for a real and active part in the government.

This struggle was first and foremost a revolt of the peasants against the towns; but the masses in the towns also became restless, and an opposition against the dictatorship of the communist party steadily increased in volume and intensity. What is still more striking, the communist party itself began to experience the division and clash of opinion prevailing in the country. To follow the divergence of opinion within this party is of real interest and importance; first, because this party is of necessity the only centre of political expression in the country, and also because the differences must be very marked to find expression in a party the leaders of which have from the very beginning refused to tolerate any independence of thought.

But before I say anything further on this matter I should like to explain what I mean when I use the term communist party. Many persons will, of course, still associate the term

with the Russian Bolsheviks of the period from 1917 to 1920, or — which is still more misleading — with the communist groups in England or any other European country. The communist party I am discussing is a different thing altogether: it is that governing party in Russia which suffered so remarkable a transformation in 1921. It may, after all, be no paradox to say that this party, yesterday the party of most extreme revolution, is to-day becoming in a sense a conservative party. This statement may be difficult to believe, especially as the phraseology used by the leaders has changed very little. But words generally retain their currency longer than the ideas they stand for; and, on the other hand, the more conservative the Bolsheviks become the readier they are to adhere to the revolutionary jargon. I personally am so convinced that there is an air of deliberate over-strain in their use of this jargon that when I read leading articles in their press proclaiming the primitive ardor of their revolutionary principles, I am sure that they are protesting too much, and that the party is probably preparing to make another step backwards. After all, this sort of duplicity is part of the ordinary stock in trade of the politician in every country; in Russia, with its fresh memories of "revolutionary frankness," and with the much wider gulf between proclamation and policy, this duplicity of necessity strikes a very strange note and is infinitely more misleading.

As far back as 1905 the Bolsheviks proclaimed themselves a party of "permanent revolution," and for several years they seemed to adhere to this doctrine of revolution without end. But the most thorough revolution against property is, after all, a mere change of property rights; and from the Bolshevik point of view the Russian revolution achieved its utmost ends the moment the landlord and the capitalist were expropriated. The change of property rights once made, the revolution is *ipso facto* at an end, whatever revolutionary energy may still be left unspent. The party of revolution becomes automatically the party of order.

The general fate of revolutionary parties is to appear in history first as victors and then as vanquished. But sometimes one of these parties meets with a different fate. Instead of being vanquished, it submits to transformation. The Russian communist party has gone this latter way: it has followed the way of adaptation and accommodation. If historical analogies are of any use, the present state of the Russian revolution may be compared with the Thermidor or the Directory of the French. But these kinds of analogies are always dangerous as introducing elements which tend to obscure rather than to enlighten. Instead, then, of invoking analogies, let us look at the actual facts of the evolution of the Russian revolution. To grasp them is to understand not only what is going on now but what may occur to-morrow.

The year 1920 was the year in which the "dictatorship of the proletariat" reached its culmination. The power of the Central Committee of the ruling party was absolute and complete. But at the end of the year — a year which will remain long in the memory of all Russians who lived through it, as the coldest, hungriest, and most dreadful year of the revolution — the ruling party began to perceive the first signs of a challenge to their power. These signs came simultaneously from two quarters — from the town laborers, who made open demonstration against a situation in which, while they nominally ruled, they exercised no real power; and from the peasants, who in their hatred of requisitioning showed unmistakable symptoms of a disposition to pass from passive resistance to open revolt. The communist party, which, up to that time, had been enlarging the scope of its authority, was compelled to yield ground. First to the peasants and later to other groups of the population. But though the pressure exercised by the peasants and workers was really the first step in the struggle for political power, the communist party contrived to dodge the political issue. They had to make concessions, of course; but all the concessions they have made for the last two years have been purely economic.

To dodge the political issue was at this stage not particularly difficult; for the economic problems were so acute that they completely dominated the popular mind, which by this time seemed to be heartily sick of all revolutionary unrest. Even to-day the struggle for power has not yet acquired a frankly political character: it is still being fought out chiefly in the economic sphere. Most present-day visitors to Russia are struck by two remarkable facts; first, that the authority of the Soviet government remains unchallenged, and second, that throughout the country political problems arouse no kind of interest. This state of things is doubtless due in part to the systematic suppression of all political movements by the dominant party and to its stubborn refusal to make any but economic concessions. Still, however obstinate and reckless this suppression of free thought may have been, it cannot be the sole explanation of the remarkable paralysis of political interest to which all impartial observers testify. The truth seems to be that in a state of impoverishment and misery people are bound to be preoccupied by thoughts of material improvement. In this state of the popular mind any government finds it easy to stifle political discussion by a readiness to remedy economic grievances.

And yet it would be folly to deny that a very real political struggle is going on in Russia to-day. What obscures the situation is the fact that it has assumed a quite unusual character. In the country, certainly, political self-consciousness finds no clear expression; but, as I have already pointed out, the different shades of political outlook and interest in the country are, curiously enough, represented within the communist party itself. The very fact that this party is the only open forum involves as a necessary corollary the assumption that within the dominant party itself there must be, if not opposing groups, at least different shades of mood, temperament, and policy. The history of the communist party for the last few years is, in fact, the story of a desperate struggle on the part of the Bolshevik leaders, who to pre-

serve unity have expelled heretics by the thousand. In this way the "Labor Opposition," the "Workers *Pravda*," and a few other recalcitrant groups were all "liquidated." Subjected to such periodical "cleansings" no wonder the party membership decreased from over 600,000 to 300,000 within a period of less than two years. Yet, despite this expulsion of open renegades and groups of opposition, despite the intimidation of suspects, the ranks of the communist party manage to reflect in no small measure that clash of opinion which can find no vent in the country. The divergence of opinion and interest within the party is indeed so real that it has been suggested that this party is strictly speaking not a party at all but a coalition.

The social and economic differences in the groups that make up this coalition are at first difficult to detect; for they are disguised under strange and cloaked names. For instance, one group is called "the Communist Opposition"—a name which probably indicates that the group bearing it is opposed to the concessions made by the party to capitalism. Another group styled the "Workers *Pravda*," consists mainly of trade unionists who are in revolt against the tutelage of the Central Committee. A third group representing liberal opinion, supports what is called "Democratic Centralism." "The Economists" form yet another group, which comprises those members of the party who are in control of industry and trade. Their occupation has made a marked impression on "the Economists"; and to-day in all the councils of the party they support a policy very little different, if different at all, from that prevailing among the new bourgeoisie.

Besides these unaccustomed names, which seem purposely assumed with a view to screening the peculiar political leanings of the groups, there is another circumstance which tends to obscure the significance of these divisions. This is the necessity under which the leaders lie of making them appear less formidable by using the common and orthodox

phraseology of the party. But despite all these disguises, those who have followed closely the career of the communist party are convinced that it contains at least three factions representing the three big divisions in the country — that of labor, that of the peasants, and that of “the Economists,” who in a certain sense represent the new bourgeoisie. These three factions continue to keep together first and foremost because, being factions still, they have not crystallized their opinions and accentuated their differences sufficiently to exist as rival parties. In other words, the forces that keep them together — a common history, common privileges, and a common danger — are stronger than those which might force them apart. The second consideration that operates against an open split is the fear of expulsion. The leaders of the party insist absolutely on unity and crush ruthlessly any attempt to raise differences. Moreover, the dangers involved in expulsion are so serious, amounting as they do to political extinction and to the concomitant loss of any leverage for exercising power, that it is little wonder that the party is still able to present a united front. The groups of opposition find it expedient to remain inside the ruling party and to exercise such influence as they are able to wield from within. Certainly the more differences deepen the more rapidly will the inevitable crisis approach. A party divided in opinion and representing different interests cannot preserve its unity indefinitely by the force of discipline alone. In the end there will be open disagreement.

Obviously this cannot happen until the different classes of the population have become conscious of their various interests and are prepared to assert them in political action. That political opinion is slowly crystallizing in the country cannot be doubted. The peasants to-day are probably far more devoted to their interests, tenacious of their rights, and conscious of their wants than they have been in any other period of Russian history. Moreover, the urban laborers, represented though they are both in the communist

party as the party of the proletariat, and in the trade unions, are eager to develop an independent organization of their own. Within the last two years a movement started in the factories called the Non-Partisan group has been steadily increasing its numbers and extending its influence. The Non-Partisans are not open opponents of the Bolsheviks; for they take part in the Soviets and recognize the communist party as the government. But when one notices how the communists coquet with the Non-Partisans as a sensible and moderate opposition, one is justified, I think, in regarding this opposition as the nucleus of a future Labor party.

The process of creating the new ruling class in Russia is a double process. On the one hand, a differentiation of opinion is taking place in the country, where new political parties are slowly germinating. On the other hand, the factions existing in the dominant party — the only centre of political activity and thought — will assuredly in the end furnish these parties with experienced leaders. When these two tendencies meet, the new ruling class of Russia will appear. But till this new ruling class is consolidated, till the new political groups are strong enough to grasp power, the Bolsheviks will continue to rule in the name of a united and unanimous communist party.

Yet the same forces which are creating the new spirit of political self-consciousness in the country and the differentiation of opinion inside and outside of the party, must of necessity influence also the evolution of the party as a whole. And, indeed, it can be seen that the policy and the psychology of the party are undergoing a genuine change. The Bolsheviks have patronized the workers, they have snubbed the intellectuals, they have tried to stampede the peasants, they have sought to intimidate the new bourgeoisie; and yet by the necessary irony of circumstances and reaction they have not escaped being affected and changed by the concerted influence of all these elements which they thought they could manage. As a matter of fact, all who come in con-

tact with them to-day agree that the mentality of the communists in 1923 is probably as different from their mentality in 1920, as their mentality in 1920 was different from that of the Kerensky Soviets. To-day the "dictatorship of the proletariat" is an obsolete phrase. Even as a figure of speech it has disappeared from communist journals and platforms. Officially the government is now carried on, not in the name of that vague and illusory proletariat, but in that of the workers and peasants; while the aim of the government is not the immediate establishment of socialism but the reconstruction of the country on "realistic" lines — "realistic" signifying obviously capitalistic. The programme of the communist party is no longer Marxism but Leninism.

From the recent dissension in the communist party, two essential facts emerge. First, the difficulty of ruling the party by dictatorial and autocratic methods; second, the impossibility of forcing unity on a party which is really heterogeneous in composition. As a matter of fact, the opposition to the Central Committee came from all warring groups and even included some members of the Committee, with Trotsky at their head. The dissenters made a real impression on the country by their uncompromising criticisms and insistent demand for the democratization of the party machine and a more liberal attitude towards grouping. The Central Committee were quick to realize the seriousness of the situation and acted with adroitness. They gave way in so far as to agree to the democratization of the party machine, but remained uncompromising in their refusal to recognize the existence of groups. In their attempt to preserve a "united front" they invoked the name and authority of Lenin, whose death has restored the party at least to outward harmony.

The time for making a final estimate of Lenin's work has not yet come. Already, however, it may safely be said that he will go into history both as a revolutionist and as a statesman; as the leader of the most destructive and wasteful first proletarian revolution, and as the statesman who endeavored

to arrest the forces of destruction, to unite again the country split by the civil war, and to reach a compromise with the West. When Lenin inaugurated the dictatorship of the proletariat he was obviously unhampered by the slightest doubt as to the efficacy of Marxian principles. But the longer he tested them as a practical revolutionist and statesman, the more he became aware of the impossibility of building up a society on an automatic and exclusively economic basis. When he had to adopt an agrarian policy totally at variance with his Marxian opinions, and when later he was compelled to make an appeal to the peasants' acquisitive instincts and to go back to what he styled "state capitalism," he was not only conscious that something was wrong with his Marxian gospel, but frankly admitted that Marx had not foreseen all the realities of a complex situation. The greatest value of the Russian revolution to the world Labor movement lies in the fact that it has replaced Marxism by Leninism.

Every retardation of progress in Russia has sprung from the attempt to rule the country in opposition to the interests of the peasants. The revolution was the manifestation of the peasants' awakening; and the dictatorship of the proletariat may be considered the last attempt of any Russian government to maintain power by preferring the interests of the industrial workers to those of the agricultural population. It was his recognition of the failure of this system and his insistence on establishing a balance between these clashing interests that constitutes Lenin's greatest achievement as a statesman; and it is the existence of this balance that guarantees that the coming struggle for power will be less violent and convulsive than it would otherwise be.

THE AMERICAN LAUGHS

By AGNES REPPLIER

IT was the opinion of Thomas Love Peacock — who knew whereof he spoke — that “no man should ask another why he laughs, or at what, seeing that he does not always know, and that if he does, he is not a responsible agent. . . . Reason is in no way essential to mirth.”

This being so, why should human beings, individually and collectively, be so contemptuous of one another's humor? To be puzzled by it is natural enough. There is nothing in the world so incomprehensible as the joke we do not see. But to be scornful or angry, to say with Steele that we can judge a man's temper by the things he laughs at, is, in a measure, unreasonable. A man laughs as he loves, moved by secret springs that do not affect his neighbor. Yet no sooner did America begin to breed humorists of her own than the first thing these gentlemen did was to cast doubts upon British humor. Even a cultivated laugher like Mr. Charles Dudley Warner suffered himself to become acrimonious on this subject; whereupon an English critic retaliated by saying that if Mr. Warner considered Knickerbocker's “New York” to be the equal of “Gulliver's Travels,” and that if Mr. Lowell really thought Mr. N. P. Willis “witty,” then there was no international standard of satire or of wit. The chances are that Mr. Lowell did not think Mr. Willis witty at all. He used the word in a friendly and unreflecting moment, not expecting a derisive echo from the other side of the sea.

And now Mr. Chesterton has protested in a recent issue of the “Illustrated London News” against the vogue of the American joke in England. He says it does not convey its point because the conditions which give it birth are not

understood, and the side-light it throws fails to illuminate a continent. One must be familiar with the intimacies of American life to enjoy their humorous aspect.

Precisely the same criticism was offered when Artemus Ward lectured in London more than a half-century ago. The humor of this once famous joker has become a disputable point. It is safe to say that anything less amusing than the passage read by Lincoln to his Cabinet in Mr. Drinkwater's play could not be found in the literature of any land. It cast a needless gloom over the scene, and aroused an unmerited sympathy for the officials who had to listen to it. But the American jest, like the Greek epic, should be spoken, not read; and it is claimed that when Artemus Ward drawled out his absurdities, which, like the Greek epic, were always subject to change, these absurdities were funny. Mr. Leacock has politely assured us that London was "puzzled and enraptured with the very mystery of this humor"; but Mr. Leacock, being at that time three years old, was not there to discern this for himself. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell was there on the opening night, November 13, 1866, and found the puzzle and the mystery to be far in advance of the rapture. The description he was wont to give of this unique entertainment (a "Panorama," and a lecture on the Mormons), of the depressing, unventilated Egyptian Hall in which it was given, of the wild extravagances of the speaker, which grew wilder and wilder as the audience grew more and more bewildered, was funny enough, Heaven knows, but the essence of the fun lay in failure.

Americans, fifty years ago, were brought up on polygamous jests. The Mormons were our neighbors, and could be always relied upon to furnish a scandal, a thrill, or a joke. When they mended their ways, and ceased to be reprehensible or amusing, the comic papers were compelled to fall back on Solomon, with whose marital experiences they have regaled us ever since. But to British eyes, Brigham Young was an unfamiliar figure; and to British minds, Solomon has

always been distinguished for other things than wives. Therefore Artemus Ward's casual drolleries presupposed a humorous background which did not exist. A chance allusion to a young friend in Salt Lake City who had run away with a boarding school was received in stupefied silence. Then suddenly a woman's smothered giggle showed that light had dawned on one receptive brain. Then a few belated laughs broke out in various parts of the hall, as the idea travelled slowly along the thought currents of the audience, and the speaker went languidly on to the next unrecognizable pleasantry.

The criticism passed upon Americans to-day is that they laugh often and without discrimination. This is what the English say of us, and this is what some Americans have said of the English. Henry James complained bitterly that London playgoers laughed unseasonably at serious plays. I wonder if they received Ervine's "John Ferguson" in this fashion, as did American playgoers. That a tragedy harsh and unrelenting, that human pain, unbearable because unmerited, should furnish food for mirth may be comprehensible to the psychologist who claims to have a clue to every emotion; but to the ordinary mortal it is simply dumfounding. People laughed at Molnar's "Liliom" out of sheer nervousness, because they could not understand it. And "Liliom" had its comedy side. But nobody could have helped understanding "John Ferguson," and there was no relief from its horror, its pitifulness, its sombre surrender to the irony of fate. Yet ripples of laughter ran through the house; and the English actress who played Hannah Ferguson confessed that this laughter had in the beginning completely unnerved her, but that she had steeled herself to meet and to ignore it.

It was said that British audiences were guilty of laughing at "Hedda Gabler," perhaps in sheer desperate impatience at the unreasonableness of human nature as unfolded in that despairing drama. They should have been forgiven and con-

gratulated, and so should the American audiences who were reproached for laughing at "Mary Rose." The charm, the delicacy, the tragic sense of an unknown and arbitrary power with which Barrie invested his play were lost in the hands of incapable players, while its native dulness gained force and substance from their presentation. A lengthy dialogue on a pitch black stage between an invisible soldier and an inarticulate ghost was neither enlivening nor terrifying. It would have been as hard to laugh as to shudder in the face of such tedious loquacity.

We see it often asserted that Continental playgoers are incapable of the gross stupidities ascribed to English and Americans, that they dilate with correct emotions at correct moments, that they laugh, weep, tremble, and even faint in perfect accord with the situations of the drama they are witnessing. When Maeterlinck's "Intruder" was played in Paris, women fainted; when it was played in Philadelphia, they tittered. Perhaps the quality of the acting may account for these varying receptions. On the other hand, I have never heard Americans laugh, as I have heard Germans laugh, at the antics of the apprentices in the first act of "Die Meistersinger," at the primitive, chair-pulling fun which delights the Teuton soul. Be it said to the honor of our countrymen that they preserve a decent gravity throughout that trying scene.

The Dublin players brought to this country a brand of humor and pathos with which we were unfamiliar. Irish comedy, as we knew it, was of the Dion Boucicault type, a pure product of stageland, and unrelated to any practical experiences in life. Here, on the contrary, was something indigenous to Ireland, and therefore strange to us. My first experience was at the opening night of Ervine's "Mixed Marriage," in New York. An audience exclusively Semitic (so far as I could judge by looking at it) listened in patient bewilderment to the theological bickerings of Catholics and Protestants in Belfast. I sat in a box with Lady Gregory,

who was visibly disturbed by the slowness of the house at the uptake, and unaware that what was so familiar and vital to her was a matter of the purest unconcern to that particular group of Americans. The only thing that roused them from their apathy was the sudden rage with which, in the third act, Tom Rainey shouted at his father: "Ye're an ould fool, that's what ye are; a damned ould fool!" At these reprehensible words a gust of laughter swept the theatre, destroying the situation on the stage, but shaking the audience back to life and animation. It was seemingly — though I should be sorry to think it — the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin.

When that mad medley of fun and fancy, of grossness and delicacy, "The Playboy of the Western World," was put on the American stage, men laughed — generally at the wrong time — out of the hopeless confusion of their minds. The "Playboy" was admittedly an enigma. The night I saw it, the audience, under the impression that it was anti-Irish, or anti-Catholic, or anti-moral, or anti-something, they were not sure what, hurled denunciations and one missile — which looked strangely like a piece of pie — at the actors. It was a disgraceful scene, but not without its humorous side; for when the riotous interruptions had subsided, an elderly man arose, and with the manner of an invited speaker at a public dinner, began, "From time immemorial" — But the house had grown tired of disturbances, and howled him down. He waited for silence, and then in the same composed and leisurely manner began again, "From time immemorial" — At this point one of the policemen who had been restoring order led him gently but forcibly out of the theatre; the play was resumed; and what it was that had happened from time immemorial we were destined never to know.

A source of superlative merriment in the United States is the two-reel comic of our motion picture halls. Countless thousands of Americans look at it, and presumably laugh at it, every twenty-four hours. It is not unlike an amplified and

diversified Punch and Judy show, depending on incessant action and plenty of hard knocks. Hazlitt says that bangs and blows which we know do not hurt provoke legitimate laughter; and until we see a funny film, we have no conception of the amount of business which can be constructed out of anything so simple as men hitting one another. Producers of these comics have taken the public into their confidence, and have assured us that their work is the hardest in the motion picture industry; that the slugging policeman is trained for weary weeks to slug divertingly, and that every tumble has to be practised with sickening monotony before it acquires its purely accidental character. As for accessories — well it takes more time and trouble to make a mouse run up a woman's skirt at the right moment, or a greyhound carry off a dozen crullers on its tail, than it does to turn out a whole sentimental scenario, gray-haired mother, high-minded, pure-hearted convict son, lumber-camp virtue, town vice, and innocent childhood complete. Whether or not the time and trouble are well spent depends on the amount of money which that mouse and those crullers eventually wring from an appreciative and laughter-loving public.

The dearth of humorous situations — at no time inexhaustible — has compelled the two-reel comic to depend on such substitutes as speed, violence, and a succession of well-nigh inconceivable mishaps. A man acting in one cannot open a door, cross a street, or sit down to dinner without coming to grief. Even the animals — dogs, donkeys, and pigs — are subject to catastrophes that must wreck their confidence in life. Fatness, besides being funny, is, under these circumstances, a great protection. The human body, swathed in rolls of cotton-wadding, is safe from contusions and broken bones. When an immensely stout lady sinks into an arm-chair, only to be precipitated through a trap-door, and shot down a slide into a pond, we feel she has earned her pay. But after she has been dropped from a speeding motor, caught and lifted high in air by a balloon anchor, let down to

earth with a parachute, picked up by an elephant, and carried through the streets at the head of a circus parade, we begin to understand the arduousness of art. Only the producers of comic "movies" know what "One crowded hour of glorious life" can be made to hold.

Laughter has been over-praised and over-analyzed, as well as unreasonably denounced. We do not think much about its determining causes — why should we? — until the contradictory explanations of philosophers, psychologists, and men of letters compel us to recognize its inscrutable quality. Plato laid down the principle that our pleasure in the ludicrous originates in the sight of another's misfortune. Its motive power is malice. Hobbes stoutly affirmed that laughter is not primarily malicious, but vainglorious. It is the rough, spontaneous assertion of our own eminence. "We laugh from strength, and we laugh at weakness." Hazlitt saw a lurking cruelty in the amusement of civilized men who have gauged the folly and frivolity of their kind. Bergson, who evidently does not frequent motion picture halls, says that the comic makes its appeal to "the intelligence pure and simple." He raises laughter to the dignity of a "social gesture" and a corrective. We put our affections out of court, and impose silence upon our pity, before we laugh; but this is only because the corrective would fail to correct if it bore the stamp of sympathy and kindness. Leacock, who deals in comics, is sure of but one thing, that all humor is anti-social; and Stevenson ascribes our indestructible spirit of mirth to "the unplumbed childishness of man's imagination."

The illustrations given us by these eminent specialists are as unconvincing as the definitions they vouchsafe, and the rules they lay down for our guidance. Whenever we are told that a situation or a jest offers legitimate food for laughter, we cease to have any disposition to laugh. Just as we are often moved to merriment for no other reason than that the occasion calls for seriousness, so we are correspondingly serious when invited too freely to be amused. An enter-

tainment which promises to be funny is handicapped from the start. It has to plough deep into men's risibilities before it can raise its crop of laughter. I have been told that when Forepaugh first fired a man out of a cannon, the audience laughed convulsively, not because it found anything ludicrous in the performance, but because it had been startled out of its composure, and relieved from a gasping sense of fear.

Sydney Smith insisted that the overturning of a dinner-table which had been set for dinner was a laughable incident. Yet he was a married man, and must have known that such a catastrophe (which seems to us to belong strictly to the motion picture field) could not have been regarded by Mrs. Smith, or by any other hostess, as amusing. Boswell tells us that Dr. Johnson was so infinitely diverted at hearing that an English gentleman had left his estate to his three sisters that he laughed until he was exhausted, and had to hold on to a post (he was walking home through the London streets) to keep himself from falling to the ground. Yet no reader of Boswell ever saw anything ludicrous in such a last will and testament. Sophocles makes Electra describe Clytemnestra as "laughing triumphantly" over the murder of Agamemnon; but Electra was a prejudiced witness. Killing an undesired husband is no laughing matter, though triumph over its accomplishment — when failure means death — is a legitimate emotion. Clytemnestra was a singularly august and composed sinner. Not from her did Orestes and Electra inherit their nervous systems; and not on their testimony should we credit her with an excess of humor alike ill-timed and unbecoming.

In our efforts to discover what can never be discovered — the secret sources of laughter — we have experimented with American children; testing their appreciation of the ludicrous by giving them blocks, which, when fitted into place, display absurd and incongruous pictures. Their reactions to this artificial stimulus are of value only when they are old enough

for perception, and young enough for candor. The merriment of children, of little girls especially, is often unreal and affected. They will toss their heads, and stimulate one another to peals of laughter which are a pure make-believe. When they are really absorbed in their play, and astir with delicious excitation, they do not laugh; they give vent to piercing shrieks which sound as if they were being cut into little pieces. These shrieks are the spontaneous expression of delight; but their sense of absurdity, which implies a sense of humor, is hard to capture before it has become tainted with pretense.

There are American newspapers which print every day a sheet or a half-sheet of comic pictures, and there are American newspapers which print every Sunday a colored comic supplement. These sincere attempts to divert the public are well received. Their vulgarity does not offend. "What," asks the wise Santayana, "can we relish if we recoil at vulgarity?" Their dulness is condoned. Life, for all its antics, is confessedly dull. Our absurdities may amuse the angels (Walpole had a cheerful vision of their laughter); but we cannot be relied on to amuse our fellow men. Nevertheless, the colored supplement passes from hand to hand—from parents to children, from children to servants. Even the smudgy black and whites of the daily press are soberly and conscientiously scrutinized. A man, reading his paper in the train, seldom skips that page. He examines every little smudge with attention, not seemingly entertained, or seeking entertainment, but without visible depression at its incompetence.

I once had the pleasure of hearing a distinguished etcher lecture on the art of illustrating. He said some harsh words about these American comics, and threw on the screen a reproduction of one of their most familiar series. The audience looked at it sadly. "I am glad," commented the lecturer, "that you did not laugh. Those pictures are, as you perceive, as stupid as they are vulgar. Now I will show you some clever English work." And there appeared before us the

once famous Ally Sloper recreating himself and his family at the seashore. The audience looked at him sadly. A solemn stillness held the hall. "Why don't you laugh?" asked the lecturer irritably. "I assure you that picture *is* funny." Whereupon everybody laughed; not because we saw the fun — which was not there to see — but because we were jolted into risibility by the unwarranted despotism of the demand.

The prohibition jest which stands pre-eminent in the United States, and has afforded French and English humorists a field which they have promptly and ably filled, draws its vitality from the inexhaustible springs of human nature. Readers and playgoers profess themselves tired of it; moralists deprecate its undermining qualities; but the conflict between a normal desire and an interdict is too unadjustable, too rich in circumstance, and too far-reaching in results, to be accepted in sober silence. Eve and her apple are still good for a joke after centuries of ill-usage. The complications incidental to prohibition, the battle of wits, the turns of the game, the adventures — often sorry enough — of the players, all present the essential elements of comedy. Mrs. Gerould has likened the situation to an obstacle race. It is that, and it is something more. In earlier, easier days, robbery was made justifiably droll. The master thief was equally at home in northern Europe and in the Far East. England smiled at Robin Hood. France evolved that amazing epithet, "*chevalier d'industrie*." But arrayed against robbery were a moral law and a commandment. Arrayed against wine are a legal restriction and the modern cult of efficiency. It will be long before these become so sacrosanct as to disallow a laugh.

The worst that has been said of legitimate American humor is that it responds to every beck and call. Even Mr. Ewan S. Agnew, whose business it is to divert the British public in the weekly pages of "Punch," considers that the American public is too easily diverted. We laugh, either

from light-hearted insensitiveness, or from the super-abundant vitality, the half-conscious sense of power, which bubbles up forever in the callous gaiety of the world. Certainly Emerson is the only known American who despised jocular-ity, and who said early and often that he did not wish to be amused. The most striking passage in the letters of Mr. Walter Page is the one which describes his distaste for the "jocular" Washington luncheons at which he was a guest in the summer of 1916. He had come fresh from the rending anxiety, the heroic stress and strain of London; and the cloudless atmosphere of our capital wounded his spirits. England jested too. "Punch" had never been so brilliant as in the torturing years of war. But England had earned the right to jest. There was a tonic quality in her laughter. Page feared from the bottom of his soul lest the great peaceful nation, safe, rich, and debonair, had suffered her "mental neutrality" to blot out from her vision the agony of Europe, and the outstanding facts which were responsible for the disaster.

This unconcern, which is the balance wheel of comedy, has tempered the American mind to an easy acceptance of chance. Its enthusiasms are modified, its censures are softened, by a restraining humor which is rooted deeply in indifference. We recognize the sanity of our mental attitude, but not its incompleteness. Understanding and sympathy are products of civilized life, as clarifying in their way as tolerance and a quick perception of the ludicrous. An American newspaper printed recently a photograph entitled "Smilin' Through," which showed two American girls peering through two holes in the shell-torn wall of Verdun cathedral, and laughing broadly at their sport. The names and addresses of these frolicsome young women were given, and their enjoyment of their own drollery was emphasized for the diversion of other young women at home.

Now, granted that every nation, like every man, bears the burden of its own grief. Granted also that every woman, like

every man, has her own conception of the humorous, and that we cannot reasonably take umbrage because we fail to see the fun. Nevertheless, the memories of Verdun do not make for laughter. There is that in its story which sobers the world it has ennobled. Four hundred thousand French soldiers gave their lives for that battered fortress which saved Paris and France. Mr. Brownell reminds us that there is such a thing as rectitude outside the sphere of morals, and that it is precisely this austere element in taste which assures our self-respect. We cannot analyze, and therefore cannot criticise, that frothy fun which Bergson has likened to the foam which the receding waves leave on the ocean sands; but we know, as he knows, that the substance is scanty, and the after-taste is bitter in our mouths. We are tethered to our kind, and it is the sureness of our reaction to the great and appealing facts of history which makes us inheritors of a hard-won civilization, and qualified citizens of the world.

TWO POEMS

BY BABETTE DEUTSCH

THE PLEDGE OF BENJAMIN

ISRUEL spoke, in his voice a burr:
“Why should Pharaoh’s steward prefer
My little last lamb, my bundle of myrrh?”

The sons of Israel stood around him,
They were nine strong fighters to confound him,
And the hunger of Benjamin smote him and bound him.

“If I bring him not back,” so Reuben spoke,
“You shall put my two sons under the yoke.”
Israel covered his eyes with his cloak.

“If I bring him not back,” said Judah, “never
May the strength of my enemies fail or sever;
Let the blame be on my head forever.”

Remembering Joseph, whom Rachel bore,
Israel heard what the brothers swore;
On a child of Rachel’s he looked once more.

“My lamb, my foal, my bundle of spices!
The steward of Pharaoh knows many devices. —
Lord, bless Thou my sacrifices.”

Jacob was shaken, Jacob was old;
He filled their sacks with presents and gold
That Pharaoh’s steward might smile to behold.

He weighted their asses down with treasure,
With myrrh and spice for the steward’s pleasure.
His cup of grief was a running measure.

Judah was calm with a lion's calm;
He took the gifts of honey and balm,
And Benjamin's hand was in Judah's palm.

He was the last-born of his mother,
He went with the nine, even as that other;
Would he return — the little brother?

The last store of the corn was spent.
Israel watched them from his tent,
The heart out of his breast he had sent.

Down to Egypt he watched them going,
The swaying asses, the white robes flowing;
His eyes stung with the hot wind blowing.

Why should Pharaoh's steward prefer
His foal, his lamb, his bundle of myrrh?
He heard Leah's voice, he went in to her.

MATERNITY

I MUST go all my days
Softly as snow, whose wings
Follow the hidden ways
Of unimagined springs.

My stricken heart is caught
In briars of surprise;
Its beats are hushed as thought,
And eloquent as eyes.

I cry God pity them
Whose joy is boisterous,
Since I have touched the hem
Of the miraculous.

WHAT INDIA WANTS

By PHILO M. BUCK, JR.

DURING the six months that I spent in India last year I heard scarcely one word in praise of the British administration. Even British officials have got into the habit of looking at the shadows, when inspecting the work of their own hands. And after one has associated for a time with the Indian critics of the British, one gets a fixed conviction that educated India has acquired the inveterate habit of dwelling in the shadow. There is a proverb somewhere that concerns the wisdom of confining bad names to bad dogs, which should be remembered to-day in India; for there is danger that the Indian government, as it is at present, may come, like the dog of evil reputation, to an untimely and unfortunate end.

Of this danger some, at least, of the critics of the British administration do not seem to have thought. I talked with many men high in the party that desires Indian self-government, *swarajya*, as they term it; and few, very few, wanted an immediate termination of the British co-operation; all professed a desire to remain, at any rate for some time to come, in the family of nations called the British Commonwealth; even the most radical wished for a while to continue the services of the trained British administrator until his Indian successor could be taught the profession; and all acknowledged the obvious need of British capital as well as the British expert. Away from the noise of the forum and the blare of newspaper leaders, the most radical of the Indian nationalists will confess that India has yet much to learn, in politics at least, of the West.

In his less calm moments, however, when he is address-

ing meetings of the Indian National Congress, now a bitter opponent of the British administration, or fulminating in radical newspapers, or giving out interviews, the same Indian nationalist is quite as insistent for immediate *swaraj*, for self-government if not for complete independence, and of late for a complete Indianization of all the Indian services, technical and professional, army and navy. Some even go so far as to demand a complete withdrawal from India of all Western capital. India must, these men say, in their more impassioned moments, work out her own destiny, quite independent of all Western domination or even co-operation. "Just now we have two masters," declared Lala Lajpat Rai, in a recent article written immediately after his release from prison, "the foreign capitalist and the Indian capitalist. Surely it will be an improvement to get rid of the former and then educate our people to settle with the latter."

When one turns from the leaders trained in the West — men and women who are at their ease in any Western drawing-room — to the millions of the peasants, villagers, and the workers in the cities (and one must remember that over ninety people out of every hundred in India still live in villages), one sees nothing but good-natured industry, content when crops are good, and a vague discontent and much discomfort when they are bad, but no political ideas of any shade whatsoever.

The peasant has for thousands of years pursued his vocation in quiet, while empires and dynasties rocked and crashed. Invasions and the drums and trumpets of a thousand conquests have swept by and left him undisturbed. He is what he was — the least politically minded individual in the world. By a skilful agitator he can be worked into a passion, but after its momentary flash he goes back to the business of life — his fields, family, cows, buffaloes, and goats — and his village activities. He has shown in the past thousand years enormous powers of endurance; but one does not talk politics with him, and for a very good rea-

son — there is no word for the idea in his vocabulary. Mr. Gandhi may have taught some thousands of him to spin and weave, and all this has been an economic gain; but he has not told him what is meant by *swarajya*, and cannot do so in a generation. His universe is his village, and his idea of *raj* (government), the collector of the local taxes.

Neither the Indian peasant, nor the Indian artisan, nor the Indian small shopkeeper (who number infinitely more than the cultured scholars) knows one word that connotes or denotes a political idea, as democracy understands politics. There are 270 millions of them dwelling in 750,000 villages. Their horizon is bounded by their village, their acre or two, their cattle, the common land of the village, and the road that leads to the next town. Their minds are occupied with the ever-insistent problem of this year's crops, the dowry they must pay when their daughters are married, the debts of their fathers which are yet unpaid, and the rent they must pay to their landlords. Sit with one of them, as I have done, by the little fire beneath the mango tree where after dark the men of the village gather and smoke, and you may learn much of the traditions that have made India and preserved it unchanged these thousands of years, in spite of conquest that has swept across the best lands of the peninsula. You will hear stories that were old when Pharaoh began the Pyramids; you will hear gossip that has not altered its complexion since Alexander the Great crossed the Hindu Kush. But you will not hear one echo from the Provincial Councils sitting in Lucknow, Bombay, or Calcutta, or from the National Legislative Assembly in Delhi. The politicians may make incendiary speeches, newspaper leaders may flame red fire, but the Indian peasant sits beneath the mango tree, smokes his hookah, and talks of the escapades of his boy, the height of water in his well, or of the neighbor *bhut*, or demon, that has blasted his cattle and lessened their milk.

Restless and desirous of change at times these peasants may be; and where are there farmers who are not, especially

when prices are low, or famine threatens? They may, and do, suffer the want of the actual necessities of life. If their natural prejudices are touched, they may be aroused to a frenzy of action, to unspeakable cruelty; but their passion quickly cools. Religion and their little economies, and their community, these are the big things in life to them. Outside there is the world, into which they may make a pilgrimage to some shrine, but beyond an occasional journey of this kind, this world is to them a foreign land, from which they gladly escape. They are patient and contented, as the West does not understand patience and content — their religion and the caste system have taught these virtues — and they are the most lovable of people. But for politics they have not a thought. The political agitator does not get his political inspiration from such as these.

With an intelligentsia stuffed with doctrinaire enthusiasms, and a peasantry wavering constantly between good-natured content and economic distress, and as yet entirely untouched by political ideas, it is a bit difficult to define what India wants. The peasant wants to be let alone so far as is possible, to have decent crops and to sell in a decent market. The leaders of the National Congress wish to devote their lives to "selfless" labor for India, which at present for most of them means little more than endless speeches, interviews in the press, committee meetings, and resolutions. All this is what we might call the superficial view, but, nevertheless, it is valuable towards understanding the Indian problem of to-day.

Behind it all, however, is the motive for the discontent one sees in thinking India. The students in the universities are all of them radicals; just now they loudly profess Mr. Gandhi's creed of "non-violence." Many of them openly wear *khaddar* (plain homespun, usually of cotton), the symbol of the national movement and the protest against Western industrialism. But it would not be difficult for an agitator with a strong personality to mould them overnight into

bomb-throwing enthusiasts, such as one saw in India ten years ago, and worse. The immediate cause of this discontent may be economic; for there is only a pitiful handful of possible jobs for them. The vast majority of the Indian college graduates must expect to swell the army of the intellectual proletariat, the Bombay and Calcutta University M. A.'s and B. A.'s, doing small clerical jobs on the railways and in other offices, for which they get a paltry fifty or hundred rupees a month. One can understand the discontent of the Indian student, who can look only to a gloomy future. But he curses the system which permits such things; and the obvious answer is not an easy one.

The Western education has given them Western ideas, of popular government, of democracy, and of self-determination. And it has been the policy of Great Britain for many years to favor this development by holding out consistently the promise of ultimate self-government for India. These students have almost in a body gone over to the new movement. Were they polled to-day, they would overwhelmingly vote for immediate *swaraj*, quite undisturbed by any of the practical considerations of the form it should take.

The ultimate consumer in India is discontented because of high prices; and he, if he thinks, points his finger to an iniquitous government. He cites the excise duty on Indian manufacture of cotton as an illustration of the throttling of Indian industry, which might, if given a free hand, produce cheaper goods; and he demands a protective tariff.

The intelligentsia under its leaders is digesting these discontents, and is attempting to formulate a scheme of things that will give India what it wants, which they call *swarajya*. But in this mouthfilling and emotionally suggestive word there is little real content. Even to the clearest thinkers among them it means hardly more than the self-respect which comes from being able to mould one's life more according to one's desire than one can do at present.

Most members of this class have the desire to achieve the

thing at the earliest possible moment, by a bound, as it were, to leap into Utopia. Mr. C. R. Das urges the National Congress to take advantage of the right to enter the Legislative Councils granted by the new Government of India Act, and then by obstruction to wreck the Councils, and force upon the British government a dilemma — either to return to the old purely autocratic administration, or to satisfy India's demands. The former plan he knows, and all think they know, to be impossible. But the latter he still leaves largely undefined. He wants *swarajya*, *swarajya* for the masses as well as for the few literates. But his proposal is as indefinite as the maze in "Alice in Wonderland." When he has attempted a definition, it has been in a manner that recalls a government by Soviets. He would base his scheme of government upon the village and small community *panchayats* — an ancient institution in India by which villages have been and in places still are administered — a village board of selectmen, as it were, only that in India the office has always been hereditary. These would send representatives to district *panchayats*, and so on, from smaller to larger bodies, until the all-India *panchayat* is reached, and the administration would be complete — a gigantic piece of machinery, offering a fine opportunity for much talking in which India delights — but already in Russia a similar plan has turned out a discredited experiment. And the reason for doubting its success in India is perfectly obvious.

Even the leaders of the National Congress are not much more specific in defining what India wants. At the Congress meeting in Gaya last winter I listened to Mr. C. R. Das, the president, for two hours and a half present his labored programme for Indian *swaraj*, but even in this, which might have been a state paper, he refused to commit himself to any definite plan. Mr. Das has a charming personality. Before he joined the Non-Co-operators he was a very successful Calcutta attorney. He is cultured and eloquent, and captivating. But under his genial courtesy there is some-

thing baffling, something quite elusive. He is a democrat on principle, even though he comes from the highest Brahmin caste. He wants a *swaraj* of the masses, and not merely of the educated classes. But perhaps because he is also a lawyer, with a lawyer's cunning, he will not show too much of his hand to his critics.

No one can say yet what form the constitution should take. No one can say that the present scheme of government, which was frankly announced as an experiment, has utterly failed. At least it is giving a part of India political experience — an excellent thing in itself. And there can be no doubt that, as the experiment progresses, the apparatus will be changed to meet new needs as they become obvious. That it has manifest faults is readily granted — the system of dyarchy, in particular, is open to the sharpest criticism. But to wreck the whole scheme and substitute a machine with all parts untried is to court almost certain disaster. Such is the argument that is generally urged against Mr. Das and his followers and against the leaders of the nationalist party, who desire the immediate withdrawal of the British administration.

What the *swarajya* party of the intelligentsia do not realize is that if their hearts' desire were instantly fulfilled, the last ship that carried away the British administration would be the signal for their forced withdrawal from participation in Indian public life. Even if the Pathan and the Afghan on the frontier could be induced to look with indifference upon such a political experiment and hold back their invading armies; even if the Bolsheviki, already in Bokhara, could be induced to allow the fair opportunity to slip by unheeded; even if the two or three hundred princes of Native States with armies already trained could be prevailed upon to allow things to go on without expanding their borders, one has still to think of the problem that would be presented by the untrained and impressionable millions. It is unthinkable that unscrupulous demagogues would not

immediately arise with dreams of power; and in all the heat of conflicting personal ambitions, where would be the quiet opportunity for the peaceful political experiment of the Congress party, with the apparatus spread from Peshawar to Cape Camorin, and from Karachi to Mandalay? If Mr. Das and his colleagues could only realize it, their very existence as an opposition depends upon the presence of a strong British administration, at least, for the present. And I believe Mr. Das knows all this. He should burn a candle to Great Britain each night after a day's flamboyant indulgence.

The Congress party object to the British administration because it is too mechanized, because of the so-called "dyarchy," the division of power and responsibility between the legislative assemblies, which are in part and in the major part elective, and the imperial service, which looks only to the India Office in London. Thus as a result of this division, a minister of education, responsible to the legislature, may and probably will have under him officers belonging to the imperial service, whom he can in no way control. The admirable Indian civil service, which in effect administers the country, is the result of a hundred years and more of experiment. It is probably, in its way, the most efficient and most honest service in the world. It has been recruited from generations of English gentlemen who have given their lives to the country. But the splendid machinery of this service is in no way linked to the new legislative machinery planned by the Government of India Act, except as certain of its officials are nominated to seats in the assemblies and funds for many of the departments are voted in the annual budgets of the assemblies. In other words, the executive arm of the government of India is still appointed by imperial authority, while the legislative arm is in part responsible to the electors in India.

The condition is at best anomalous. Even moderate Indians are asking that both the executive and legislative be

made responsible to India, indeed are demanding it. But the excuse of the British is that the electorate in India, small as it is — at present there are only five million qualified voters — is yet largely untrained; and that representative government is yet too new in India to permit a very rapid shifting of all responsibility from Britain to India. The dyarchy is only a temporary stage, it is argued, but a necessary stage; for until Indians have the necessary political experience, India must at all hazards still have the steadying influence of the tried British administration.

But in this intricate machine the best-intentioned of Indians see one cardinal error. All Indians in administrative positions are by the Government of India Act forbidden places in the legislative assemblies, unless they are nominated by the government. By this apparent oversight, they argue, the most skilled and most experienced Indians are excluded from the places where first-hand knowledge is most necessary. In their place men with mere political or forensic ambitions, lawyers chiefly, whose claim on their constituents is often measured only by the amount of advertisement they have been able to secure, fill the legislative assemblies. There are many excellent men in them, and the political experience they are slowly acquiring is valuable; but it is true that India is not represented by her best men in the places where she needs the wisest counsels.

The policy of Great Britain seems now to be to fill the administrative positions as rapidly as possible with Indians, to "Indianize" the civil service, as the expression goes. Indeed this "Indianizing" is proceeding so rapidly that some of the older English officers are alarmed and see already the decay of the excellent traditions. Some are becoming uneasy over their pensions, are beginning even to have their doubts about their pay, and are in increasing numbers taking proportionate pension and retiring. At the same time the English universities are every year sending up fewer English applicants for the service. There were none from Oxford

last year. From the point of view of the white officer who is accustomed to think of an English government for India, things do look gloomy. As one expressed it a few weeks ago, "The English may have to conquer India again"; and this attitude is by no means a rare one.

But the Indian nationalist does not look upon the "Indianization" of the service with any more satisfaction than the "stand-pat," "die-hard" English. His execration is for the system itself — the machine — and he cares no more for it run by Indians than run by the English. All reforms looking merely towards the "Indianization" of the service are to him quibble and irrelevancy. An Indian who becomes a magistrate or commissioner does not seem to him better, or a nearer approach to *swaraj*, than an Englishman in the same place. It is charged that such an Indian official becomes vitiated by the same tainted atmosphere of bureaucracy.

Between the Indian with a Western university training who has his Western theories about government and nationalism and Mr. Wilson's Fourteen Points, and the economically oppressed and illiterate villager, comes Mr. Gandhi. And it is because he can speak to both as one having authority, that he owes in part his prestige. *Mahatma* (the saint) Gandhi was no chance dispensation in India. He did not come until the audience had been carefully prepared and the stage set for his appearance; otherwise, how explain his immediate success, to which history shows few parallels? At the time of his appearance, economic distress, a succession of bad rain failures, and the disturbance of the war, had all contributed to reduce the poor villager to a state of mind in which any promise of a change would appear heaven-sent. On the other hand, Great Britain during the war had made promises of larger self-determination to the Indian intelligentsia, which for ten years had been asking or demanding, under the leadership of men like Ghokale and Tilakh, their national rights. Of these two men Mr. Ghokale was the more conservative, and directed his efforts to a larger social

reform; but Mr. Tilakh was a flame of fire where he went among the educated. At this time both had just died, and things were ready for a new leader. In addition there was the strange and as yet unexplained Indian renaissance, to which only occasional reference has been made: a quiet but far-reaching spirit reasserting the worth and immediate necessity of the old Indian tradition, a spirit that has inspired a new poetry, a new art, a new economics, developed from the old Indian culture. It had already spread to the Hindu religion, and there had been for years a stirring to the depths of Hinduism and a re-defining of its philosophy. It was now demanding a new politics, an Indian policy, which should be consistent at all points with the traditions of the past.

Into this ferment came Mr. Gandhi at a time when excitement still ran high, when in spite of a successful war and a loyal India, the Indian government saw disloyalty in every shadow, and insisted on passing force bills which were the folly of distracted legislation. Mr. Gandhi had loyally supported the government during the war, both by money and by his speeches. But when he felt that the government was no longer a thing to be trusted, he turned, savagely hurled in its face its "satanic" origin, and began the career of opposition which the West finds so hard to understand.

"British rule to-day," he exclaimed, "lies under a shadow. . . . And even as the purest milk poured into a poison bowl will be counted by every sane man as poison, so will every act of the British Government be judged in the light of its immediate past. The unrest of India can only be cured by dealing with the causes which have brought it about, never by covering the bitterness thereof by sweets of office or other privileges, no matter how tempting they may be, if they are not capable of dealing effectively with the causes themselves."

Mr. Gandhi is at heart a religious and not a political leader. Though he has mingled in politics he has always done so with a distinctly religious purpose. "I have been experi-

menting with myself and my friends by introducing religion into politics." So he wrote early in his newspaper "Young India." Later when he founded his cottage industry school, the *Satyagrah Ashram*, he made for it a set of rules, in which there is this significant paragraph; "Politics, economics, progress, etc. are not considered to be independent branches of learning, but are all rooted in religion. An effort will, therefore, be made to learn Politics, Economics, Social Reform, etc. in a religious spirit."

What does Mr. Gandhi want? Mr. Gandhi is to-day the leader, or the most significant spokesman, of the new spirit of a return to Indian tradition and Indian culture. He wants India to be economically free, and yet at the same time not infected with the poison of Western material progress; hence he would introduce into every Indian home the spinning wheel — "Prosperity and true independence depend most largely upon the re-introduction, in every home, of the music of the spinning wheel. It gives sweeter music and is more profitable than the execrable harmonium, the concertina, and the accordion." He would banish Western materialism, and therefore all Western machinery, for these by their jarring insistence upon material comfort, material prosperity, make man lose his spirit in a worship of the machine, make him its creature. In the same way, he lacks faith in Western medicine and hygiene, for these encourage a life of luxury, and make men forget the state of nature in which the body was able to combat disease. Doctors minister to and encourage our sins of the flesh; were there no physicians, we should learn to live as nature dictates and avoid disease.

When it is pointed out that cottage industry and farming alone cannot support a population of over three hundred millions, and that doctors and teachers of hygiene know a thing or two about plague, small-pox, and the like, the true follower of Gandhi shrugs his shoulders and talks again in terms of living in conformity with nature, and says that India has a mission in the world to teach that a nation's

true wealth consists in enlightened souls, and not in factories and discontented laborers and dissecting knives and plague serums.

In politics likewise Mr. Gandhi has no patience with the ordinary machinery of government. Here he is most consistently himself, in that he has nowhere indicated what he means by *swaraj*, except that it is self-government. He has no faith in political parties, in the machinery of representative government, in a bureaucracy, or even in constitutions. That will be the best government for India which will allow India freedom to fulfil her own destiny.

But he is quite certain that the present Indian government is a thing so unholy that no true Indian patriot can even in the smallest measure co-operate with it; and that so soon as the masses of India have been educated in discipline, there will be an overthrow of the wicked by the simple means of refusal to recognize their existence. In the meanwhile, education in discipline and self-sacrifice must be encouraged, those in high places must gradually be brought to see the error of their ways, and to join the ranks of the patriots. "Non-Co-operation is nothing but discipline in self-sacrifice. And I believe that a nation that is capable of limitless sacrifice is capable of rising to limitless heights." Even his critics confess that most of the Gandhi patriots sincerely follow in the footsteps of their master.

It is not to be wondered at that the Indians received Mr. Gandhi gladly, and even at times failed to see the incongruity of his travelling in a motor car or on railroads while he preached so persuasively against the philosophy that created them. The Indian peasant may as soon hope to own a Ford as to ascend alive into Paradise, and a railroad journey is to most of them an experience of a lifetime. They rarely see and never feel Western machinery, except as it affects the price of the things in the bazaar. But they do feel the Indian religion; and Mr. Gandhi's appeal to it fell on already prepared ground. In addition, some of the Congress

orators spoke to them rather hopefully of the rise in the price of grain that would follow the withdrawal of the British, and the abolishment of taxes, and other blessings which farmers the world over can understand.

It is perfectly clear, then, what the Indian nationalist does not want. But when he comes to define his wants we at once begin to see hesitancy and shuffling.

In his speech at the opening of the National Congress at Gaya last year, Mr. Das had a great deal to say about "law and order." He resented with the utmost vehemence all the measures which the government had taken against the nationalist agitators — he himself has spent some months in prison, and an agitator is hardly self-respecting unless he has had at least six months behind lock and bar. He tried to point out that all political advance has been at the expense of so-called conservative "law and order"; and cited the lawyers of Charles the First against the lawlessness of Hampden. Historically, Mr. Das could hardly have gone farther astray. But of at least one thing Mr. Das and all sincere lovers of India must be aware, that if there is to be any progress at all in India, it must be under a régime of impartial "order," whatever be the source of the "law." India is too large, with yet too many conflicting religious and racial interests to allow any slip in the machinery of order, no matter how well-intentioned those who lay hands on the levers. If Mr. Das contemplates a destruction of British "law and order," he and his fellows should at least have more than adumbrated a system of law and order to set up in its place.

The fact is (and history would seem to have borne this out) that the Hindu mind has seemed incapable up to this time of grappling with the problems of practical politics. Even in the days of Asoka, the Indian, later the Hindu, was taught to think in international rather than national terms; early he became an idealist, trained to look at things *sub specie aeternitatis*. He has always had a special abhorrence for all things pragmatic, inquiring less how a thing will work than

how it squares with what he regards as the eternal verities. There is something beautiful in all this idealism. Nevertheless, it has watched with equanimity the extension of the procrustean caste system, infant marriages, abysmal superstition, and almost national illiteracy. Even Mr. Das, in the presidential address in which he lauded refusal to bow to British "law and order," had not a word to say of social reform or the practical amelioration of the depressed classes. To him *swaraj*, when it dawns, will come trailing clouds of glory and emancipation.

When one turns from British administered India to the so-called Native States — and one must remember that at least one-third of India is administered by hereditary Indian princes allied perpetually to the British — one is struck at once with several facts of the utmost significance. It is undoubtedly true that not one of the Native States is as efficiently or as economically administered as the neighboring British territory. One hears frequently of the extravagance of the British administration, and of the high salaries paid to the viceroy and to the provincial governors. Now, the viceroy has an annual income of over \$200,000. But the Gaekwar of Baroda draws a yearly salary from the state of two million rupees — between six and seven hundred thousand dollars, this in addition to his revenue from his private estates, which are by no means small. The Nizam of Hyderabad, the prince ruling the largest state in India, which is nearly as extensive as Italy, has a salary from the state of five million rupees, nearly two million dollars, and he is said to have in addition a yearly income of over ten million rupees from his estate. Yet I heard no criticism of any ruling prince, so far as his income from the state is concerned. One of the princes employs a major in the English Army on the state pay roll for twenty-five hundred rupees a month, simply for the purpose of keeping watch over the physical welfare of his son. Indeed, a pretty story could be made of the various ways in which Indian Native State

money is spent in budgets that never see the light. But all this is never mentioned in the speeches of radical reformers or debated in the National Congress.

On the contrary, the Indian princes are popular in their states, if not in all India, and, save the more outrageous of them, they have always been popular. When the former Gaekwar of Baroda made it his pastime to trample fat prisoners under the feet of his elephants, and tried to poison the British Resident, it was not his people who protested, drove him from his throne, and set up the present enlightened prince in his stead, but the British. The princes are popular because the people have long enjoyed the spectacle of kingship and all that it implies. The king is the father of his people, not too difficult of access. The Nizam of Hyderabad holds personal court each day in his palace; and every one of his subjects knows that, did he greatly desire it, he could gain admittance and present his case at the foot of the throne. He knows it and rejoices in his prince accordingly. Asoka instituted much the same custom nearly 2500 years ago.

This idea of personal contact runs through the whole administration of the Native State. I went with the Superintendent of Prisons through one of the large prisons in Hyderabad. It was most efficiently administered. But what was most noticeable was the ease with which each prisoner could get the ear of the officer in charge, and have his wants attended to or his grievance adjusted on the spot. There was no prison board, no hearing, or impersonal rendering of judgment. The case was heard and answered by a wave of the hand and a word. It was personal rule; and India likes it, indeed, knows no other and can yet understand no other.

Indian history shows that the country has always been governed by personal loyalty. When the sovereign has been a strong man and a good administrator, there has been an empire like that of Asoka or Akhbar. When the ruler has been weak, the state has become the prey of more aggressive

neighbors. The spectacle of an empire like that of Rome, which persisted in spite of weak, ineffective rulers, civil wars, and aggressive neighbors, for a thousand years, held together by the idea of the state and the bond of law, is unthinkable in India. Great kings have come and gone, and India has had its share of mighty monarchs, but the idea of the state has never been stamped upon the hearts and lives of its people. Maurya and Mogul, Greek and Guptas, have been obeyed with equal enthusiasm, in spite of the difference in race, language, and tradition, because the lustre of the throne of the monarch would catch and fire the imagination of the people. Even when they deified their ruler, they did so, not as the Roman, making of him the symbol of the genius of the people and the state, but paying to him after death personal homage, the personal adoration one renders to a household god. There is in the Hindu pantheon, with its uncounted millions of gods, not a single deity like the Capitoline Jove or Pallas Athene; the Indian mind has been taught for generations to look upon politics, as upon religion, as a matter above time and space. He accepts his ruler as an episode in history, no more, no less; he fears him, reverences him, loves him, hates him, according as the royal acts are good or evil. But except in the rarest of cases he has proved loyal to him.

In this attitude of personal loyalty there is something of uncommon beauty; it is the apotheosis of the daily relation of man to man. It is seen even to-day in the relation of servant to master and master to servant. One has accepted service, the other has eaten salt. It is a personal bond extending quite beyond the mere financial *quid pro quo* of much of our Western service. The same tie that unites master to servant, also unites, but in a higher sphere, prince and subject. "All men are my children," wrote Asoka. Personal dignity and freedom and the individualistic ideals we make so much of in the West, do not enter here. It has taken Europe five hundred years to begin to understand what de-

mocracy and individualism imply. Can one expect that India can tread the same path in a mere decade or two? Does one really want India to tread this path, for are we yet sure it leads to national salvation?

Now, the British government, with the best intentions in the world, has been working with the idea of transplanting to Indian soil our Western traditions and institutions. Its acts from the beginning seem to have been inspired with the idea of making India self-governing; but it has insisted also upon creating the machinery step by step by which India shall ultimately manage her own government. Whether Great Britain has always been quite frank about intentions, or has been led to promise, or to seem to promise, as during the war, more than it was ready or able to fulfil, are questions quite beside the mark, although much debated in India. It is true that upon each outbreak of Indian national feeling the British government has granted new concessions; and it is said that only by renewed nationalist activity can a measure of reform be obtained. Perhaps all this reluctance or dilatoriness is natural, for Westminster is some thousands of miles from Delhi. But the important fact is that such reforms as are granted are patterned on Western models. And in the course of time when Great Britain feels that India is ready, there will probably be inquiries and meetings, and from these will emerge a constitution for India erecting an Indian parliament and provincial assemblies with full autonomy. India then, like Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and Ireland, will be a self-governing dominion, with electorates and all the paraphernalia of Western political science. But is this manner of constitution-making what India really wants at the present time? Is the elaborate governmental machinery that the British administration has built up this hundred and fifty years the thing that is best suited to India's needs?

In all this machinery there has come to be less and less opportunity for personal contact between the administrator and the people. It is efficient and honest — I doubt if any

country in the world has an administration as honest or efficient; but like all machines that become more and more efficient, it shows less and less the guiding hand of the man behind it. And we in the West have learned that it is a bit difficult to remain enthusiastic about a mere machine, even one that we ourselves have created. And I truly believe that behind all the criticism of the Indian nationalist is the instinctive dislike, not of the foreigner — India is used to a foreign government — but of a form of government that is foreign to her taste.

The Punjab that this year is filled with unrest and is ready to canonize each Akali as a patriot martyr, is the same Punjab that the Lawrences conquered in 1848, and in 1857 led with a burst of enthusiasm against the Sepoy mutineers that were attempting to restore the Indian Mogul in Delhi. Ten years of personal rule gained the full support of the conquered Sikhs and made them the bulwark of the Indian Empire. The dislike of the foreign administrator is no greater to-day than it was in the days of the Lawrences. Indeed most of the English in India who have had a number of years in the public service, are much liked by their Indian constituents. It is the usual thing when Indians and English are acting together on some board or committee, for the Indians to turn to their European colleagues and request their leadership. The smallest amount of sympathy or even of common courtesy will immediately bring a ready response. No, the Englishman as an individual is far from unpopular even in the most disaffected districts in India. India has never shared with China a contempt for and a distrust of the foreigner. There is no epithet in any Indian language, as in Chinese, which shows a national dislike of the foreign visitor.

But the British administration of the 'fifties was different from the British administration of to-day. The government, moreover, is now less Indian than it was during the less efficient but far more personal — and hence more popular — régime of the East India Company. At that time the

English took over the offices and many of the methods of the Indian governors and kings they displaced. Even the worst excesses of Warren Hastings met with no criticism in India; and the best and justest of English officials in those days of paternal government were adored by the Indians and are adored in a manner quite incomprehensible to-day. Not a few have been deified, and daily worship is paid at their tombs.

Furthermore, the English official in times of poor communication with England came to India to make it his home. Indians felt that he had a stake in the country; it was to India that his sons came after their education in England was finished, and took up the father's work. Thus whole families for generations in a peculiar manner were Indianized, not in blood nor in manners, but in point of view and devotion to service. Much of the history of the country can be traced in the story of such well-known families. But now with easy communication with Great Britain, and with the leaves in the service coming more and more frequently, and with each leave spent not in India but at home, the English official regards himself as being at work in a foreign land, and looks forward with longing to the time when he can return to the country where again he will be with his kind. There are some who will not even trouble to learn the language. As a result, it is hardly to be wondered at that the Indian regards his administrator as a foreigner, as one who has no interest in the country beyond the pay that he draws from the country's budget, and the passage money he secures that he may finally shake off the dust of India and return to his own people. The Indian does not relish foreign government of this type.

Race assimilation is desired neither by the Indian nor by the British. The Portuguese tried it in their sixteenth-century attempt to conquer India, and the result was bad for both races. The Indian of an upper caste is as proud of his race and as particular about marriage as the most sensitive

family in the West. Such sporadic cases as there have been of intermarriage between West and East have nearly all been unhappy in the second generation. But what the Indians of the upper classes, and especially the Western trained Indians, most resent is the social aloofness of the British. Nearly all of their clubs are closed to even the highest of Indians. In a large Native State the English Club in the capital allows only a very few of the highest Indian officials to become honorary, not active, members. It is said, and I have every reason to believe said truly, that many of the irreconcilables among the Indian agitators became such only after having suffered social slights in some club.

Because of the very nature of the difficulty and the apparent inability at present of the East and the West to see eye to eye, any easy amelioration of present conditions in India by way of gradual reform through concessions is foredoomed to be futile. For example, Indian nationalists have long been clamoring for the Indianization of the army by the reduction of the English forces and the officering of Indian regiments by Indian officers. The last military budget, proposed a few months ago, cut into the English forces; and, at the same time, it was announced that eight regiments of Indian troops were at once to be officered by Indians. The second proposal is not proving popular with the regiments concerned. Even this radical concession brought no words of commendation from the radical press. Instead this press simply began its criticism of the act from a new angle. A school for Indian officers has been started at Dehra Dun, but it is difficult to find cadets willing to undergo the training. New concessions seem merely to be the signal for new demands, well or ill founded, and so it would seem it will be to the end. There will be no healing of the wound by the means of concessions or piecemeal reforms or legislation, or by any other of the Western means of meeting political crises.

The fact is that Great Britain and India have come to an

impasse. It is idle to adjudge praise or blame; both are in a measure acting up to their lights and traditions, honestly and in good faith. England is trying to meet Indian troubles by inventing political machinery such as would meet a similar difficulty in the West, and she is failing, because the East knows little or nothing of political machinery. India, since its leaders are trained in the West, is in its criticisms employing Western language and thought, but its heart is not in the reforms granted or projected. It has its Eastern tradition, which every day seems to grow more and more unrealizable; and like a party in opposition, with no sense of responsibility, it criticises and demands sometimes with great acumen, but more often with an aimlessness which to a Western mind is disconcerting.

There is, for example, a party of liberals or moderates in the various assemblies which from the nature of the case ought to be friendly to the government and its strongest support at all times when it is pursuing its policy to promote constitutional government in India. This is the party whose ablest spokesman is Mr. Sastri. Yet except at times of real crisis, this party is as often as not quite opposed to the government. As a result, except for the office holders there is no government party in India. Mr. Sastri has asked that the government announce a policy that his group can wholeheartedly support. But the government might as easily ask Mr. Sastri to outline a workable policy which it might announce and wholeheartedly support. So the government of India goes forward from day to day without any other guide than the merest exigencies of the case will admit. In the circumstances, it is quite impossible for either side to announce a policy, for any policy, liberal or reactionary, will receive the same criticism. The liberals or moderates are regarded by the nationalists as men without a constituency. In time under adequate leadership, they may speak more in the name of India, but for the present they are decidedly not India. It would be more than futile for them to come forward

at this juncture and announce clearly what India needs and wants.

It is still more futile for the British administration to define what it believes to be the best for India. It has repeatedly done so, or tried to do so; but for the present at least — and here is a hard saying — it is not trusted. Any promises it might now make, with the most honest intentions of fulfilment in the world, would be certainly discounted in the most respectable circles of the Indian intelligentsia. It is difficult for any government to persist that has wittingly or unwittingly, deservedly or undeservedly, gained the distrust of the people. And this is precisely what has happened in India. Most of the grounds for this distrust might have been avoided; but who in the hysterical days after the war had the statesman's foresight? The mischief has been done. True statesmanship should now recognize the mischief, see the fatal possibilities if amends are not made, and set about a real policy of reconstruction.

What India wants and needs is a return to the personal understanding between the government and the people. How this can be achieved, and trust and confidence again be established, is a question for Indian and English statesmen. Sympathy, trust, understanding, these are big words; they mean leadership in the widest possible sense. In the first place, the English should co-operate with the Indian National Congress, and not boycott it. At the one held in Gaya in December, 1922, there was but one European present among the ten thousand delegates and visitors, and he was an American college professor. The Indian is not difficult of approach. He is quick to respond to sympathy, far quicker than most people, and he can trust farther than most when trust is called forth by sympathy. If once a basis can be found for co-operation by getting together all the various conflicting political and social interests in the country, the future is reasonably secure. But if not, there are darker days ahead for the Indian statesmen and the British administration.

BEYOND THE PSYCHE

BY HENRY BELLAMANN

SINCE the final conquest of the unknown areas of this globe has dissipated that delightful speculation in which fanciful writers loved to indulge, and since the overwhelming idea of an infinite universe seems incomprehensibly to have been reduced to the equally difficult, but supposedly demonstrable and limited, one of relativity, there remains but one fascinating undiscovered country — the hinterland of the mind of man himself.

Recent researches and discoveries have shaken the neatly ordered areas of philosophy, "mental philosophy," and physiology into a delightful and intriguing jumble called the "new psychology." The whole of human thought, and the works thereof, become subject to revaluation. From time to time — almost day to day — a new hand gives the box a shake, and the patiently collected bright bits make new kaleidoscopes. Freud, Jung, Adler, Stekel; with each new book we peer again at the new pattern and endeavor to shape the flowing currents of mental processes to the alluring design.

Gone, indeed, are the tight little compartments which used to house severally the nicely separated functions of will, perception, and consciousness. Gone, too, is the mystic idea of a detached ego that hovered like a brooding spirit over the mechanism of the brain. The inviolable empyrean where that winged entity floated in solitary majesty has been invaded and found to be empty, like the shrines of ancient priest-hoods — fraudulently empty. No mysterious ego watching and controlling the machine. It is at first disconcerting. The concept possessed so many engaging aspects, so many

phases comforting to human pride — that unfortunate human pride that has suffered such reverses at the hands of science.

Instead of a machine wholly or partially subservient to a contained if somewhat elusive *self*, the machine arises by a revolution, not without parallel in political worlds, and becomes itself the *self*, knowing no other or higher power.

Immediately we are called upon to contemplate in the pages of impressively fresh print, neat plottings of the machine — plottings and diagrams deceptively easy to grasp and understand. It is of small moment that different writers diagram differently. One uses concentric circles with their common centre indicating that acute moment of the actual present — that unseizable and immeasurable instant — aptly enough illustrated by the dot of geometric theory occupying no space at all. From this somehow satisfying representation of that metaphysical mystery, the eye is led to outlying “fringes” — a sort of graphic wilderness where indiscernible faces of elusive memories lurk in a sort of mental underbrush.

Another writer invites to the descent of convenient terraces from the clear-seeing elevation of “*foreconsciousness*” to the subterranean foundations of “*archaic memory*.” Convenient, and architecturally unimpeachable.

Yet another employs a stratified notation familiar from the grammar school days of physical geography. In the lower strata, agreeing with the oldest periods of geologic age are placed in more or less a state of subjugation our most ancient impulses and instincts, primitive desires, and unacknowledged wishes. Thence upward through various layers wherein are buried the revolting skeletons of cast-off inclinations, to the pleasant surface where inhibitions and the ethics of civilization permit us tacitly to ignore our graveyard of dead selves in order that we may enjoy the good manners and the good cheer of a glorified pretense. Pretense, because the diagrams make it distressingly clear that this sunlit surface is as thin again as a geometric plane — nothing more than

the glinting illusion of a surface that is but the boundary of untold depths of which its mirrored images give few, if any, truthful hints.

The diagrams are, indeed, deceptively easy to understand, though they serve badly for sustained symbolism, or as prolonged figures of speech. We find that our introspections enable us to fit many of our obscure mental findings into the circles or strata. But we find also that these deeply buried selves are not skeletons; it appears that they are not even dead, and that they are not only restrained with difficulty but that the very restraint itself is a peril of the gravest kind.

We might liken the whole to a collection of matricidal, fratricidal, parricidal, sex-ravenous monsters with ourselves in precarious control, but that such a figure of a keeper introduces the obsolete concept of a separated ego. We *are* the menagerie. We are the flimsy cage which creaks and rocks with the plunging of our horrific evolutionary ancestors within. Perhaps Carl Sandburg, with the profound insight of the poet, said it well:

There is a wolf in me . . .

There is a fox in me . . .

There is a hog in me . . .

O, I got a zoo, I got a menagerie inside my ribs.

He went too far, however, and announced himself the "keeper of the zoo," thereby becoming unscientific.

Writing from a lonely mountain eyrie, weeks away from the latest inundation of books on the subject, I find the diagrams becoming pleasantly blurred, the sonorous terminology agreeably confused. It is necessary for me to create some diagrams and some new figures of speech to sustain the tenuous gossamer of musings. Here in the full sunshine is the dazzling glitter of the immediate present shining with the incredible brilliancy of full awareness. It passes at a dizzy speed. It is unlike a point — it is more like a tide. The surface reflects the universe sometimes with fidelity, but some-

times in distortion. Any disturbance from beneath destroys the truth of that reflection. The figure holds good. Let us beware, however, of imaging ourselves as observers — we *are* the sea. We reflect. We reflect the truth honestly until stirred from the depths. Thereafter we belie all things. Even through the reflections we can perceive the monsters of the deep. The tide flows, folds under with all the sinister implications of undertow; the surface becomes the depths. "Consciousness" passes into the "unconscious," into memory, and then forgetfulness. Down, down into impenetrable darkness, down to the uttermost reach — down to the prehistoric slime of our origins. The whole is one — moving and alive. But — academic caution plucks the sleeve of holiday irresponsibility — figures of speech become finally a poetic exercise. They prove too much — like the diagram wherein too much becomes clear. Philosophic madness lies that way.

Wisdom grasps at sobering words: "foreconscious," "consciousness," the "fringe of consciousness," the "unconscious," "archaic memory." Each one asserts its claim and presents its proof. Forgetting the diagrams, and endeavoring to organize the above concepts, we confront a mystery — the entire range of human existence from the tenebrous depths of protoplasmic urge to the spotlight of *now*, the whole co-existent. Many messages on one wire; many simultaneous tones on one string — we grasp hopefully at another figure: many tones on one string. *Fundamental and overtones*. Perhaps the figure may help — fundamental and overtones forming their composite which is tone. The point of excitement determines the presence or absence of certain overtones, or secondary activities of the vibrating cord. Somewhat in like manner the point of excitement determines the awakening of disagreeable subconscious activities. A shifting of the stroke to another node changes the components, and a different tone quality results. This is not far from a common sense method of mental therapeutics.

Perhaps, after all, we may do well to cling to some one of

the diagrams, not forgetting the figure of the vibrating string. We know very well now that when the mind moves it moves as a whole. Everything is involved from the deepest buried "archaic memory" to the most delicate tendril of the "foreconscious." The presence of all the components is pretty well proved, the truth of them all must be acknowledged. It is only important to keep our heads in the face of these facile diagrams and to remain clear as to relative values and importances. The new psychology is still concerned with analysis. Roots are being discovered; but roots are not branches, and must not be confused with them.

Organic "inferiorities," "repressions," "complexes": no one doubts the existence or power of these things, however much difference of opinion there may be about their treatment. As abnormalities they are in the province of the psychiatrist. As normalities, their omnipresence as slight deviations from an idealistic norm permits them to be so called; they are an entertaining and even important consideration in self-determination. But the fatalistic aspect they have assumed in the minds of many is in all probability erroneous. Popular misinterpretation in sensational magazine articles is largely responsible for this point of view. The healthy mentality handles the presence of these factors much as the healthy organism disposes of the constant onslaught of unfriendly bacilli. Mental equilibrium is with most of us automatic. Unhealthy introspection — the myopic contemplation of slight psychic trauma — certainly unsettles this equilibrium.

It is endlessly amusing to trace to their unconscious origins our countless psychopathologies — the common omissions and commissions of every day: forgettings, slips of speech, slips of the pen, the idle pencillings on the telephone pad, our unconsidered gestures. It should not be alarming to discover that their roots are sex impulses, or even a sinister infantile desire to slay the grandmother who once denied us a tea cake. The buried impulse does not impel the commis-

sion of a sex crime or the tardy execution of an aged grandparent. The discovery seems to be without dangerous aspects. It merely proves that the act *has* a root. The root is black, but it *is* a root — it is neither branch, flower, nor fruit. The fact should be remembered.

Over-zealous expounding of the praiseworthy discoveries of Freud seems to reveal an amazing blood relationship between these discoveries and the dour theology of total depravity, in spite of which humanity has somehow struggled slowly but surely from a hairy and ferocious cannibalism, and worse, to a degree of decency that may in the course of evolution become godlike.

For the many lesser toxins by which the body is endangered, there is created somewhere in its mysterious chemistries the proper antitoxin. When the danger is greater than usual and the symptoms alarm, a physician lends artificial aid to the combat. Equally for the lesser psychic trauma there is automatically prepared in the yet more mysterious domain of the *psyche* the consequent palliative. When the trauma is severe, a psychiatrist is ready.

Complexes and repressions — yes — we are a mass of them, a tangle, a snarl of them. On examination most repressions creating complexes seem to be less harmful as repressions and complexes than they would have been as *expressions*. As expressions many of them would have represented anti-social acts. In such cases we are obliged to figure some force that accomplishes the repressing, some counterbalance that achieves the equilibrium enabling us to live in harmony with the mores of our day. Just here seems to be something overlooked in the diagrams. We turn from a scrutiny of behavior to the formula of “conscious” and “unconscious” to experience a sharp sense of inconsistency.

There is the mighty past packed into the unconscious — centuries upon centuries of memories, instincts, urges — practically all of it inimical to the desirable conduct of the frail instant of the present. Yet to most of us, seemingly, the

ancient urges are slight encumbrances. We feel them in our every-day experience as faint tugs. They are like tendrils of vines that reach out and catch lightly at our sleeves. We may notice them, may even understand them; but, apparently, the main course of our progress is unchanged by them.

Now, some of the new psychology tells us that this is not true, and asserts that the past in our unconscious is as vast as the universe, its drag infinite. We are chained to it as a little boat bobbing on bright waves is chained to a deep-struck anchor. Once more the stony face of an outworn theology seems to lift itself in a new guise.

But the whole progress of humanity has been in absolute opposition to all that dead weight of the past. Here is the disproportion in the diagram. All the inertia of archaic memory, all the stubborn gravitation of the unconscious, yield to the strange power of the needle-point instant of consciousness. All the elastic adaptation of the animal to environment, all the mental comfort of an easy hedonism, yield to some sort of spiritual tropism which carries us through extremes of mental and physical agony to the realization of an abstraction whose genesis appears to be a compound of things imagined rather than a rearrangement of experiences.

Something in the human mind seems to be going somewhere. All the ethical inhibitions of man's history appear insufficient to account for the direction. Many of the resultant inhibitions are certainly greater than was demanded by mere adaptation. Why? Why does the whole weight of consciousness throw itself on the side of an ideal higher than protection and comfort make necessary? Is it escape? The theory of escape certainly affords convenient and acceptable explanations for many operations of the conscious mind, but the inherent nature of escape appears inadequate as an efficient factor in the creation of mechanisms of nobility and high aesthetic values. If the mesh and fibre of the mind be completely derived from the kind of unconscious we are supposed to have, escape would take decidedly lower forms.

What is it that escapes? What is it that seeks expression? If it is the mind acting as a whole — a *psyche* as deeply rooted in animalism and as saturated with sinister motivations as some of the new psychologists assert — then the handiwork of Michelangelo and Beethoven is the most extraordinary phenomenon imaginable.

Somewhere in the diagram should be an area wherein takes place this miraculous alchemy. It is next to impossible, in the light of these existences, to accept consciousness and its products as a music played by an unconscious instrument. One longs for the convenience of a separated faculty dwelling beyond the *psyche* — spirit absolute, life absolute, what you will — but some concept of enthroned intelligence ordering the *mise-en-scène* and directing the play.

We need not be ungrateful to the new psychology because it has failed to furnish a name for the unknown. We may blame it a little for placing too heavy an accent on some things and thereby leading the casual reader to less exalted presentments of himself, or to fantastic conceptions of the nihilistic powers of the unconscious. We may be grateful that connections have been traced between widely separated mental phenomena and that many perplexing problems have been so solved. We must not be disturbed by the sensational nature of these connections, nor downcast. False pride suffers, but something of glory remains.

There is health in the new psychology — health and amusement and delightful illumination of murky places. It is not clear that any of its findings so far can alter the force or direction of the great essential currents of human destiny.

CONVERSATION

BY ZONA GALE

C ELEBRATED Author said: "I know what's the matter with the book. Until the final moment it concerns itself with reality. In the last three pages it lets go of the known and leaps at the unknown. You feel cheated. You've trusted to facts and you're delivered to speculation."

She answered: "In a day of routine, which would you call memorable — the routine or the occasional inexplicable moment?"

"That's nothing to do with art."

"Life hasn't?"

"Not all of life, of course. Obviously art is selective or it is nothing. Hear this forever: Life has to do with the ascertainable."

"The ascertainable by whom?"

"Why — by the artist."

"Precisely. By the creative artist. More life will be ascertainable by him than by the charwoman, the professor, the insurance agent. To the agent the artist's commonplace will be the unascertainable."

"There's a common field for them all. That is the field of art. The technique is not in that common field, since technique must be known only to the specialist. But its effects must be open to everybody. Implications will depend on the sensitivation of the reader — but the subject matter itself — the material for art — must consist of nothing but the known."

"Known to whom?"

Celebrated Artist was impatient of this rude insistence.

"Look here — a fragment of a dead Greek poet, unnamed — a fragment about bright frocks in a meadow on a holiday — I'd give more for that than for all your speculation about the to-morrow of love."

"Would you really? Would you choose bright frocks in a meadow long ago or the ultimate romance of romance? I wonder."

"Bright frocks in a meadow long ago are a proper subject for art. Ultimate romance of romance is no proper subject for art. It's the difference between a lyric poem and a tract."

"Pardon — not at all! It's the difference between a lyric written to-day and a lyric to be written a hundred years from now."

"But that will be a hundred years from now — if I am clear."

"You would say that art may not treat of futurity."

"I know that it may not. The artist is a recorder, that is all. He is a recorder of more than other people see — that alone is why he is creative. He is a recorder of more than other people see in our common experience, and in that, alone."

"The common experience of to-day. Not of to-morrow —"

"Certainly not of to-morrow. Of to-day."

"Of whose to-day?"

Round the circle again, and he had it all to do over, painstakingly, beautifully:

"The to-day of anybody who responds to a clear interpretation of emotion. Love faced with death holds more for art to-day than does love in some unpredictable seventh heaven."

"I am not convinced. For in 1902 I met Tesla. I had my first prediction of the wireless. That moment I assure you meant more to me than bright frocks in a meadow —"

"Or love faced with death?"

"— No, but with a meaning akin to it. Akin to it far

more than to any bright frock! Was that moment of mine not a subject for art?"

"Absolutely not."

"Yet Tesla himself — and his work-room and his clothes and his cat, these were art's materials."

"Undoubtedly."

"How can that help reminding me of a neighbor who knew every bird, by name, note, and flight, but was bored at being told the names of the constellations?"

"How can that help reminding me of the girl I was once making love to who suddenly said: 'How glorious the stars are to-night!' That which we call art could deal with my love, but it couldn't bother with Arcturus."

"But you are saying that there is no room in art for anything but the evident — the evident of evident people!"

"I am saying that there is room for all the *frisson* you can extract from the evidence!"

"Just so long, you mean, as it is never said?"

"*Frisson?* Said?"

"Dreiser's story in the July 'Century': You think that he should not have broken into his history of Ida Hauchawout by crying in his own person: 'Mesdames and Messieurs! What is it all about —' "

"He should never have committed that crime. I remember it well. He should have omitted everything from there to the final master information about Widdel not knowing how to slice corn-meal mush."

"Why? Why? *Why?*"

"Because art deals with the ascertainable."

Celebrated Author had won. But she thought of the Stone Age. Would a Stone Age novelist, by hinting at the golden age, have ruined his book?

Of a day when if witches sank they were innocent and if they swam they were guilty. If a witch novelist had written of witchless days to come, would he have missed divine fire?

Of the truth that life is short and art is long. Shall the

material of art be limited by life, or even by the past plus the period of the artist?

Of timelessness. The past, imaginatively re-created belongs to art — to-day, imaginatively interpreted belongs to art. If one imaginatively conceives to-morrow, that also shall not art claim?

Furthermore, an imaginative conception of to-morrow may not be of to-morrow alone, but of to-day discerned — already ascertainable! — to the creative artist. What is reality but the divination of the amoeba become the ascertainable by the mollusk. And shall the amoeba of to-day deny to art his own divination of either the amoeba of to-day or of the mollusk of to-morrow?

Yet — lest he be taken at unfair advantage, Celebrated Author shall have the last word, which may declare the whole matter:

“After all,” he said, “does it not reduce itself to intention?”

REBUTTAL BY THE NOVELISTS

By HELEN MACAFEE

ONE does not have to go about much nowadays to encounter a considerable number and variety of charges against recent fiction. The charges come both from those who read it, by way of lament, and from those who do not, as justification for their abstinence. The formula is usually rather general — “What rot this modern stuff is!” or “Is there a decent new novel?” But itemized indictments are not wanting.

It is said of current novels (meaning almost invariably those of the present year) that they are not well written; that they do not create character; that they are preoccupied with drab or sordid subjects treated with brutal realism; that they are devoid of beauty, and lacking in humor and gusto; that they are delivered over to the Freudians; that nothing worth mentioning happens in them, and especially, that they have no endings. To many people these fairly serious accusations, which might be indefinitely continued, have only to be made to be proved. To others they sound like Lamb’s list of Popular Fallacies, that can be punctured as fast as they can be stated.

On both sides these issues have been widely debated. It would be hardly worth while just now to argue any of them further as a general proposition. I should like, however, to call to mind some of the better novels of the last twelve-month in order to see, if possible, where they stand in the case; and whether they suggest any new directions in the writing of fiction.

As it happens, this is rather a good time to bring up most of the provocative questions about the modern novel. The

last year has produced books from several of the writers who have taught us to have, at least, great expectations — Mr. Conrad, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Wells, Mr. Swinnerton, Miss Sinclair in England, and Mrs. Wharton and Miss Cather in this country — books, too, that are true to their authors' traditions. If anything within sight could answer the popular charges and rebuke our impatience, it would be such novels as "The Rover" and "Riceyman Steps." The year, too, has been fairly representative in the sense that a good number of novelists most successful in the newer modes — D. H. Lawrence, Dorothy Richardson, Virginia Woolf, Aldous Huxley, Zona Gale, Stella Benson, James Branch Cabell, Ethel Sidgwick, Rose Macaulay, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Carl Van Vechten, Gilbert Canaan, and others — have contributed to its output. (Mr. Galsworthy is conspicuous by absence from the first group, as Mr. de la Mare — except for the happily re-issued "Henry Brocken," new to Americans — Mr. Hergesheimer, and Rebecca West are from the second.) Then there have been some pleasant surprises: Edward Garnett's "Lady into Fox" — a modern wonder tale for the sophisticated children of the twentieth century; William Gerhardt's "Futility," a Russian novel with humor. And a few auspicious first appearances as in the case of Elinor Wylie with "Jennifer Lorn." Altogether this is a body of English and American fiction large enough and strong enough to take up the challenge of the Cassandras — and, perhaps, the Cornelias — of contemporary criticism.

What is there about Mr. Conrad's prose? A hundred tasters of the fine wines of expression have extolled it. But the best way to praise its superb quality is to quote it. Take this passage from the opening pages of "The Rover," describing Peyrol's first encounter with poor Arlette:

Her eyes, which had steadied, began to wander again all round and about the motionless Peyrol. She moved a step nearer to him and asked in a low confidential tone: "Have you ever carried a woman's head on a pike?"

Peyrol, who had seen fights, massacres on land and sea, towns taken by assault by savage warriors, who had killed men in attack and defence, found himself at first bereft of speech by this simple question, and next moved to speak bitterly.

"No. I have heard men boast of having done so. They were mostly braggarts with craven hearts. But what is all this to you?"

She was not listening to him, the edge of her white even teeth pressing her lower lip, her eyes never at rest. Peyrol remembered suddenly the *sans-culotte* — the blood-drinker. Her husband. Was it possible? . . . Well, perhaps it was possible. He could not tell. He felt his utter incompetence. As to catching her glance, you might just as well have tried to catch a wild sea-bird with your hands. And altogether she was like a sea-bird — not to be grasped. But Peyrol knew how to be patient, with that patience that is so often a form of courage. He was known for it. It had served him well in dangerous situations. Once it had positively saved his life. Nothing but patience. He could well wait now. He waited. And suddenly as if tamed by his patience this strange creature dropped her eyelids, advanced quite close to him and began to finger the lapel of his coat — something that a child might have done. Peyrol all but gasped with surprise, but he remained perfectly still. He was disposed to hold his breath. He was touched by a soft indefinite emotion, and as her eyelids remained lowered till her black lashes seemed to lie like a shadow on her pale cheek, there was no need for him to force a smile. After the first moment he was not even surprised. It was merely the sudden movement, not the nature of the act itself, that had startled him.

Style such as this is a personal manner, as impossible to define as any other mysterious projection of the ego, and once known equally impossible to mistake.

If one wished to show for some reason how much the style is the man one could do so in no more startling fashion than by directing a reader from "The Rover" to "Riceyman Steps." These are the first lines of Mr. Bennett's latest novel:

On an autumn afternoon of 1919 a hatless man, with a slight limp, might have been observed ascending the gentle, broad acclivity of Riceyman Steps, which lead from King's Cross Road

up to Riceyman Square, in the great metropolitan industrial district of Clerkenwell. He was rather less than stout and rather more than slim. His thin hair had begun to turn from black to grey, but his complexion was still fairly good, and the rich, very red lips, under a small, greyish moustache and over a short, pointed beard, were quite remarkable in their suggestion of vitality. The brown eyes seemed a little small; they peered at near objects. As to his age, an experienced and cautious observer of mankind, without previous knowledge of this man, would have said no more than that he must be past forty. The man himself was certainly entitled to say that he was in the prime of life. . . . Riceyman Steps, twenty in number, are divided by a half-landing into two series of ten. The man stopped on the half-landing and swung round with a casual air of purposelessness which, however, concealed, imperfectly, a definite design. The suspicious and cynical, slyly watching his movements, would have thought: "What's that fellow after?"

Here all is objective, sharp, hard, Euclidian, and again the style, in its different way, is perfectly adequate to the sense to be conveyed. To go from "The Rover" to "Riceyman Steps" is like passing suddenly from the soft grays of early morning to the black-and-white stencil of high noon. After the same manner, its author's sole and inalienable brilliancy or vigor or nicety, advantageously employed, belongs to Miss Sinclair's "A Cure of Souls," Mrs. Woolf's "Jacob's Room," Mr. Swinnerton's "Young Felix."

There are certain things that can be observed about a novelist's style. Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith writes in "The End of the House of Alard" with facility and fluidity. Here as elsewhere her fine gift of easy narrative is in evidence. And so is her flair for picturesque place names; of the seat of the Alards we read: "It stands on the hill between Brede Eye and Horns Cross, looking down into the valley of the river Tillingham, with Doucegrove Farm, Glasseye Farm and Starvecrow Farm standing against the woods beyond." Yet taken by and large, her vocabulary here appears commonplace. A crispness that was present in "Sussex Gorse" seems

to have gone out of it. In "Antic Hay" Mr. Huxley depends much upon verbal conceits. He shows himself an ardent Grecian by his frequent use of such words as "callipygous," "microcephalic"; he affects Latin repartee — "*Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus*," said Mr. Porteous in the words of St. Peter Damianus." Michael Arlen enlivens his pages with epigram. Throughout an entire volume Elinor Wylie keeps up the formal restraint and bland nicety called for by the peculiar nature of her eighteenth-century satire. Mr. Swinnerton's English has not the beauty of Mr. Conrad's. Nevertheless, it fits easily and unobtrusively over the matter chronicled in "Young Felix," as in his other novels. In some things he has failed the admirers of "Nocturne" but not in style. Fannie Hurst writes in "Lummox" with complete abandon, mixing figures, constructions, rhythms, on every page, employing now the idiom of sentiment, now that of exact realism, and sometimes effectively, too. Miss Cather writes in "A Lost Lady" as she wrote in "Paul's Case," only with stricter economy of means — and yet the result is somehow rich. But as one passes from the experimenters to the authors who "know their business," it becomes more and more difficult to consider the question of style apart from the personality of the writer and the work in hand. Mr. Wells at his best and at his worst is still Mr. Wells, but he is at his best oftener in "Tono-Bungay" than in "The Soul of a Bishop."

It is different with questions of character. The people in a novel can, in a sense, be judged on their own merits. If they are fairly well set up and act in a coherent and striking way, we remember the novel for them long after details of style and also most of the incidents are forgotten. And so we say the character makes the novel. Even the youngest writers appear to accept the declaration of Arnold Bennett that "the foundation of good fiction is character-creating and nothing else," although they are frequently accused, and often by members of their own guild, of failing to live up to

it. In a criticism of Virginia Woolf's "Night and Day," K.M. once made this incisive observation — "We have the queer sensation that once the author's pen is removed [from her characters] they have neither speech nor motion, and are not to be revived again until she adds another stroke or two or writes another sentence underneath." Quite recently Mrs. Woolf has generalized this charge and admitted it for the whole company of rising novelists. The blame for their failure she lays upon their elders — Mr. Wells, Mr. Bennett, and Mr. Galsworthy, who, she asserts, have not succeeded in creating character in the manner of the great Victorians. Mr. Beresford has taken up this issue. After agreeing that the three writers named by Mrs. Woolf are liable to her criticism in the exact sense of her words, he exonerates them on broader grounds, arguing that their conception of "character" is, and must be with our modern introspection, more complicated than that of Dickens, and thus more difficult for the reader to grasp and retain in the imagination. He believes, as many others do, that the contemporary novelist is committed to complex figures, somewhat uncertain in outline, even though he knows that characters with a single dominating trait, like Mrs. Nickleby and Betsey Trotwood, are for the majority of people more effective and more memorable.

What is behind this new introspection and observation that have not only increased the arduousness of the novelist's task but endangered the reception of his work? Modern science, of course. It is the "new psychology" and the "higher physiology" that are making the trouble. Though neither of these branches of learning has reached the stage of complete and exact revelation — nor is likely to — they have produced a mass of hypotheses and conjectures about conscious or unconscious behavior and the effect of nerves and glands and genes upon moods and acts that cannot be dismissed by writers of fiction and drama. Young people now study these subjects in the colleges. Older people read

them up. Their terms and theses, understood or misunderstood, are common property among literate people. They have affected our casual philosophy and our daily ethical judgments. (Indeed it seems to me that whatever difference there may be between the ethical point of view of the young generation and their grandparents is due more to the indirect results of recent scientific discussion than to any inner revolution.) Thus it could hardly be expected that psychological and physiological theories should not color the representation of life in literature. Of late, they seem to have left a stronger impress upon characterization in the drama, as in the work of Pirandello, than in fiction. But Mr. Bennett and Mr. Galsworthy are aware of things of which Dickens was ignorant — heredity, for example, in the modern sense, which is responsible for the popular three-generation novel.

The new science has had an effect, too, a contingent effect, upon the technique as well as the matter of the novel. With a growing knowledge — or growing doubt, if you like — about the meaning of a motive or an act, an increasing amount of space has naturally been devoted to analysis and interpretation, and action itself has been curtailed. One has only to compare the dramatic content of one of Mr. Swinnerton's books — "Nocturne" or "Coquette" — with "Middlemarch," let us say, or "The Brothers Karamazov" to realize what this change of emphasis has meant. Nowadays the comment upon a character at a particular moment (though it must be more concise and more concrete than in Henry James's work) engages the author's energies as heavily as the act or word.

Despite this "revolution," the current novels are full of characters of the older type, with one dominating idea, and no more complexity than the Micawbers. For all their new resources, the novelists as a rule succeed best (whether it be the fault of reader or writer) with figures of this kind. There are some subjects, of course, that can still be treated, without challenge from the psychoanalysts, in the traditional way —

old people, children, unsophisticated persons, peasants or other souls with good nerves, no minds, and simple aims in life, such as getting enough to eat. Grumps in "Young Felix" and Grandfather Crumb in "Faint Perfume" seem better realized than the young men in these books. The terrible Trude in Storm Jameson's story (whose establishment in its fantastic hideousness reminds one of "Wuthering Heights") is another memorable figure in this mode. The author of "Lummox" insists on singleness of interest in her central personage. And so in their separate ways, and with striking results, do the authors of "The Poor Man" and "Lady into Fox." Here the quality upon which the narrative focusses is a disability, and the motive is satirical, as is also true in "A Cure of Souls." But Miss Sinclair subtilizes the situation. Canon Chamberlain craves "peace and comfort" as a miser craves gold. But his craving, though made almost painfully clear to the reader, is not at all apparent to his parishioners, for in order to achieve his desire and still retain the dignity of his position, he employs in his dealings with them a variety of ruses and an artful indirection. In the end the hypocrite is unmasked. Several persons find the Canon out, though not before a good deal of harm has been done; and he is forced to choose between his "cure of souls" and that blessed life of ease which he loved the more. Miss Sinclair drives home her theme with refined and relentless logic — a logic that seems Latin rather than British. Canon Chamberlain's passion is exposed in a hundred little ways, but on no occasion is he given the benefit of the doubt. He is "It," as children say in their games, just as Mr. Waddington was "It" in a previous narrative, though in a less farcical and more dignified way. This satirical comedy of character, as expressive of the present age as was romantic comedy of the early eighteen-hundreds, Miss Sinclair has brought to a kind of perfection, with the limitations of its qualities.

The charwoman, who is the heroine of "Riceyman Steps," and the miser and his wife, who have the other full-length

parts in Mr. Bennett's eccentric triangle, are cast in the Dickensian form, if conceived in a modern spirit. Following the older novelists, Mr. Bennett does not attempt to conceal his fondness for Elsie; nor does he allow the reader to overlook her homely graces as she goes her endless round in her slatternly apron amid mean surroundings. She has two qualities: a loyalty which would be doglike if it were not for the romantic and youthful kindliness that lightens it; and a consuming hunger for the primary human satisfactions, out of which Mr. Earlforward so nearly succeeded in starving her. The bookseller himself is the slave of a single passion which has all but destroyed in him every other passion a man is supposed to be born with; by a well-known paradox of miserliness, his desire to save money has to a great extent paralyzed his power to make it. Thus Mr. Earlforward traces his lineage beyond the Victorians to the seventeenth-century comedy of humors, though the satirical restraint and mordant realism with which he is portrayed are entirely of our own time.

If one happens to read "Riceyman Steps" directly after "Young Felix," Mr. Bennett's method seems strictly objective beside Mr. Swinnerton's manner of writing about Felix, from the inside out. Evidently it is Mr. Bennett's aim to give just this effect. More than once he remarks that it is impossible for him to invade the dark "fastnesses" of Mr. and Mrs. Earlforward's minds. With a similar intent to create an illusion of a continuing objective reality in his characters beyond his own words about them, Fielding wrote in "Tom Jones" — "It is our province to relate facts, and we shall leave causes to persons of much higher genius." As a matter of practice, it is impossible for a novelist, who has been in the minds of his characters from the beginning, to refrain at all times from invading them or from suggesting motives; and Mr. Bennett, like Fielding, does both. But the prime distinction of Mr. Bennett as a creator of character in "Riceyman Steps" is not shrewdness of analysis but the

series of incidents through which he unfolds, nearly without comment, Mr. Earlforward's peculiarities, the best of them culminating in the grotesque programme of the wedding day.

"A Lost Lady" is also built upon a series of dynamic episodes rather than a sustained action, though Miss Cather's episodes are not so closely related as Mr. Bennett's. Indeed, in the first and most remarkable of these, the chief personage of the story is not present. It is generally agreed, too, that the author has created in Marian Forrester an unforgettable woman. Not being a simple character, Mrs. Forrester could not be sketched to advantage by one means alone. But Miss Cather is a resourceful novelist, and all her resources are employed in this small book. We know Mrs. Forrester through what she does and says. We know her also through other people. It pleased her husband, we are told, "to see men who were older than himself leap nimbly to the ground and run up the front steps as Mrs. Forrester came out on the front porch to greet them. Even the hardest and coldest of his friends, a certain narrow-faced Lincoln banker, became animated when he took her hand, tried to meet the gay challenge in her eyes, and to reply cleverly to the droll word of greeting on her lips." So Homer wrote of Helen, in terms of the effect she produced upon men. Mrs. Forrester is known to us through one character in particular, whose chief function is that of observer, and to whom is delegated the privilege of special comment.

In "The Rover" Mr. Conrad has added another impressive and enigmatic figure to his ship's company of men. On the first page Peyrol is seen engaged upon a piece of business which appears to bring to a close a long and adventurous history, and there is a line or two to tell what manner of man he was. On the last page of this characteristically symmetrical romance, Peyrol is again the subject of discussion, several years after his death, among three persons whom he had befriended. One asks, "What sort of man was he really?" And the reply is, "The only certain thing we can say of him

is that he was not a bad Frenchman." "Everything's in that," adds another. That is as much as we learn about the old sea rover from the others in the book, and the author tells us little more except through the strangely turned action itself. But Mr. Conrad is skilled in the art of revealing character by those half-revelations that give scope for the sense of mystery without which no character puts on reality. Among this author's women, less life-like than his men, Arlette should have a particular place. It is noticeable that he can describe the state in which the Reign of Terror in Toulon had left her, without recourse to the terms of abnormal psychology now being bandied about. As far as I have observed, there has been no true Freudian advocate among the successful novelists this year.

Mrs. Wharton's portraits of the Parisian-Americans in "A Son at the Front" have the distinction and validity which we have learned to expect from her. She is exceptionally competent among women writers in her sketches of men. Compton, the artist, stands more solidly on the earth, indeed, than Miss Anthony, whose features, perhaps, were blurred by the war.

Like many other readers, I was disappointed in the characterization in Miss Kaye-Smith's latest novel. She assembled a goodly company in the House of Alard, well diversified and skilfully blocked out. The choleric old squire — whose last words to his daughter before his death were "Get out!" — is the most completely realized of all, and is realized with humor; but he is not a patch on Squire Western. For one thing he is crowded out. The author laid down for herself too difficult a problem — to give so many figures a place in the foreground. As a result no one of them stands out with the distinctness of Joanna Godden. Another family novel — of prosperous Americans in a small midland city — with a similarly crowded canvas is Grace Flandrau's "Being Respectable"; but the story is better centred. These people, too, make a plausible and well varied group, and we get vivid

glimpses of them at times, especially when they talk; but we do not get their silences — that inner core of being which Mr. Conrad knows how to approach. A novelist, like a lawyer, gains by reserve. There are some good sketches of backwoods folk in Edith Summers Kelley's Kentucky story "Weeds," marred by a tendency on the part of the author to be over-instructive. In contrast with this method, Mrs. Woolf in "Jacob's Room" draws, in the Cubist fashion, not character seen in the rounded whole, but studied in separate planes. The effect is brilliant at times, but the process is too elliptical to be satisfying.

In respect of the things that happen, as well as the characterization, "The End of the House of Alard" and "Jacob's Room" represent extremes. Like the Victorian writers Miss Kaye-Smith gives full measure of major events — a death, a divorce, two marriages, an emigration, a retreat to a monastery, a birth, another death, a suicide. The same is true of "Young Felix," "The Midlander," and "The Hopeful Journey." We seem to have swung away from the later work of Henry James, with its almost static reading of human history. In outline "Young Felix" is close to a Dickens chronicle.

Changes in literary fashions, being almost as seasonal as those in apparel, are hardly noted down before they are obsolete. Only a short time ago novels, especially of young writers (more susceptible than the long-established to outside influences), were preoccupied with a drab or sordid existence pictured with unrelieved realism. The cry was that there was no humor and no health in them. Suddenly rifts have appeared in the black mood that pervaded "The Narrow House." Not even the Middle Western novels — the better ones such as "Weeds" and "Being Respectable" and "The Midlander" — have been quite as oppressive as "Main Street." In England G. B. Stern has essayed comedy, of a brittle texture usually associated with the stage; and the author of "The Enchanted April" has thickly coated humor with sentiment.

But the most remarkable proof we have been given of this resolve to be more cheerful is William Gerhardt's "Futility" — a story of a Russian family moving rapidly from misfortune to disaster, and yet by turns light-hearted and humorous. The narrative is rather slight and difficult to sustain, becoming farcical towards the end, but there is much to admire about the drawing in of the Bursanovs, especially in their Petrograd home. This book and Gorki's "Lower Depths," as acted by the Moscow players, have made me wonder whether I have not taken Russian literature too gloomily. I don't mean Chekhov or Turgenev but Dostoievski and Gorki and Andréev.

"Lummox" and "Riceyman Steps" depict something of the lower depths socially, both having, like "Pamela," a maidservant as heroine. Yet Miss Hurst writes with gusto — with too much gusto — about the obscure Bertha, a dumb, healthy creature, who has some compensations for her stoical endurance and hard labor. Mr. Bennett, without insisting upon his charwoman's virtue as Richardson does on Pamela's, shows her, with her childish faults and warm human impulses and blind loyalties — her "animal faith" in Mr. Santayana's phrase — a lovely and appealing figure. And in "Young Felix" Mr. Swinnerton makes us aware of the moments of mystical beauty and intense enjoyment in the lives of the very poor. In the chapter called "The Depths," when Felix's family was living on starvation fare, we read that Ilighbury Station "was the scene of a busy coming and going of human beings and vehicles so full of interest that Felix forgot all about Pa and about his stomach. He was rapt in contemplation of life, and moved by its inexhaustible variety of appeal to his senses."

Romance, too, like humor or satire, provides relief. And much of the interesting fiction of the younger writers now has a touch of romance. Storm Jameson's "The Pitiful Wife" has more than a touch. Just why the combination of romance with realism in this particular case should have been con-

sidered novel I do not know. The combination was to be seen in "Babbitt," though there it was hardly noticed. It has been from the beginning characteristic of two such different writers as Mr. Conrad and Mr. Cabell.

The fantastic and extravagant also help to relax the hold of strict realism. It is extraordinary what a number of books in this kind have lately appeared, showing perhaps the influence of Max Beerbohm and Walter de la Mare, and on our side of James Branch Cabell. Mr. Cabell himself has added to the list with "The High Place," a fantastic tale in his now well-known manner. Of a milder order is Robert Nathan's whimsical fancy "The Puppet Master." There is satirical extravagance along with gaiety and wit in the latest novels of Carl Van Vechten, Michael Arlen, and Aldous Huxley — all books about and for "sophisticates," to use Mrs. Ather-ton's convenient term. Mr. Huxley even heaps farce upon farce by making up his hero with a false satyr's beard. More than the others, he chooses to go to literature rather than observation for his material. His mock-heroic painter Lypiatt, would-be master of all the arts, is in the Beerbohm tradition, though Mr. Huxley is less humane in his caricatures than the author of "Seven Men."

"Jennifer Lorn, a Sedate Extravaganza," is the best expression of this mood which has recently appeared. Elinor Wylie has done a nice piece of work. In relating the singular adventures of the Honorable Gerald Poynyard and his hapless wife in the England of Horace Walpole and the East of Warren Hastings, she has set herself a diverting task, which is performed with delightful suavity and humorous elaboration, and in a decorous literary manner precisely suited to a satire upon the romances of the Age of Enlightenment. For me there is rather too much reference — especially in the Persian part, as if the author were not quite at ease here — and in places in the middle chapters the narrative sags. But the ending, with the preposterous death of Jennifer as the peak of extravaganza, is both spirited and picturesque.

Another reason why the newest fiction of the better type gives an effect of relaxation is, I think, because the "problem" formula has, in a large degree, been abandoned. Only two among the outstanding novels of the last year that I have read have posed problems, to be solved or pronounced insoluble as the case may be: Mrs. Atherton's "Black Oxen" and Miss Hull's "Labyrinth" — the one a speculation upon the social effect of a new experiment in medical science, the other a study of the social effect of a new economic situation. Mrs. Gerould's longish short story "Conquistador" was concentrated upon a problem, somewhat at the expense of the characterization.

But most of our good novels are written, like eighteenth-century novels, around a central character; or with some underlying theme, not so much to be proved as to be illustrated. The books which might come under the chronicles of personality, such as "Young Felix," "The Poor Man," "A Cure of Souls," and "A Lost Lady," have already been mentioned. Mr. Lawrence's "Kangaroo," like most of his work, belongs to the fiction in which a psychopathic or philosophical thesis is uppermost. Upon a theme "Futility" and "Lady into Fox" are written. In Miss Gale's "Faint Perfume" the secondary characters, who form the mainstay of the book for the reader, are independent personalities, but there is a theory implicit in the relations of the two chief persons which is given a good deal of space, though it is too transcendental to blend with the rest of the work. In "The End of the House of Alard" nearly all the characters as well as the incidents are developed to illustrate the decline and fall of the old squirearchy; there is also a subsidiary religious theme, which lends variety but not strength to the story. Religion is too big an affair to be crowded into small quarters; it must be given full scope as in "Adam Bede."

In "A Son at the Front" and "The Rover" there is behind all the actors the dramatic motive of war. In both

novels we are spared the sight of the carnage. Mr. Conrad placed his story near Toulon, away from the main scene of the French Revolution, though the centre of one of its most terrible incidents, and away from its climax also in point of time. Thus he was free to picture it wholly by the indirect method of its after-effects on his people and their lives. As one gets the story of the sans-culotte bit by bit, the imagination is able to deal with it, and the total impression is greater than any that could be produced by straightforward narrative. Mrs. Wharton likewise places severe limits upon her subject, picturing the war only in its relations to a small group. But she worked under the disadvantages common to all novelists of the world war. She was confronted with tremendous emotional disturbances still too close to us for perspective, and she had to go over material that was stamped for good and all on our memories at a time when we, too, were under the same emotions. We cannot, for instance, get anything out of a realistic description of a war hospital beyond what we got out of soldiers' letters or Duhamel's "New Book of Martyrs."

There is one group of recent novels — suggesting another departure in fiction — that might be headed fantasia on the theme of Youth. Such are "Jacob's Room," "Piracy," "Antic Hay," "The Blind Bow-Boy," and "The Wife of the Centaur" — the last named carrying the use of a theme to the point of absurdity, unless we infer that the story was primarily intended for the movies and got between book covers by a mistake which was quickly rectified. "Jacob's Room," as has been said, is seriously engaged with character. And "Piracy" — or at least the better half of it — is in the vein of the witty, half-satirical comedy of manners. But broad satire is evidently the chief intention of Carl Van Vechten and Aldous Huxley. Dissimilar as their methods are, they draw their people from the same circles. The young men and women in these two books sow their wild oats or "dance the antic hay," in the phrase that Mr. Huxley pre-

fers, with great gusto and thoroughness. These self-conscious modern masters of the revels are as mad as they are gay, but the satirical extravagance of their behavior obviates the necessity of serious comment upon it. There is a Shandy-esque exuberance about them which is disarming.

All these novels of Youth have striking endings. From the remarks of the people found in the last chapter looking over Jacob's "effects" in his deserted room, we conclude that he was killed in the war. After depicting unbridled gaiety followed by retribution in the form of physical suffering, Michael Arlen gives "Piracy" a queer, almost mystical turn, introducing a new character in the epilogue. Mr. Van Vechten starts three of his people off on an ocean voyage at the last moment. Mr. Huxley, put to it to terminate his burlesque but always inventive, sends Mrs. Viveash and Gumbril dashing about London in a taxi to make calls on the other persons in the book. Like the last two authors, Mr. Swinerton goes out of his way to avoid giving an impression of finality, but his device does not seem to me to justify itself.

One of the two favorite charges made against modern endings is that they do not end — the other being that they are always in the books of the best writers unhappy. It is easy to find instances that disprove these generalizations. A surprising number of novels lately have ended by death. Besides Jacob, Jennifer Lorn dies; Peter brings to naught the Alard hopes by committing suicide; the old bookseller of Riceyman Steps dies and so does his wife; the Lost Lady's death is recorded, and the Son in Mrs. Wharton's story and the Rover in Mr. Conrad's are killed in the service of their two countries. Death is surely final enough. Besides the double demise, there is a wedding license to make the full stop concluding "Riceyman Steps" the nearest twentieth-century equivalent of the Victorian "Reader, I married him." Endings are perhaps coming in again. Nor are they invariably unhappy, though most of them still are. Mr. Bennett gives Elsie a chance, as Miss Hurst does her

Lummox. The close of "Young Felix" is happy by comparison with the rest of the book; and Mr. Maxwell's last two novels give rewards and satisfactions. Like the Ganges, the main stream of "Told by an Idiot" finally divides into many endings; and most of them seem agreeable enough for the persons concerned in this vivacious and cleverly documented, though not otherwise significant, essay in the comedy of ideas.

But what I am most anxious to know about an ending is whether it is a good one. To me it appears good if it completes in some way the idea of the book, if it is a logical outcome of the story and at the same time gives the imagination a fresh start. Mr. Bennett's ending answers all these requirements; it is logical, but all its details would not have been predictable to anyone but the author. So does Miss Cather's. The last words about Marian Forrester recall the glimpse of Becky Sharp in exile. They are not quite so satisfying; but then the ending of "Vanity Fair" is one of the finest in English fiction. Thackeray himself never did it again.

And so we may conclude that in this art, at least, the great Victorians are not in danger of being overshadowed by the moderns — even though two or three novels of the last year have successfully met the chief charges against contemporary work, while at the same time enough fresh intellectual energy has gone into the writing of fiction to turn it in some new and hopeful directions.

THE INTERPRETER

BY E. CLEMENT JONES

OUT from white snow flares emerald green,
Tender and fierce, this green that sheets with blue.
And blue above that flocks with white again,
To cool this azure, this hot bending sun —
The green more green, and blue more blue in startled rain,
Then greener, bluer, in returning gold —
This pitch increasing till these colors break
In soundless, hueless ecstasy of fire,
Fire more white than snow, more silent than its fall,
Which yet five hundred crystal floods interpret, rushing soft
To utter this still absolute of sound.

And so that cold-hot core within the mind,
Burning in viewless essence, pure and clear,
She voices like these young soothsayer-streams —
The matters that she speaks so fresh and so august,
The touch of sound must ever gentle be,
And life so short an urgent note must take,
As if a thousand, thousand tongues were not enough.

Lummox. The close of "Young Felix" is happy by comparison with the rest of the book; and Mr. Maxwell's last two novels give rewards and satisfactions. Like the Ganges, the main stream of "Told by an Idiot" finally divides into many endings; and most of them seem agreeable enough for the persons concerned in this vivacious and cleverly documented, though not otherwise significant, essay in the comedy of ideas.

But what I am most anxious to know about an ending is whether it is a good one. To me it appears good if it completes in some way the idea of the book, if it is a logical outcome of the story and at the same time gives the imagination a fresh start. Mr. Bennett's ending answers all these requirements; it is logical, but all its details would not have been predictable to anyone but the author. So does Miss Cather's. The last words about Marian Forrester recall the glimpse of Becky Sharp in exile. They are not quite so satisfying; but then the ending of "Vanity Fair" is one of the finest in English fiction. Thackeray himself never did it again.

And so we may conclude that in this art, at least, the great Victorians are not in danger of being overshadowed by the moderns — even though two or three novels of the last year have successfully met the chief charges against contemporary work, while at the same time enough fresh intellectual energy has gone into the writing of fiction to turn it in some new and hopeful directions.

THE INTERPRETER

By E. CLEMENT JONES

OUT from white snow flares emerald green,
Tender and fierce, this green that sheets with blue.
And blue above that flocks with white again,
To cool this azure, this hot bending sun —
The green more green, and blue more blue in startled rain,
Then greener, bluer, in returning gold —
This pitch increasing till these colors break
In soundless, hueless ecstasy of fire,
Fire more white than snow, more silent than its fall,
Which yet five hundred crystal floods interpret, rushing soft
To utter this still absolute of sound.

And so that cold-hot core within the mind,
Burning in viewless essence, pure and clear,
She voices like these young soothsayer-streams —
The matters that she speaks so fresh and so august,
The touch of sound must ever gentle be,
And life so short an urgent note must take,
As if a thousand, thousand tongues were not enough.

ON PERSPECTIVE IN CRITICISM

BY WILSON FOLLETT

I BELIEVE in criticism. I believe, furthermore, that everybody else believes in it. A great many are vociferous in assertion of unbelief, even of contempt; but they do not mean what they seem to. Analyze their expressions searchingly enough, and you discover that, failing to detect the existence of anything worthy to be classified as criticism, they deplore its non-existence. Their complaint about criticism is that there *is* none — and this is as practical an affirmation of the necessity for criticism as if every one of the complainants were himself to turn Scotch reviewer, exposing himself thereby to damnation by every penny Pope and imitation Byron of the moment.

For the Popes and Byrons are the chief spokesmen of the general discontent. It is creative authorship which we find to be the principal source of the current antagonism against what passes for criticism; and a good many authors agree in a contemptuous dismissal of the practising critic as a disappointed and embittered being, a creator *manqué* — one who lives parasitically on the successes and, still worse, the failures of his betters. “Those who can, do; those who can’t, criticise,” is the popular aphorism in this connection.

The plain fact is, however, that no writer worth talking about has, or has ever had, any such contempt for criticism properly so-called. Authors may writhe under the badness of bad criticism; most of them, sooner or later, give up the habit of reading what is said in print about their own work, because experience teaches them that most of it is certain to be bad, in the sense of being unintelligent; and many a novelist and poet will tell you that he has never got the least

help from anything that has appeared in reviews and "notices." But the tone in which he says this, together with the fact that he says it at all, shows that he is aggrieved — and what is the sense of his being aggrieved unless criticism has disappointed and betrayed his more or less legitimate expectations? The vindictiveness of author against critic shows that authorship takes the potential function of the critic very seriously indeed; just as the critic's vindictiveness against what he considers to be bad art proves that he takes the function of the artist seriously.

The practising critic, meanwhile, has only to look into his letter files — or, for that matter, into almost any morning's mail — to perceive that criticism is the one thing, next to their work itself, that authors instinctively live for. It is only after years of vain waiting for the evidence of being taken seriously by a scattered handful of readers whose articulate opinions they can respect, that some authors break off all diplomatic relations with formal criticism and commit themselves to a different theory — that of writing to please themselves alone (a species of motive which would seem to render publication nonsensical), or the other theory of finding their reward in the simple unquestioning enjoyment of a mass of readers who have no tests for the worth of what they read, no interest in the motives actuating the writer, and no sense of that obscure struggle in the dark whereby, if he succeed, he has created for them "a form of imagined life clearer than reality."

But if criticism be as indispensable as all this, how can it not exist? If its function were indeed as incalculably important to the mind as food is to the body, would not the demand bring the supply, as a vacuum brings air? How does the world of letters get on at all, if the idea of criticism is so tremendously important and universal, and the practice of criticism so sluggish and inept? It looks as if the idea itself ought to create a more nearly adequate practice.

To which the simple answer is, It does.

Suppose the ostensible criticism appearing as printed matter were all good, even excellent. Suppose the poorest were as good as the best which we know anything about. The entire sum of all this printed matter would still be but a negligible, an almost vanishing indication of the total extent to which the critical faculty is made manifest. In the broader sense there is no dearth of criticism; there never has been and there never can be. It is in the nature of things, the very law of life, that every poet, dramatist, novelist, together with every other human being, is exposed perforce to a ceaseless and dynamic criticism of incalculable effectiveness. He may not like all the manifestations and consequences of this criticism; it may in the end baffle and embitter him as no amount of senseless or malignant printed publicity could do; he may quite fail to make out its implications, to get the hang of it. But he cannot, unless blind, be unaware of its existence or scornful of its power. His entire conduct is regulated by an interplay of forces which are, in their ultimate significance, nothing in the world but critical.

Imagine — to begin as trivially as possible — that I propose to engage myself in the composition of an essay. Further suppose that, having a particular magazine and its editor in mind, I anticipate my essay by sending that editor a condensed summary of my principal points. He rejects the whole idea at once. Now, his doing so, with or without specified reasons, is an act of criticism — as, for that matter, was my original selection of that particular editor, my attempt to adapt my subject matter to his personal or editorial predilections, even my impulse to write the essay at all.

It next devolves upon me to understand the meaning of this act of my editor. Only so — to put it on purely practical grounds — can I decide whether to try the synopsis elsewhere, or complete the paper and trust that it will plead my cause better than the synopsis did, or abandon the idea altogether. Any one of these courses compels me to re-

examine, in the light of some newer ideas critically derived, my whole original project — and what is this compulsion, from beginning to end and in all its details, but critical?

However, in order to extend the argument a little we will suppose that my editor indulgently restricts the exercise of his critical prerogatives to blue-pencilling a few of the most cherished points in my outline. I then have to face and solve the critical problem of how far he has impaired the integrity of my project, and whether I can patch the thing together on his terms without compromising its identity. Whatever my solution, it is the upshot of an involved critical process. If I find that the editor's more or less drastic changes have really done me a service and bettered my plan in spite of myself, it is through criticism that I make the discovery. I have to grow up, "get wise to" myself; I have to make out what the editor saw that I myself could not at first see.

So much is hardly more than the beginning of criticism. Or, rather, it is a trivial segment cut out of the middle of it; for I have quite passed over the indescribably complex train of causation and growth that made me into the person who wanted to write that particular essay in the first place; and this is, again, a train of nothing more or less than applied criticism. — Now I am to write my essay. Criticism begins all over again, redoubled and intensified. Midway of page 4, I find myself stalled in dulness and obscurity. The perception that this is so is a critical perception. My discovery of a way out, if I find one, is a critical discovery. I get on to page 7; and there, calling it a day, I give myself over to profitable relaxation in the form of, say, a book by Mr. John Jay Chapman.

"Relaxation" turns out to be a queer word for what happens to me. For almost at once I come upon a passage which, in a single clear, calm, laconic sentence, bowls over my entire essay and leaves it an unsightly ruin on no foundation. I was an idiot, surely, to imagine that I had the makings of any article at all! I shall never put pen to paper

again — or, if I do, it shall be to renounce essays forever and, like Mr. Chesterton, go in for penny dreadfuls. But as soon as I have slept on this rash impulse to quarrel with my bread and butter, or confronted an uncommonly satisfying meal, or dipped into a tolerably successful novel which I myself should have been too ashamed of to sign it if I had written it, I find that something has happened to mitigate the extremity of my self-loathing. Perhaps I can find a way around Mr. Chapman, after all. For my point of view, so long as it is honest, there may be in this world all the room a mere point needs. In fine, the unlimited human faculty of recuperation, of dogged refusal to believe the worst about oneself for long at a time, finally brings me to the point of going on with my essay. Only — make no mistake about this — it will never be the essay it first set out to be. It is now, in good part, my enforced response to a dozen modifying processes never contemplated at the outset. And every one of them is a process of criticism and nothing else.

This purely hypothetical example — to pursue it no further — is really, of course, a much simplified account of how everything is done that is done at all. And perhaps this is the place for me to record a moral certainty that one of the major effects of criticism is to prevent a great many things from being done; to inhibit and cut off at the source a considerable part of the very best art of which the highly evolved and self-critical modern man is capable. He in whom the self-criticising faculty is preternaturally strong will find himself growing so rapidly during the progress of his book or painting or statue that his hand cannot keep the pace. The thing that his mind once dreamed becomes a different and a better thing every time he approaches it; all his work is perpetually wasted except as a preface to new beginnings; and in the end he throws away the attempt because he keeps outgrowing the conception faster than it is humanly possible to execute it. Or, with a still more ruthless lucidity, he can see in advance so many inescapable flaws and human

imperfections in the best work that his creative wit could imaginably be capable of, that he never even makes a beginning. How a healthy man comes to hate a book of his own, during the six months which it takes to get it accepted and put into page-proofs! For an extension of just such considerations, some of the best things ever conceived must have been left forever unwritten. Criticism produces some of its most notable casualties before the battle is even joined.

And what, then, *is* criticism? Why, it is just the human faculty of choosing. It is a choice exercised between one thing and another, or among many competing things, in the light of some felt need for one thing as against others.

To return for a moment to the trivial terms of the foregoing illustration. In developing this very argument, I chose the illustration just used in the light of my own felt need to imply as well as to exemplify something about criticism. I wanted, for the preceding stage of this discussion, to demonstrate in artificially simplified terms the omnipresence of critical forces; but I also wanted the demonstration to anticipate the next stage by hinting something of the nature and *modus operandi* of these critical forces. It was a necessity — a critical necessity — to make the discussion arrive, not at some conclusive Q.E.D. to which nothing could appropriately be added, but rather at a new theorem capable of being proved in its turn. And here, as ever, appears in a further extension the analogy between small matters and great. For criticism is the integrating force whereby all life, like an isolated essay groping after form, strives towards coherence and unity within itself — and, perhaps, not quite vainly strives.

The subject of our new theorem is the extraordinary independence of time, of the merely chronological sequence, which we find everywhere exhibited by the critical process. Mr. Chapman's finished and published book exerted, in our example, a quite definite and irresistible critical leverage upon an essay which, at the time of the book, had not been

so much as dreamed of. The volume was as overt an act in criticism of the essay as if Mr. Chapman had deliberately set out to make it nothing more important than just that. He was playing the rôle of that essay's critic as effectively as if he had expressed his opinion of it in one of those discursive Sunday supplement contributions in which a writer "reviews" the serious magazines of the preceding month.

Or, rather, he was doing it a good deal more effectively. Criticising the essay in advance of its composition and without ever having heard of its author, he was accomplishing what the specifically timely and topical critic never does accomplish: he was compelling the essayist to produce a better essay than the essayist had at first intended, and he was doing it without assault and battery on something already signed and printed. Consider if it be not one of the supreme achievements of preventive criticism to pay one's respects to botched work in such terms as to make it far more difficult for such work to be produced! Moreover, the Chapman method is the only one which can always and infallibly be accredited with complete disinterestedness. In these days of schools, cults, coteries, literary clannishness, and indefatigable log-rolling on behalf of one's own particular little local chapter of the great guild, any praise may just possibly be puffery, any censure malice. The motives are very likely irreproachable — but how can they be above suspicion? Suspicion can hardly be directed against our critics of a point anterior in time to our own. "*Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt*" is a malediction which really declares our genuine respect for the ancients, some of whom were so very modern that they left our modern ingenuity at a loss for new worlds to conquer.

Is it not clear that the great Past, at whatever near or remote point we touch it, is always offering so to criticise the present? How pitifully dull and unimaginative it is to assume that the only criticism which counts is that which A. publishes on the subject of B.'s latest book, or that to be

denied such specific publicity is to be deprived of criticism! In a sense, the implication of all the criticism that any present creator needs is long since written in words or graven in stone or made manifest in line and color. The question is not how valid this implied criticism may be, but simply how clever he is at reading it. It is there; it is for him, for his present, just in the degree of his ability to use it; and its being there means that the paltriest scribbler of us all, if only he will undertake to read something more than the bare words, can profit freely by the legible advice and experience of Virgil, Rabelais, Cervantes, Milton, Fielding — and if one happens not to mind the ring of a little gratuitous magniloquence, one may as well make it Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare. There is, indeed, not the smallest hope of our escaping the critical force which these great identities exert by virtue of their bare existence. Criticism is the rationale of our fellowship with them.

Lest any reader detect, in this enlarged definition of the sources and nature of criticism, nothing more than a shallow and sterile ingenuity, I must point out that a very large part of what has always been accepted for criticism by the most conventional definition is concerned almost exclusively with the classification and description of “influences” — what Rousseau got (or didn’t get) from Richardson, what Defoe “owed” to Cervantes, how and wherein Marlowe influenced Shakespeare; whether Kipling (or Arnold Bennett, or the late O. Henry) would ever have come to his artistic majority without Maupassant; the relation of the early novel to the epic, and that of the very modern novel to the short story. So strong is this academic tradition of criticism that a good many of the most respectable critics never feel the slightest need to work outside it. They spend all the labor of laborious nights and days playing a sort of inconclusive historical game of hunt-the-thimble, in a laudable but hopeless endeavor to answer the question, “Who did it first?”

By our present definition, these worthy investigators are not primarily critics at all, but historians. Are they choosing one thing as against another, in the light of some felt need? Not at all: they are simply chronicling the facts and the results of other men's choices, made long ago when the inspired choosers had not the outcome to guide them. When an outflow of influence takes place between one writer and another, it is the writer influenced who has become most directly and definably the critic in the case. He has become sensible of a need and, through an act of choice implying valuations critically arrived at, has taken his own where he found it. When the self-styled critic of literature makes much of his mere discovery that one of these omnipresent influences has taken place — usually with a slight implication that it somehow detracts from an author's greatness to have been influenced at all — the reader is reduced to the following dilemma: either the historian's account is faithful and accurate, in which case it is wholly irrelevant as criticism, and is merely a record that such-and-such acts of criticism were once performed; or else the account is distorted and exaggerated, in which event it cannot be sound criticism anyhow.

All creative art may be said to consist of the things that are done because they have been done before by someone, or by everyone (for example, the use of suspense and climax in narration); and the things that are left undone because they have been done before, such as the hidden-will motif and the mother-in-law joke. But shall the fact that a thing has already been done serve as a reason for doing or for not doing it? There is no agent in existence which can read this riddle, except the faculty of criticism.

We seem to have discovered, then, that the critical process is far from obeying the chronological sequence which we conventionally associate with it; that it has, in fact, a positive tendency to act as faith and prophecy do — to reach forward rather than backward to its object. Our comment on

the past is never one-half so effective or so dynamic as its comment on us, once that comment is understood. We can say with strict accuracy that preceding events lay the foundation or assemble the evidence for an act of criticism in the present, and that overt criticism is simply the responsive recognition thus predetermined.

Where, now, does this view of criticism bring us out with relation to the ordinarily accepted notion of critical perspective?

The ordinarily accepted notion is, of course, that it is an impropriety, besides being a rash confession of incompetence, for the critic to pretend that he can speak with any assurance about the work done in his own day and generation; that the only guarantee of sound criticism is a sufficiency of time elapsed between the date of a work and that of the attempt to appraise it. This academic assumption — the assumption of all safe, sound, conservative judges everywhere, made familiar by a thousand repetitions — was well and succinctly expressed of late by the editor of a great magazine. A critic of reputation for both honesty and discernment had offered to write for this editor an article on the work of an American lyric and dramatic poet whose name has been for twenty years past an honor to the national letters, and who has had enthusiastic recognition by a large majority of the best living judges in both America and England, but for whom this particular editor's magazine had never done anything commensurate with what it has often done for living British writers of far less merit. The editor replied:

"My objection to a paper on Mr. — is that I have always been very offish regarding attempts to estimate the achievements of living men. The proper perspective is enormously difficult, and, besides, the moment one has published one's views of an author in print, he is sure to give them the lie by some extraordinary change of method or manner. I don't think we had better make an exception in this case."

This fairly represents the prevalent distrust of contemporary criticism. In academic circles, a professor who ventures to express literary opinions — except, indeed, sniffish ones — about anything produced since the death of Queen Victoria is looked a little askance at by his colleagues. Whatever active interest he shows in the contemporary production of imaginative literature will certainly not help him in his department, and it may actually injure his chances of promotion. An article on Robert Louis Stevenson represents about the extreme limit of academic indulgence. Youth will be youth, and our young fire-eaters probably won't do much harm by an occasional enthusiasm for the Late Victorians, though we older and more experienced heads know that the year of Scott's death is the hither limit of safety — such is the typical attitude. When youth takes to discovering that "The Dynasts" is comparable to "Faust," and that even the Victorian giants produced no such novel as "Nostromo," youth is felt to have placed itself in the natural trajectory of the departmental snub. For, oddly enough, the idea that it is impossible to arrive at a sound valuation of contemporary writing generally stalks abroad in company with the flat assertion that contemporary literature is not worth evaluating.

Well, what light is thrown upon this representative attitude of our editor, and of our official curators of the best that is known and thought in the world, by the discovery which we have just made about critical perspective? A very withering light, it would seem. And indeed I can make of such assertions nothing but a sheer denial of the entire function of criticism — a denial, moreover, on grounds of pure timidity and preference for the safety that lies in numbers.

Suppose I undertake an estimate of Homer (never mind whether the Iliad was actually written by Homer or by "another man of the same name"). Either I must see merely what has always been seen in Homer and parrot what has

always been said about him, or else I must see Homer as no man has ever done and display him in the light of ideas never refracted upon him before. If I do the former thing, where is the critical adventure, the service to good art and its standards, the contribution to any man's knowledge of great literature or of anything else? And if I do the latter thing, where, pray, is the sanction of time, the "perspective"? If I am going to see Homer, a poet of three thousand years ago, as if he were new, as if he were a poet of this week concerning whom no Saturday reviewer had as yet turned out copy at a cent a word — why, for all I can see, he might as well *be* a poet of this week.

This is exactly the *impasse* into which the traditional insistence on perspective always brings you. Either there is nothing in your criticism except what many have felt and some of them said, or else what you see and feel has no sanction from the antiquity of the thing criticised. "Sanction" is a dignified expression, but it is applicable only to an oft-told tale of the common experience. To go in for criticism is to get along without the advantage of any past or present consensus. A work of the human imagination, whatever the time of its production, can be estimated aright only by one person at one time, and by as fresh and unprecedented a creative act as if no other critical judgment had ever faced the same phenomenon. The ultimate sanction, when all is said, is in the response of the individual soul which, by an intuitive act of perception, thrills to the great presence, feels that electric virtue has flowed along its own exposed ganglia, and, beyond argument or cavil, knows that it knows. This experience is wholly contemptuous of the mere stretch of time between criticism and its object, and it has not to reckon with what other men have said or omitted to say. The true sanction of criticism, as of other art, is in terms of itself; the decisive factor is the capacity of the critic to be suitably articulate about experiences worth having. If he is worth believing when he says that "The

History of Tom Jones" (1749) or "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" (1859) is a great novel, he is exactly as well worth believing, and for the same reasons, when he says that "Memoirs of a Midget" (1921) is a great novel. When he says either, he is simply recording a great experience of his own. All experience is living — that is to say, contemporary — while anyone is having it. So is all criticism.

And, since criticism is nothing if not contemporary, it is a fight. There is no doubt about that. It does not comport with the temper of the man who would rather wait passively, letting the truth fend for itself in this uncertain and precarious world, than run the risk of having to confess later that he chose the wrong side, put his money on the wrong horse. The good critic is he who weighs his convictions until he thinks they are come of age, tests the validity of his experience by every available law, strips his conscious motives of the last vestige of truckling self-interest, and then dashes whole-heartedly into what can only be called the fray. Like any other good artist, he is serving an insistent need, not a theory. He is fighting in a cause, not taking a straw ballot. And this cause is the truth about living literature of whatever epoch, as that truth speaks itself to his own mind's experience in the present moment.

There is every assurance that he, this good critic, will find himself, so far as the mass of his fellows is concerned, a lonely man. Nevertheless, like other artists, he has a certain consolation and strength in his humble conviction of fellowship with the great of all ages. For he is the inheritor of at least that significant portion of eternity between himself and Homer; and that, perhaps, is enough for one man.

A SUSSEX MAN

By E. L. GRANT WATSON

JACK JOYES, farm laborer and milker, was for three years my next-door neighbor. We shared the same house: one of those old houses built of Gault stone, situated upon that thin line of Gault which separates the greensand from the chalk of the south downs. It is easy to see in the south countries in England how most of the old buildings lie situated upon this particular outcrop of rock. Where the stone was quarried, there the houses were set. They mark a line along the base of the downs; it was here rather than further inland that the ancestors of the modern Englishman built. This particular house had once been a farmhouse, but was now divided, and formed two spacious cottages. It stood alone on a side lane. At that time it possessed no special name of its own, and I could find no record of its ever having had a name. Upon the oak gate-post was carved in deep, bold letters the inscription Z.13. These letters I adopted as my postal address.

My neighbor was a man of about sixty-five. His features were hard with what seemed, at first meeting, a grim and savage expression. Later I came to see in the pronounced contours of his face (features which looked as if they had been cut from a piece of wood) a stoical sadness, a patience, a resentful resignation. He was Slavonic rather than Teuton, reminding me of the carvings of the Serbian sculptor Maestrovitch. He drew from the soil, with which all his life he had been so much in contact, the same strength and patience, the same genius for endurance as are divined by the intuition of that great artist.

For some weeks after my arrival, we did not speak much

to one another. Doubtless he looked with hostility upon me as a member of a different class. What right had I to live in that gloomy old cottage?

It was with his wife that I first made friends. Mrs. Joyes was very small in stature. She was ten years younger than her husband, and her bright, rosy face, like some withered apple, was puckered by a network of lines. She had blue eyes and usually wore a blue dress; they matched well together. She had too, as I found later, a wealth of practical philosophy. She had been married before, and had had ten children by her first husband. Phyllis, the little girl of eleven, who was so often hanging about my back door and watching me with her large, wide-open, blue eyes, was the child of her old age, the only fruit of the second marriage. I could feel at first that Mrs. Joyes shared her husband's hostility. She was suspicious. A young man living alone without a woman! That seemed to her difficult to explain, unnatural, as no doubt it was.

She was curious about me. One day she came into my kitchen and watched me cooking. She was interested in my Primus stove, had never seen one before, wanted to have it explained, yet was afraid to touch it, alarmed at the noise that it made. But what really broke the ice between us was a mincing-machine. "Do you think that would take bits of apple if I were to cut them up?" she said. "I've had some apples given me, but I can't eat 'em. I've got no teeth." She shook her head and her smile widened. "I can manage to bite anything else pretty well with my gums, but them apples are a bit too hard. I do dearly love a bit of apple." We ground up a couple of apples. They degenerated into a kind of brown slush, but she seemed satisfied with the result which she ate with a spoon, smacking her gums and twinkling her little blue eyes at me. "A handy thing, that," she said, "for them as hasn't got any teeth." I made her a present of the machine. She was a little reluctant to accept it, though I could see that she was immensely pleased. She gave me a smile every morn-

ing after that, but it was not till several weeks later that she came in with an invitation that I should go that evening and sit with them.

They had one of those old-fashioned fireplaces with alcoves on either side. Joyes, who had unbent towards me with a kind of passive acquiescence, made me sit in the place of honor — a very worn old wicker chair, though comfortable. He himself sat opposite in his shirt sleeves, with the two waistcoats that he wore opened and unbuttoned at the breast.

On his knee was a large gray cat that arched and purred and walked round, as cats do, kneading and pulling at his corduroy trousers with its claws. Joyes teased it by pushing its whiskers the wrong way. "A fine old cat; you don't find many cats like this," he said proudly. "A rat-catcher. He can catch a rat just like most cats catch a mouse. He belongs to a long family of rat-catchers. It all depends on the breed. Some are no good at all. — Got to work and fight for their living same as anybody else. But they stray, get out in the woods after rabbits and never come back. This one's been away a long time. I thought I'd lost him, but he come back all right." He paused, pulling at the cat's whiskers, looking at it meditatively from under his fierce, overhanging brows. "Never feed a cat," he continued. "That's what spoils them. That's the mistake people make. It makes them lazy. Give them a little milk now and then, that's all."

We talked for a while of cats and of their ways, but not for long. Joyes had been up and working since four-thirty that morning. He nodded between his sentences and soon fell asleep. Mrs. Joyes also snoozed, though once or twice she roused herself and apologized. I shook my head sleepily, and then, because of the warm air in the cottage and the closeness of the fire, I followed their example. It was not perhaps the most sociable way of passing the evening, but it promoted a certain intimacy and a simplicity of understanding.

Every morning, including Sundays, I would hear Joyes

going off to his work at four-thirty. He was a milker and had a walk of a good two miles to the farm where he worked. In the summer, I used in a sleepy way to envy him that two miles along the under edge of the downs in the early dawn (once or twice I went with him); but in the dark, cold winter nights, I would feel ashamed at my own immunity from that exacting routine, and the comparative softness, as far as material things were concerned, of my own life. Joyes milked ten cows before breakfast. He then drove the milk to Amberly station, that lay another two miles from the farm, to catch the milk train up to London. At the station he would have an easy time for half an hour or so. From the guard and the porters he gathered news of the world. This was his chief source of information of outside affairs, for he had never been taught to read. How he escaped all elementary education I learned when he told me the story of his childhood and youth.

It was not difficult to see that he resented his inability to read. "Too late to learn now," he would say, shaking his head and frowning. Sometimes he would look at illustrated papers, but never for long. He seemed to be exasperated by the letterpress, which he could not understand. Sometimes in the evenings I would read aloud to him, but I think he found it difficult to follow.

Round about the house there was a large, empty garden, much neglected by the former tenants. It was divided roughly in half by a footpath leading to an outhouse at the far end. That on the right of the path was my territory, while my neighbor possessed the rather larger strip on the left. It was a beautiful deep, light soil, but shockingly overgrown with couch grass and horsetail. It was over our efforts to clear the soil of these arch enemies of the gardener that we made friends. Joyes had grown old in that struggle; he understood the habits of the couch, and could recommend the best ways of dealing with the tangled masses. In the evenings we would light fires together, and watch the thin lines of smoke

curl upward from the piles of weeds. On the long summer evenings when the regular work of the day was finished, we would give our time to our gardens. Mrs. Joyes and Phyllis often came out to help — my neighbor had here the advantage, for I was single-handed. We had the same task of forking up the couch and picking over the soil for the white stems. All of Sunday that was left to him after his work at the farm, Joyes gave to his garden. We worked together and, at times, talked.

He was a great talker when once he had got over his initial distrust. His opinions were most of them hard-formed and unshakable. On politics, religion, the war, women, game-keepers and all forms of poaching, he had made up his mind. Only occasionally would a certain diffidence show itself; he would shake his head, listen, and frown. I have often thought that he might have had a fine intelligence had it been developed. His mentality seemed like the stump of some felled tree, stunted yet alive with shoots. One evening while planting young cabbages, he told me the story of his life. It was really only a little bit of the story of his life, but it accounted for much.

"How was it that you never learnt to read?" I had asked him.

"I never went to school."

"Didn't you have to?"

"No, I ran away from home when I was four years old." He laughed, gave one of his most expressive winks and shook his head. "My mother died when I was a baby. I don't remember her. My father married again. His second wife didn't like me.—That's why I ran away. I went to a farm not many miles off, but no one troubled to look for me.—I think she was glad to be rid of me so easy." He turned to the cabbages, planting them at intervals along a line. I asked some question or other. "Yes, a hard time. The farmer made me work, first of all at scaring birds and at other things as soon as I could. I slept in an old shed that the goats used to

live in. The women would give me scraps to eat at the door, but never let me into the house. I was dirty and covered with lice. I was wild and hungry too." He stood up now and faced me, or rather towered above me from his gaunt height. "I didn't have a time like the children have now. No, I didn't. — He was a driver, that farmer. — The cold of the winters." He rubbed his elbows. His frown deepened as he dwelt upon the bitterness of those years. "A poor little devil I was with no one to care whether I lived or died. I hadn't any proper clothes even. I wore any old things that they threw out to me."

Again he paused and shook his head. "You wouldn't believe it all." He stooped, picked up some more cabbage plants.

"But didn't the police come and ask about you?"

"Things weren't like they are now. It was a lonely place in Hampshire, a big rough farm lying right away by itself — not many people about. The farmer wanted to keep me to work for nothing. He saw I was a strong one to work. I did a damned lot of work for him. I didn't know any better."

"How long did you stay? Didn't he pay you?"

"He paid me nothing at first. When I was a lad, he gave me four pence a week and a better place to sleep in. He never taught me anything, what you might call learning, not even to wash myself — never had no schooling."

"How long did you stay?" I repeated.

"Till I was nigh sixteen or thereabouts." He shook his head slowly. "You think me a fool to stay as long, but I didn't know any better. One day I was out ploughing and it came to me, why should I stay and work. I was frightened of my boss. I didn't like him but I was not so frightened as I used to be. I was grown to be a strong, likely lad. — When I came to turn the plough one time, I stopped the horses. I unfastened them from the pole and let them stray into the hedge and crop the grass. I looked round scared at myself — my heart beating. I remember now just how it was. Then I

cleared off through the woods." He laughed. "I was frightened of people, didn't like to be seen. Can you believe it? I tramped for two days without speaking to anyone. Then I was hungry and got a job — odd work at one place or another. I earned some money, bought some soap and cleaned myself up. I wasn't so bad looking when I was clean. The first long job I got was on a railway bank. A lot of men together. I earned ten shillings a week. I found then I was a bit of a fighter. I used to fight with other lads and other men older than myself for money. They'd bet on us. — I could take a lot of hammering. — I was all right with the women too. I found that out." He shook his head, again frowned, grinned, and winked. "Oh, things weren't so bad then, I was my own master. I never stayed at any job longer than I liked — I'd go tramping — I've been mostly all over this country hereabouts. It wasn't so hard to pick up a living as it is now — plenty of game and rabbits in the woods. I knew how to pick up things of that sort. I was up to all the tricks." He paused smiling and eyed me as if wondering if I were worthy of his confidence. "Do you know how to best a dog, a fierce dog, the sort you can't make any mistakes with?"

I admitted that I did not.

"It's not a thing everyone knows. If you can get the frog of a horse's foot, the bit the smiths cut out sometimes, it has a strong smell. You put a few drops of aniseed on it. — There's no dog can refuse it. That's all right I can tell you." He chuckled at recollections.

"Now I'm telling you all about it," he said. "It may come in useful some day."

"And what happened to you after that? When did you marry?"

"I married when I was quite a young chap. A fine woman she was, my first wife, a big woman with a lot of hair. Fine hair she had. I thought a lot of it then. She was a farmer's daughter, altogether superior — but she would have me."

He paused as if there were nothing else to say, as if the

story was finished. I prompted him with questions, for I wanted to hear the rest.

After his marriage he had settled down to regular work as a farm laborer. He had moved with his family from place to place, but all those middle years had been a record of unbroken toil. There had been children, twelve of them, I think. A certain number had died in infancy. There was a boy who was a sailor, another who was a soldier, and one who had died as a soldier in India of some horrible and strange complaint of which I was given the full details. Things had not gone very easily at home; that was the impression he gave me. He was not willing to speak of that part of his life, but rambled off into the experiences of his sons. He told me about India and Persia, but on these distant matters it was difficult to follow. His ideas were jumbled, and I found the simplest rejoinders that I made being twisted and put to uses other than I intended.

By the end of the evening, we found ourselves talking about London. For London he had a great reverence. He had once been in London and lost himself amongst the houses. The great city stood for power which rose beyond his comprehension. Well, in London they knew about everything; they worked the Empire from there, and the war. He would shake his head after speaking about it and spit. It was not a subject that could be gone into.

Often in the intervals of gardening we talked and sometimes, sitting upon the wall in front of the house, gave ourselves up altogether to conversation. Always I found him an entertaining talker, but when he got beyond the simple and concrete facts of country life, he gave the impression of some blind creature knocking itself against hard projections whose presence he could not understand. His mind was filled with hostilities. All foreigners he distrusted, Germans in particular, and he would have killed any foreigner gladly had he been allowed. Other people, too, he would have killed at a word of encouragement. In the early days of the war he had

been to five separate recruiting stations and had begged to be allowed to go and kill foreigners overseas.

In those days, even in that quiet corner of Sussex, the word revolution was to be heard. For Joyes, as for many others of the downtrodden, it meant only revenge. He would listen and nod his head, his features would become wooden and his eyes fierce and alert. In theory he hated all rich people, though he was kindly enough when it came to individuals, and when he spoke of the rich, the browned whites of his eyes would roll with spontaneous ferocity, and the folds of skin on his forehead grow to a set frown. Openly he would declare that he was a radical. (He had lost several posts through this boldness.) By a radical he understood someone who was up against the conservatives. "I know all about the 'servities,'" he would say. "They are the enemies of the poor man," and he would shake his head with the peasant sagacity born of facts, not to be changed by argument.

With the farmer who was his employer, Joyes was on good terms. I think the two men appreciated and liked one another; yet for more than three years Joyes had had no holiday, not a single day off in all that time. If I had not put the idea into his head, I don't think he would have asked for one. He was content; a change, as in itself something to be desired, he had not thought of. Yet on consideration, if other men had holidays, perhaps he, too, should have one. He was several months thinking over the idea, but at last made his request. One evening he hailed me with the news that he was going to have a holiday on the morrow.

It was a beautiful, sunny day in June. Joyes had put on his best clothes to mark the occasion — those which he kept for funerals — for unless he had on different clothes from his usual ones he felt that he ought to be working, so he told me. He was all smiles at the radiance of the day, and rather self-conscious of his unusual get up. "I shall have to change these things, damn it if I shan't," he said. "Take your coat off,

that will ease you," suggested his wife. "It's warm enough in the sun." He took off his coat, and after breakfast we sat on the steps of his house, basking.

There was a line of men working in a field opposite, about two hundred yards distant. They were hoeing turnips, moving in a diagonal line, one behind another. We sat watching the automatic, rhythmical movement of their bodies, and as I watched I could feel that Joyes was growing restless. "They don't know how to hold their hoes, not properly," he complained. "When I was a young fellow I was good at turnip hoeing. It's a nice job, once you get into it." We sat silent for a short time, I, for my part, enjoying the warm sunlight and the indolence of the morning. Joyes stood up suddenly. He looked down at me, laughing and frowning and shaking his head, as was his way. "I shall just slip across for a little and show them how to do it, and pass the time of day. — Mother, give me my hoe, not the new one, the old one. — Yes, that's the one I like." "Now mind you don't stay there long," said Mrs. Joyes. "Remember you've got your best trousers on." "All right, mother." Then to me: "The old woman looks after me, don't she?" "I've need to," said she. Joyes shouldered his hoe, shook his head and departed smiling.

I watched him walk across the intervening field. The work party stopped, forming into a little group as he joined them. There was time for a short conversation, then Joyes took the head of the line. I watched his action with admiration. It was a beautiful, easy swing, that seemed to be without effort as if man and hoe were of one flesh. He was far the oldest of the party, yet even from that distance it could be seen that he was the most alive. The others picked up under his leadership; he gave a fresh energy to their movements. Mrs. Joyes came out and joined me on the steps. She brought with her a bowl of early peas, and we sat together shelling them. "That's a nice way of spending a holiday!" she commented at last. "He'll stay out now all day, see if he doesn't."

He came back at the lunch hour with a wet shirt. "You've spoilt your trousers," said his wife. "You ought to know better." "Gor-damn-it, yes. I better go and change them." He winked at me as if depreciating his action, yet expecting sympathy. He had nothing else to say though it was obvious that he had enjoyed his morning.

After the mid-day meal, changed and in his right trousers, he went back and finished the day's work in the field of a man who was not his employer and for whom he had a personal aversion. That was how he spent his one holiday.

Did I pity him or envy him? I asked myself. I do not know which of those emotions was uppermost.

One evening I received from my neighbors an invitation to supper. This was quite unexpected, for they had never before asked me to share their food. I could see that it was to be something of an event. Mrs. Joyes, very smiling and affable, was a little mysterious about it. I was to come at a named time, I was not to come early, if I didn't mind, but wait till everything was ready. At the appointed hour, Phyllis came in to fetch me.

On the table were two roast pheasants. Very good they looked and smelt. All the family were watching me. Joyes gave an enormous grin. "A poor man's supper." He ostentatiously sharpened a knife. "I believe he thinks we've taken two of his chickens," said Mrs. Joyes, who was proudly concerned in the success of her cooking. "These be hedge chickens," said her husband. I made some pretense of looking at them closely. "Have I ever seen these birds before?" I asked. Again he grinned. "Ah, that would be telling." He shook his head wisely, held it on one side, put his finger on his lips and winked. Yes, indeed it would, and I *was* told all the latter history of those birds before the evening was out, but not till I had finished my second helping and had so shared in the guilt of their death a full month before the first of October.

It was as I thought; I had seen them often enough on

other occasions. I had seen them fly over the hedge into the garden in the early mornings from the jealously guarded coverts of Petram Park.

"How did you get them without a gun?"

"I caught them. — It's an old trick," he continued. "Terribly easy things to catch, pheasants."

He showed me his contrivance, which seemed very simple when explained. It had been shown to him years back by some old tramp or poacher. Out of stout brown paper he had made little horns, such as grocers make for the boiled sweets they sell to children. At the bottom of each horn there was a dab of birdlime, and on the birdlime wheat and aniseed. On the inside of the horn about two inches from the base was another small dab of lime. That was all. The brown paper horns were left out of doors overnight, scattered about among the cabbages. The pheasants unsuspecting of brown paper twists, so like dead leaves in shape and color, had pecked at the grains of their loved aniseed; the dab of birdlime, placed just at the right spot adhered to their crests, and when the birds' heads were lifted, the little horns of paper had remained fixed in front of their eyes, obscuring all the view. Unable to see, the pheasants had been afraid to fly, or if they had flown it had not been far. They had waited helplessly for Joyes to come out with his stick and hit them over the head.

After I had eaten his birds and had thus become a sharer in his guilt, I was more fully admitted to his friendship. He told many stories of his past. Some of a nature not to be set down, of a savagery only suspected of Balkan peoples. He had been a fighter and a drinker. The two had gone very much together. But now he couldn't take drink as he used to. He'd given it up, it caused too much trouble. He'd taken the pledge — besides it didn't agree with his stomach. He had always been a poacher. Poaching was quite different from stealing. He saw no reason why a poor man shouldn't take, if he could catch them, the creatures that ran on the

ground or burrowed under it. They belonged to themselves till they were caught; no rich man could have a claim. As a poacher, he had learned a certain amount of wood-craft, had watched wild creatures and had definite feelings towards them. Robins and wagtails (dish-washers he called the latter) he was fond of. He liked to see the dish-washers following the plough together with rooks and sea gulls, and the robins following his spade, very close and tame. Starlings he liked for the variety of their talk and the bubbling noises they made under the tiles at nesting time. And sparrows, he had a fellow feeling for sparrows: Love-birds, he called them, or Tommy-come-again.

Like most countrymen his knowledge of wild things was of very uncertain quality. Where he had himself observed, it was accurate, but often it was of doubtful truth. At the back of the house there was a deep well of drinking water. Three or four dark-skinned, emaciated frogs were usually swimming about in the water or perched on the bricks at the side. Sometimes a frog would get into my bucket. Having a prejudice about drinking water in which frogs lived and, if left to themselves, would probably die, I used on these occasions to put my captures into a neighboring ditch. Joyes saw me doing this one day. "Ah, put the frog back in the well," he shouted. "I always puts them back. They eat up all the little germes there be in the water. The water in that well, it's the best you'd find anywhere in these parts, beautiful, clear drinking water, that's because of the frogs — they keep it clean."

His enthusiasm for the frog-purified drinking water was not always constant, and, in spite of his having taken the pledge, there were times when he reverted to stronger liquors. Perhaps it was the influence of the pledge, or perhaps the pangs of indigestion that he got after any excesses that kept him now so temperate. Only once did I see him properly drunk. On that terrible occasion there came back upon him all the fury and violence of his early life. I have seen a good

deal of drunkenness at one time and another, and know well the gold-mining towns of Northwest Australia where two men out of three are drunk on a Sunday afternoon, but never have I seen such violence, such concentrated, yammering passion.

It was on Boxing night. He had been out all the evening, and I could feel that Mrs. Joyes was anxious. We heard from far down the lane a prodigious roaring that might have been that of a wild beast. "O God, that's Joyes," she said, and her little red cheeks went suddenly pale. Then after a moment's thought: "You go along now, leave him to me. — It's best not to cross him. — I think you had better bolt your door," she added.

I went to my cottage and stood in the doorway listening. Joyes was coming down the lane, shouting and blaspheming. I think there must have been some bicyclist in the way, for I heard Joyes with tears in his voice beseeching someone to get off his bicycle and fight. There was a scuffle, but the bicyclist must have escaped. Joyes was left roaring his rage and derision. He sounded like some wild animal in torture. Never in England have I known a man appear so terrible and dangerous. I thought about poor Mrs. Joyes and her white face. Ought I to stand between them and let him kill me? She had told me to clear out and leave it to her; she probably knew her own business best. Yet it seemed a cowardly action to go inside and slide the bolt. I went upstairs and listened. He came straight to my door. There was no staggering in his gait; he was not stupidly drunken, but just raging with the lust to kill. He called upon me to come out and fight. He would fight me with one hand, and then somewhat inconsequently he added that he would kick the life out of me in two minutes. Would I come down and be killed? He shouted his challenge. He told me all the things he had thought about me, my class and my appearance. They were not flattering. No doubt the instinctive and the right thing would have been to go down and fight him. On the morrow

he would have liked me the better, that is, if there had been anything of me left. I remained unheroically where I was. There were reasons for refusing his invitation.

After a time he gave me up in disgust, and went off muttering to his own door. I heard the latch lift and the door slam behind him. Then there was silence, utter and surprising silence. I thought of little Mrs. Joyes and the courage for endurance that women have. How was it she was managing that giant of wrath?—for the fury of his passion could not so suddenly have burnt out.

The next day he did not go to work as usual. I saw him late in the morning sitting on his doorstep. He was bent forward in the position of Rodin's "Penseur." From time to time he groaned. He looked up at me and shook his head slowly. "I feel bad," he said. Then after a pause. "I can't take it as I used — gets me in the guts terrible bad." He was silent, eyeing the ground, but I could feel that he was glad of my presence. "My missus she takes on, she won't speak to me now." He looked up, drawing down the corners of his mouth. "I don't know how it is, I didn't take much, not very much, but it seems to go to my head." He raised himself with a sudden gust of passion, and with clenched hands lifted, called out with a curse: "I swear I won't take another drop. I swear I won't touch it," and then suddenly collapsing, "Oh dear, oh dear."

Mrs. Joyes came into the doorway. She regarded him with that cold anger that only women can achieve towards the men that they love. "I've heard him swear like that before." She was scornful. "I wouldn't waste my time talking to him after the way he behaved." She went in abruptly.

I felt ashamed both for myself and for the pain-stricken penitent, yet I stayed on and talked.

During the next few days I heard more of his story, partly from Mrs. Joyes and partly from him. Although he had been a terrible drinker and fighter, latterly the pains of indigestion had almost cured him — indigestion and the severe

treatment adopted by his wife. For his part he only hinted at the appalling severity of her resentment; it was she who revealed the nature of her reprisal. A few years ago he had been very much worse, and although he had never struck her, she admitted that his bouts set her all a-tremble. There were two men he had very nearly killed. He had been in jail many times. "No pleasure in the home," she had added with naïve pathos. At last as a protest she had left him and had gone to live with another man at Brighton. She and her child had stayed with this man for more than six months. What the relationship had been she left ambiguous, but Joyes had been moved to great wrath and to great humiliation. It had seemed to him a terrible disgrace. It had brought him to his knees. He had taken the pledge, was a reformed man; only three times had he been really drunk since then.

It took them both some days to get over this last outbreak, Mrs. Joyes to forgive, and Joyes to recover his natural firmness. He talked more than usual during that period. And whether it was the drink or the indigestion or remorse, the religious and emotional side of his character came uppermost. Often he would talk about Lord Jesus Christ. There was awe and reverence but no cringing in his attitude towards his God and his Savior. He spoke as if he knew them well; they on their part would know and understand him and his needs. There were some people, no doubt, who might in ignorance or pride get up against those mainly beneficent though jealous powers. Well, he for his part was humble; he knew his place. If others were over-daring, he could afford to wait and watch their destined end.

There was a young airman who troubled Joyes a good deal. Most of his week-end leaves (and he seemed to have them pretty regularly) he would spend in joy flights, risking his life and using a good deal of government petrol. His reckless daring would call forth the older man's admiration. Joyes was never tired of watching him loop the loop. It seemed to him miraculous that the young fellow didn't fall out when

his machine was upside down. He would watch him climbing to a height, spiralling up and up, to come fluttering down like a leaf right to what seemed within a few yards of the woods, and then, when one thought he had crashed, he skimmed over the tree-tops. "Blessed if he be afraid of God or Devil," he said. "He's a lad, he be." Then after a silence, his eyes fixed and his brows joined in a frown: "Lord Jesus Christ, He won't allow anyone else flying about like that. That lad's too clever. Lord Jesus Christ, He don't allow anyone else to be as clever as that." Sunday after Sunday he would stand staring skywards, wasting the precious time that he liked to give to his gardening, divided in emotion between admiration and religious disapproval. When at last the young fellow crashed and broke his thigh, Joyes was filled with the sagacity of his forebodings. "That's what I told you. Just what I said. He's a clever young chap, but Lord Jesus Christ, He's too clever for he."

As he was confident and of fixed mind upon religious questions, he had his own unshakable opinions upon the war. The Germans were going to win the war; he was quite definite about that. He held his opinion in spite of the general optimism and the national confidence to the contrary. He had met a lot of Germans at one time and another, and knew all about them. They were clever, and they went everywhere. They would get on where an Englishman would starve. They would live on less and work harder. Yes, a German was worth six I-talians. An I-talian was only a "dago," and a Frenchy wasn't much different, but a German! He knew all about the Germans, he and a woman pal of his had fought with two Germans once. They had fought at close quarters, the woman with an umbrella and a hat pin, and he had used his fists and his boots and finally his teeth. He and his pal had only just come out on top. It was hard to best them. And then as an overwhelming argument: there were more Germans than there were Englishmen, and it wasn't every Englishman who knew how to fight as well as he did. They'd

win the war. He'd shake his head gloomily, and one could see that he was brooding over the mistake made by the government in not allowing him to go to Flanders.

He came home very pleased one day with six new, or almost new sacks. He had bought them cheap; got the lot for a tanner. They were a little damp; so he hung them up on a line to dry. Across each sack was written in large black letters: MADE IN GERMANY.

"They are good sacks; can't think why I got them so cheap. They are made of fine strong stuff." Then knitting his brows, and looking intently at me. "There's not anything wrong about them, is there?"

"No, they are made of good stuff, and you got 'em cheap. You know what's written on them?"

"No, blessed if I do."

"Made in Germany."

"Gor-damn-it is that so? Damned if I'll have any German stuff lying about my place." He began to pull the sacks from the line. "I couldn't read, silly old fool that I am. I'll burn 'em fast enough. See if I don't. Here, Missus, what's this written on these sacks? Made in Germany, is that it? I won't have none of their stuff about my place."

Mrs. Joyes shook her head and laughed. "There, did you tell him?" she said to me. "I don't see why they are not as good made in Germany as elsewhere. Don't you do none of your nonsense."

"No, can't have any German stuff here. I'll burn 'em, danged if I don't."

And he did.

The story became known, and he was chaffed a good deal about his sacks made in Germany. He took his own ingenuousness in good part; I think he rather enjoyed a joke against himself, and his innate ferocity seldom contradicted his good nature.

For three years we were neighbors, and one cannot live close to a man alone in the country for so long without getting to know the intimate emotions of his life. I think the

dominating emotions that Joyes experienced were his pride and love for his little daughter, Phyllis. It was obvious that he got pleasure from merely looking at the child. He would sit and gaze at her. I don't think he ever thought of disguising his emotions, and so it was no wonder that Phyllis was what is called a spoilt child. She knew just how far she could go with her father, or thought she did. She would worry him for pennies, and get them too. He found it difficult to refuse her anything, though he would grumble when she asked for money. Phyllis was one of those little girls who are always talking. She was precocious and clever in her way. Her chief fault was that she was always making a noise, and if she had nothing to say and no questions to ask, she would repeat her lessons over and over again in a loud sing-song voice. At school she was in a class rather in advance of her age. Her father never let a chance go of telling one that fact; he must have told me dozens of times. I think he felt that in her shone all his own potentialities, those elements in his character which had never developed.

Although Mrs. Joyes maintained that he spoilt the child, I sometimes heard the threat, "I'll tell your father on you." Phyllis, who was intelligent enough to perceive the passion that lay dormant under his mask of resignation, would submit, for the time, to her mother. One of the troubles was that, like most other children, she stole things. She was particularly fond of stealing sugar and raisins. It was over this that Mrs. Joyes was so upset; sugar and raisins cost a good deal in a poor household. I don't think she ever told her husband; she knew the strictness of his code, and was, by experience and temperament, unwilling to raise his anger. She set a break-back mousetrap in the sugar tin, and had the satisfaction of knowing that she had caught her daughter's fingers. That no doubt was a salutary lesson, but it did not suffice. A crisis came suddenly. Joyes together with his daughter was involved in a betrayal of trust. He was moved to a terrible paroxysm of anger and pain.

One Sunday morning I heard great wailings coming from

the cottage next door. I went out to see what was the matter. In the wash-house at the back, Joyes was seated on a chair. The child was held firmly between his knees, she was weeping with terror. The man was also shaken with sobs. His hands were uplifted, tears coursed down the deep lines of his face, ran into the gray hairs of his moustache and dripped off the ends. "Don't let me touch her, don't let me touch her," he cried. "I daren't strike her. If I struck her I'd kill her. Don't let me strike her. I daren't strike her." He called to me to come and hear. "The little hussy, the little hussy," he sobbed. "She has brought shame on me."

He could hardly find words for the story; he sobbed, and all the while tears ran down his face. It came slowly with repetitions, and while he spoke he held his large work-hardened hands trembling above the child's head, afraid lest contact with her might tempt him to kill the thing he loved. He had offered to post a letter for a neighbor. He had forgotten about it, and brought it home to his cottage. He remembered it and gave it to Phyllis and told her to post it. She hadn't wanted to, and had said as much. "Very well then," he had said, "I'll give you a penny. Run along now and post it." She had taken the penny and made off, but she had not posted the letter. She had thrown it into a ditch and had gone off to play with some other children. And now, a week later, the letter had been found. He tasted the full bitterness of it all. He would have to tell the people who had sent the letter how his child, that he was always boasting about, had betrayed him. She had stolen the letter, she was a thief, for it came to that, so he declared. "She took the penny, the little hussy," he kept repeating.

He still held her tight between his knees, loving and hating her, unable to give her the beating which he felt she deserved, afraid lest he might kill her because of the passions within him of love and of hatred.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

HERO WORSHIP

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, *by* LORD CHARNWOOD, *Atlantic Monthly Press.*

IT seems impossible to speak of this book without reference to Lord Charnwood's "Lincoln." The first of his two American studies impressed almost everyone as a notable contribution to our conception of its subject. It showed an understanding of simple life on the Illinois "frontier" which was uncanny in an English writer. It showed detailed study of difficult military and political problems involved in the narrative. It showed an appreciation of both the intellectual and the moral qualities of Lincoln as complete as any native Lincoln-worshipper could desire. But, above all, it gave one the sense from chapter to chapter of a keen, experienced, judicial, and thoroughly honest mind engaged in the sifting and weighing of evidence, and coming to clear conclusions upon the principal questions of character and questions of policy. Lord Charnwood had not merely written the life of Lincoln; he had *thought* his way through it from point to point.

I believe that he tried to do the same thing with his "Theodore Roosevelt"; but the effect of this book, upon at least one reviewer, is different. With his winning candor, he admits at the outset that he had long regarded Roosevelt with a species of hero worship. He admits, too, a desire which no wise man need be ashamed to share — a desire for the growth of understanding and of ready human sympathy between the people of the British Commonwealth of Nations and the American people. And then he seems to proceed, as in the previous case, to think his way keenly, critically, and honestly through the life of Roosevelt in order to reach something like the conclusions of posterity with regard to the quality of his character and the worth and wisdom of his work. Upon an English public, in which, as he says, one seldom hears "mention of a political biography such as Mr. Bishop's *Life and Times of Theodore Roosevelt*" — upon such a public Lord Charnwood's concise judgment in some 212 pages may produce the impression of an adequate summary and verdict. Upon those of us who have

not merely read Mr. Bishop's work but have also been devouring Roosevelt biographies for the past twenty years, and have had the sound of his conflicts about us for the past thirty years, this concise verdict inevitably produces an effect of over-simplification.

Lord Charnwood disclaims any personal acquaintance with Roosevelt, and he makes no pretense of bringing to the discussion of the disputable points any special "inside information." Within the limited scope of his treatment, there is not space for the presentation and examination in detail of any of the philosophic biographer's problems. For the complicated facts in the case of Roosevelt vs. the American people, one must turn elsewhere, as his English biographer would doubtless cheerfully admit. What, then, is the value of this book? As a tolerably diligent reader of Roosevelt literature, I am constrained to testify that it alters my previous impression of Roosevelt very slightly, if at all, and such alteration as it effects it produces by indirect means, as follows: I have some reason to think of Lord Charnwood as a wise and just observer of this wicked world, an observer equipped with a British politician's knowledge of the immense difficulties which beset any man who attempts to bring anything righteous to pass under the sun through political action. Well, Lord Charnwood informs us that, after scrutiny of the accessible information, he is convinced that Roosevelt was very steadily occupied in attempting to bring righteous things to pass; on this point most of us agree pretty well. He informs us also of his conviction, that in nearly every case the methods employed by Roosevelt were wise methods; on this point we differ widely.

The succinct arguments which accompany the biographer's verdicts will appear sufficient to every member of the society for the idolization of Roosevelt's memory. It would be idle in the space of this review to bring any arguments against them. When the real question, as here, relates to one's final and comprehensive attitude towards the life work and life-meaning of a great man, the debate cannot be settled by the use of logic or by the production of evidence. The debate, in fact, can never be settled. A man like Roosevelt divides men fundamentally according to the total balance of their human qualities.

Lord Charnwood finds himself unmistakably a Rooseveltian. Consequently, though he seems to struggle here and there to find

his hero a bit discourteous in foreign relations, a bit over-aggressive, a bit hard and insensitive in dealing with pithecoïd people, he almost invariably cries *peccavi* and crosses to the other side when the final vote is cast, a beautiful illustration being the Alaska boundary dispute, of which he says: "I think it perhaps significant that I began to study this point with feelings of intense indignation against Roosevelt, and that I end with the absolute conviction that he did both a very able and a most right and friendly thing."

That is a judgment in accordance with the theory that the critic should identify his point of view with that of the artist whom he criticises. Every believer in "robust Americanism" will rejoice to have such a construction put upon an affair in which our own overfastidious critics have often thought our conduct that of a bully. If Englishmen can be taught to construe in this fashion everything "robust" which our statesmen do, and if Americans can be taught to construe in similar fashion everything "robust" which British statesmen do, there need never be any serious ill feeling between England and America. As for myself, since I have read Lord Charnwood's book, I have been so filled with the "sincere milk" of realistic politics that I am seeking to see the essential kindness and justice in all the ruffian records of history, from the sinking of Spain's fleet in Manila Bay through the invasion of Belgium to the Amritsar massacre.

STUART P. SHERMAN.

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SEVEN POETS

THE PILGRIMAGE OF FESTUS, *by* CONRAD AIKEN, *A. A. Knopf.*

THE BALLAD OF SAINT BARBARA, *by* G. K. CHESTERTON, *G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

THE DREAM AND OTHER POEMS, *by* JOHN MASEFIELD, *Macmillan Co.*

REAL PROPERTY, *by* HAROLD MONRO, *Macmillan Co.*

ROAST LEVIATHAN, *by* LOUIS UNTERMAYER, *Harcourt, Brace & Co.*

AT THE ROOTS OF THE GRASSES, *by* MURIEL STRODE, *Moffat, Yard & Co.*

BLACK ARMOUR, *by* ELINOR WYLIE, *George H. Doran Co.*

HERE is a gathering of seven poets. Each has a certain degree of talent, which has already made its mark upon the world. Each is capable of at least arresting, if not altogether satisfying, our interest. Yet none of these is precisely the ideal performer we are

seeking. None of them can create the final absolute illusion of art, whereby we see certain things done, and do not know how they are done, but can only murmur how beautiful they are. We, as spectators to this varied entertainment, can merely mark in the margin of our programmes what each has and what each lacks. Let us take the poets in alphabetical order.

Mr. Aiken is undoubtedly a richly endowed young man. Knowing himself to be possessed of a fine sense of verbal melody and orchestration, he has hitherto been content to give us variations on themes unworthy of the exercise of his ingenuity. In all his books, I do not think he has yet found a single subject that is important and yet unmistakably his and his alone. He came near to it in "Senlin"; nearer still in "Punch." But something in his own mentality seems to prohibit him from making a clear choice and from adding to his vehicle of technique — undoubtedly very great — a vehicle of thought capable of displaying it to fullest advantage. In "Festus" there is the same old verbal facility, dazzling as ever, but by now repeated so often that our ears have become almost muffled to its magic. But unfortunately "Festus," though avowedly a philosophic and metaphysical poem, tells us nothing, literally nothing about life. The protagonist of the story slips from theory to theory, without arriving at any satisfactory explanation. The publisher of this book has had the temerity to state on the jacket that "Festus" is another "Waste Land" which shares none of the bitter barrenness of that work. There, if I may say so, is precisely Mr. Aiken's defect. Where Mr. Eliot had the mental courage and integrity to stop at a negative conclusion in regard to existence, Mr. Aiken halts halfway. One need not agree with Mr. Eliot, but one can continue to respect him. In "Festus," the author deliberately forfeits both our agreement and our respect.

To turn from this to Mr. Chesterton is to signal a defect in precisely the opposite direction. The author of "The Ballad of Saint Barbara" is armed at all points with dogmatic, pugnacious conclusions. He has, what Mr. Aiken has not, a scale of values of his own. Unfortunately, he is not content to show us what his values are, and to leave it to us without comment. He must at all costs defend his dogmas and prejudices. In consequence, the same hand that in "The Ballad of the White Horse" produced a fine, richly-colored work of art, now descends to cheap chromolithog-

raphy. Mr. Chesterton has degraded all his gifts to the service of journalistic polemics. He is a spell-binder of genius. "The Ballad of Saint Barbara," if it had been written by someone who could combine its vast general sweep of ideas with a mediaeval delight in minute particulars of execution, might have been a masterpiece. Unfortunately it remains, as it is, something that arrests the attention without satisfying it. In violent and unnecessary prodigality of phrase, it fairly out-futurists the Futurists, and yet Mr. Chesterton protests that he is mediaeval! It is a pity he could not be shut up in a cloister, and learn to despise the facile, and the second-rate in himself, as well as he can despise it in others.

One could wish, at all events, that Mr. Masefield could be infected with a tithe of Mr. Chesterton's energy and thundering good spirits. Here is a fine, if unequal artist, utterly wrecked by the modern malady of ennui, and harking back to a past more than moth-eaten, out of sheer disgust for his age. Where, oh, where is now the swift vividness, the intense flame of "Reynard the Fox" and of "Dauber"? To read "The Dream" is to realize how far a great man can fall, if he does not resist to the utmost of his powers the besetting tendency to repeat himself. If any other but John Masefield had written this book, I venture to think that it would have been almost ignored, even in this age of easily gained reputations.

Mr. Monro, on the other hand, has kept a certain measure of dour, determined integrity. He is still seriously interested in the problems of life and art, and he has a certain standpoint on life which is his own without question. He believes that over-consciousness is the enemy, that unconsciously performed acts are the salvation of the world, and that spiritual possessions are the only "real property." Unfortunately, he betrays too often, in his preoccupation with definite form, a slight but effectively paralyzing fear that he may become too difficult, too obscure for the average reader to follow. He is afflicted, I think, with what Samuel Butler called "the fear-of-giving-meself-away-disease": a very common complaint in England to-day. Mr. Monro makes discoveries, but never discovers quite enough. Nevertheless, I do not think there is a single poet in my list who could not learn something from him. Mr. Monro is, and remains, the most important of the living Georgians.

"At the Roots of the Grasses" is unaffected by such besetting fears as afflict Mr. Monro. Miss Strode effectively lets herself go, and the result is appalling and yet intoxicating. It is obvious that she has read Whitman, and cannot get over him. But where Whitman, in the great moments when the God took possession of him, was supremely capable of refining the slag and dross of his own inspiration into great stretches of pure poetry, Miss Strode is not. Here is much wealth, embedded in worthless slag. "At the Roots of the Grasses" is a book to read once, but no more.

There is more, much more, to be said for Mr. Untermeyer. He has, unfortunately, always a chameleon-like facility in imitating the technique of other poets. But he also has in "Roast Leviathan" an attitude towards life which is not assumed, or posed, but which is personal to himself, and yet of general human interest. He needs only a sharper bitterness, a colder and harder irony towards himself, to become a complete artist.

In this respect, and indeed in every respect, he could not do better than to study Miss Wylie's "Black Armour," which concludes my list. The publication of this book is, I think, the most important event in this year's history of American poetry. Here we have the work of an artist, a sensitive and self-conscious artist, who has, like Mr. Monro, an attitude towards the world, and has also a far better technique to express it, and who so far has made no concession to sentiment. This is work not for hasty reading, nor for premature judgment. It will, I think, despite certain accents of over-sophistication, be lasting. If at times too elvishly feminine, and at times too impotently self-obscure, to be art of the highest order, it at least is art, and that is something to be grateful for.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

London.

LINCOLN: FACTS AND INTERPRETATION

THE REAL LINCOLN, by JESSE W. WEIK, *Houghton Mifflin Co.*

LINCOLN, by NATHANIEL WRIGHT STEPHENSON, *Bobbs-Merrill Co.*

THE two most distinguished Lincoln studies in the steady stream of the last months are Weik's "Real Lincoln" and Stephenson's "Lincoln." They are significant in juxtaposition representing as they do two types of Lincoln biographical work—the outgoing and

the incoming. Until recently students have been absorbed with the former, collecting, verifying, checking up the facts of the man's life; facts on ancestry, environment, struggle, education, sacrifice, achievement, tragedy. The day of more leisurely and philosophical interpretation of the mass of documents gathered has arrived.

Mr. Weik is an old hand at collecting and weighing Lincoln material. It was he who forty years ago came to the aid of William H. Herndon — Lincoln's law partner — in his attempt to write a complete life. Herndon was unfitted by temperament and habits to finish what he had begun, but with Weik's help he was able to publish a remarkable book — but one that aroused bitter controversy and left much to be done, so Lincoln's and Herndon's Illinois contemporaries felt. They complained to Weik that Lincoln's personal life and associations, which they so relished, were inadequately treated, and that no sufficient idea was given of the high place he occupied at the Illinois bar. Through the years since Herndon's *Life* was published Mr. Weik has been gathering intimate and exact data particularly on these points. This material interestingly presented, together with welcome glimpses of his collaboration with Mr. Herndon, is set down in the handsome volume, "The Real Lincoln." It is a fresh and substantial contribution to the collected information of the man's life before he entered the presidency — particularly to the legal side of it. The title is too ambitious. It is not the Real Lincoln — only meat — very good meat — for him who shall one day give us the "Real" man. No one has done that yet.

Mr. Stephenson's book is quite another affair. He takes what Herndon, Weik and Nicolay and Hay and other lesser biographers have gathered and seeks to interpret Lincoln. What he is after is a clue or clues to the man — the springs of his action. At more than one point the interpretation suffers from a failure to master completely all the facts in the case; as when he dismisses half-contemptuously the descendants of Mordecai Lincoln, the first of the line to leave New England, as "wanderers of the forest," sunk to "the bottom of the social ladder." This is not true, as a study of easily accessible records proves. Nor is it true that Abraham Lincoln's father Thomas Lincoln was ever "little better than a vagrant." A hundred or more records in the court houses of Kentucky show him a respected citizen and a fairly hard work-

ing man; nor did he ever spell his name Linkhorn, though the clerks of the Kentucky courts — as those of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Virginia had done for his ancestors — spelt it in that and many other ways, as Mr. Stephenson will find that they did his own name if he will consult that entertaining first census of American names!

The book is freely and brilliantly written and bulges with ideas that challenge a reader. Does Mr. Stephenson really believe that Lincoln's strength in the debates with Douglas was literary? From 1854 on, it was hard and continuous thinking coupled with a thorough study of the history of slavery in this country that gave Lincoln his power in debate. The stating of facts and thoughts — so lucidly and simply that nobody could fail to understand their meaning — was a last step in his process. He was never merely literary. He was first and always a student and a thinker.

Again, did not Lincoln understand better than Mr. Stephenson thinks he did what he calls the "negative side of the Southern agitation" — the comparatively small number of slave-owners, the influence of the tariff, the steady propaganda for secession? I think a careful reading of his speeches of the 'fifties, as well as his attitude towards all slavery agitation up to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, shows him weighing this "negative side." We must not forget that Lincoln lived close to slavery and the South all his life, and numbered among his Illinois associates many defenders of the Southern point of view. There were few men north of Mason and Dixon's line or in Congress that saw all around the matter as he did.

Nor was he the hesitant man not knowing his mind, fearful of decision, in the first sixteen months in the White House that Mr. Stephenson so picturesquely describes. A man that before the end of his first month in the presidency — and such a month! — would insist on making good a position in face of a protesting cabinet, as he did in attempting to relieve Sumter, was not hesitant, not even over-long cautious. And certainly a President who could and did promptly, finally, and even artistically put a Secretary of State like Mr. Seward in his place and keep him there, at the same time keeping his loyal friendship, was a man of courage and decision.

It is a satisfaction to find a really provocative Lincoln study. Mr. Stephenson has done something that needed to be done for

Lincoln students. He has cut their leading strings and set them at criticism, interpretation — and he has also proved both the dangers and the fascinations of the attempt.

IDA M. TARBELL.

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SERIOUS STUDIES OF MEN AND BOOKS

MORE BOOKS ON THE TABLE, *by* EDMUND GOSSE, *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

OUTSPOKEN ESSAYS (SECOND SERIES), *by* WILLIAM RALPH INGE, *Longmans, Green & Co.*

STUDIES IN VICTORIAN LITERATURE, *by* STANLEY T. WILLIAMS, *E. P. Dutton & Co.*

THESE three volumes have little in common except that they contain serious studies of persons, books, and ideas peculiarly characteristic of our own period and type of civilization. Mr. Gosse, Dean Inge, and Professor Williams all speak in tones more or less confident and even superior of "the Victorian Age," assuming that it is ended and that it was distinguished from the early part of the nineteenth century and from our own more advanced epoch by easily recognizable marks. We are too close in time to those sixty-four years, which are so conveniently though perhaps speciously isolated, to be able to affirm either that they had a real intellectual unity or that they differed in the essentials of culture from the twenty-two years that have elapsed since Queen Victoria's death. And a designation which does not cover American civilization or take into account the general European or the world movements is of doubtful appropriateness. It is conceivable that historians of civilization may, some time in the future, regard the Victorian Age, and the Age of Hugo, and the Age of, let us say, Roosevelt, and the Age of Mussolini, and so forth, only as minor currents in the Age of Tolstoi.

Mr. Gosse is a veteran reviewer, trained like a retriever to go quickly to the important thing, seize it, and bring it within our reach. It is a pleasure to observe him at work. He is clear, simple, rapid, judicious. He has no mannerisms and neither assumes a pose of bored superiority nor affects to have something startling to tell us. The present volume of only 387 pages contains forty-one essays, some of which are tantalizingly short. He wishes us to know that they are not, save in a few instances, to be regarded as

reviews of the books that have inspired them, but records of the pleasure he found in his weekly reading as critic for the London "Sunday Times." Among the best are those on Sainte-Beuve, A. E. Housman's "Shropshire Lad," the Wrenn Library at Austin, Texas, "Domesday Book," by Edgar Lee Masters, the Two Blind Historians Prescott and Augustin Thierry, and Queen Victoria herself, this last sketch being the first in the volume and giving the keynote of all.

Professor Williams in his fifteen colloquial essays, which are more formal and yet less polished than Mr. Gosse's, restricts himself to English writers, nearly all of them famous, who lived in the second and third quarters of the nineteenth century. He insists upon their Victorianism, whatever that may be, and is at pains to defend it; for apparently there are some callow upstarts who think small things of the great English poets, novelists, and philosophers who made that period illustrious. Professor Williams refers quite seriously and with alarm to "the fact that Arnold has been partly forgotten." Some of Arnold's own understanding of the insignificance of numbers and the supreme importance of a saving remnant would help Professor Williams to possess his soul in patience. He has been much concerned for Arnold's survival, and very diligent in collecting statistics about the sale of his poetical works, a curious method of estimating the endurance of fame. Arnold has become securely famous. A famous poet will always be read so long as the language in which he wrote remains alive. Not in the glistering foil of publishers' accounts, but in the perfect witness of the elect, must a poet expect his meed. Of the four essays on Arnold in Professor Williams's book, the one entitled "Theory and Practice in the Poetry of Matthew Arnold" is the most successful. Others deal with Carlyle, Clough, Kingsley, Landor, and Newman.

The Dean of St. Paul's has a mind extremely receptive of opinions. He listens with straining ears to the voices of our time, especially to the cries of alarmists and faddists, and though his extensive reading in history and philosophy shows him the foolishness of much that he hears, his temperament inclines him to be over-credulous of rumor and to suffer by anticipation of future ills. The present volume contains a long and elaborate statement of his religious belief, bold and frank for a high ecclesiastic, but

neither as clear as it might be nor as explicit as it looks. This is followed by five lectures on the State, which constitute a very compact treatise on political science, though there are one or two strange omissions in the survey of possible forms of government. Then we find an attack upon the common but singularly unsupported assumption that human life as a whole is moving irresistibly towards perfection; this is entitled "The Idea of Progress." It is followed by the inevitable discourse on "The Victorian Age"; by a pessimistic essay on "The White Man and his Rivals," pessimistic, that is, from the white man's point of view; by a brilliant article called "The Dilemma of Civilisation," in which man is shown to be the victim of his own mechanical inventions; and by a very sensible and brave plea for proper birth-control and other eugenic measures.

This is evidently a book of good faith; the author is in earnest; he is richly though not always accurately informed; his subjects are so important and so diverse that it seems almost incredible that one and the same man should venture to write upon all of them and with an air, moreover, of authority, not to say finality. Perhaps it is not uncomplimentary to Dean Inge to say that he has shown himself to be a true Victorian by the audacious breadth of his undertaking. But a Victorian of fifty years ago would have been more hopeful of the future, and most Americans, even today, are more hopeful. Is it the war, and the greater suffering of the English in and after the war, that have made these differences?

Perhaps there are peculiar circumstances in the Dean's personal history or in his environment that have prejudiced him against working-people. Whatever the cause, it is curious and amusing to see this otherwise would-be liberal man lose his balance at every mention of Socialism, Labor, and Collectivism. He seems to approve of theoretical democracy, but its practical implications drive him frantic. He assumes, quite without proof or argument, that internationalism involves class warfare, and exclaims with outrageous dogmatism that "the abolition of the family follows from the abolition of private property." These are either vulgar errors, which so intelligent and conscientious a writer should have avoided, or they are disputable statements which call for proof. On the other hand, Dean Inge shows profound historical sense in declaring that nationalism as we have it now is of very

recent growth and contrary to the grand unifying tendencies that prevailed in Antiquity and the Middle Ages. He thinks it probable that "the present riot of nationalism will be followed by a struggle between two or more types of internationalism," having in mind particularly International Socialism and Roman Catholicism; and as between these two he seems to shudder less at the thought of the former, saying that "a heavy price has to be paid by a civilisation which calls in an ambitious priesthood to save it."

By his authoritativeness the Dean loses authority; by the multiplicity of his talents he awakens doubts of his wisdom; by the superabundance of his citations and opinions he renders his judgment suspect; by the immensity of his outlook into the future he invalidates many of his prophecies. But if a person's mind be "run down" and suffering from temporary vacuity or languor, he will find both stimulus and nourishment in this book; those who are at ease in Zion will receive from reading it many a salutary shock; and the average American reader, whose mental malady may perchance be the endemic optimism of our country, will find here a pharmacopoeia of nauseating but restorative drugs.

GEORGE MCLEAN HARPER.

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TSARIST RUSSIA AND COMMUNIST RUSSIA

MEMORIES OF THE RUSSIAN COURT, *by* ANNA VIROUBOVA, *Macmillan Co.*

MEMORIES OF A SHIPWRECKED WORLD, *by* COUNTESS KLEINMICHEL, *translated by* VIVIAN LE GRAND, *Brentano.*

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS II AS I KNEW HIM, *by* SIR JOHN HANBURY-WILLIAMS, *E. P. Dutton & Co.*

MY ADVENTURES IN BOLSHEVIK RUSSIA, *by* ODETTE KEUN, *Dodd, Mead & Co.*

JUST as the world war has produced a mass of books and memoirs of defeated and victorious participants in the great struggle, statesmen, generals, admirals, financiers, correspondents, scientists, historians, tourists, and adventurers; so the Russian revolution gave the stimulus to an almost equally great literary output. Of course, under the stern rule of the Bolshevik autocrats, only books of direct value to the communist cause have been published in Russia itself. But the flood of refugees from oppressed Russia has inundated Western Europe with men and women of all

professions and pursuits in life, from princes, aristocrats, generals, statesmen, and *bonvivants* to professors, engineers, merchants, manufacturers, writers, and ne'er-do-wells, all of whom have opinions to express, experiences to relate, or grievances to tell. To these must be added the foreign visitors of all shades and professions, some with fair knowledge and keen power of observation, some less particular of truth as long as the information they furnish furthers their own ends, and some hopelessly ignorant and insufferably dull.

The first two books chosen for this review were written by Russian refugees, both of noble parentage, both intimately acquainted with Russian court circles and nothing else, both representative of the old order of things. Of these Anna Viroubova was a lady-in-waiting to the Empress Alexandra, to whose memory she dedicates her book "with love and fidelity eternal." It is difficult to imagine anything duller or more useless than her memoirs. Of the Empress and the Emperor she is so enamored that to her everything in them is perfect and worthy of the highest praise, while everything in those who opposed their policy and of whom she knows nothing, is wicked and is the true cause of the ruin of her dear Russia. Even the evil genius of the last years of the Russian autocracy, the disreputable Rasputin, is in her eyes almost a saint, while the names of Goutchkoff, Rodzianko, Milukov, Kerensky, and others call forth merely expressions of execration. For whom is such a book written? It does not give a true picture of the circumstances which led to the tragic end of the dynasty, does not portray the characters of the Empress and Emperor as they appeared to the people in the reactionary state policy, in public actions and utterances, broken promises, military reprisals, shootings of innocent citizens, persecution of liberal thought, pogroms of Jews, insatiate ambition of adventurous courtiers, contempt for law and barefaced license of cabinet ministers. Instead we find gossip of everyday family life, descriptions of pleasure trips on board the imperial yacht, nursery episodes, and petty details which might well have graced the household of a rich nobleman, but which only accentuate how hopelessly out of place the unfortunate monarch was in his exalted position. Thus, against her own will this faithful lady-in-waiting, with the character of a devoted slave and the mind of a less than

mædiocre individual, by the very praise of those traits of character which have brought about the ruin of the imperial family, has contributed materially to the understanding of the cause of the great tragedy which befell Russia. Yet Viroubova was suspected of conspiracy and political intrigue and seems to be herself of a high opinion of her own influence at court! This suspicion is now definitely allayed by the sincere tone of her memoirs and the pathetic simplicity of their author.

The Memoirs of Countess Kleinmichel cover a much longer period in the history of Russia, and do not suffer from limitation of mind or slavish fidelity of character. She had a good education and improved it through reading and intercourse with numerous Russian and foreign statesmen of high standing. The book is somewhat lacking in continuity — a pardonable shortcoming in an aged woman — but has some interesting side-lights on the court life and gives valuable characteristics of various members of the imperial family and household, of cabinet ministers and foreign ambassadors, and in its latter part, of revolutionary leaders, and even of servants and soldiers. The Memoirs begin with the year 1846 when the Countess was born and end with the flight from the Soviet Republic at the time of the Terror and the safe arrival in Germany. Of special interest are the chapters on: "The Grand Duke Nicholas Konstantinovitch," "The Holy League," "A Diplomatic Incident," "Father or Son," and chapters xlii to xlix, dealing with her personal experiences during the revolution. The story of the theft of diamonds, committed by the Grand Duke, of his punishment by Alexander the Second, and of his banishment to Central Asia discloses a mystery in the affairs of the imperial family hitherto little understood. The account of the origin of the Holy League goes into greater detail than is found in Witte's own Memoirs (Yarmolinsky in his translation of Witte's Memoirs calls it the "Holy Brotherhood"), and presents an interesting example of the frankness and critical attitude of Countess Kleinmichel. The "Diplomatic Incident" shows only too clearly what danger to nations was lurking in the secret methods of diplomacy. In the short chapter "Father or Son," a vivid picture is drawn of the brutality of some Russian officers during the occupation of Galicia by the Russian army in 1916. Nor is the Countess entirely blind to the shortcomings of the ill-fated Tsar Nicholas the Second and the

Tsarina, although in general her account of them tallies well with that of Viroubova. More educated and much more clever than the latter, she knew Russia, nevertheless, only from what she saw and heard in the aristocratic circles and at the court of Petrograd.

The diary of Sir John Hanbury-Williams is filled with material uninteresting to anyone but the author himself. Yet some of his observations add to the picture of the character of the late Tsar and disclose some of the conditions which existed in the Russian army during the war, and which led to the disruption of that army as a fighting force. On the whole, however, the book is hardly worth reading; and the price is quite unnecessarily high.

By far the most interesting book in this group is that written by Odette Keun. Her account of her experiences in Bolshevik Russia is the more valuable because she herself professes to be a communist. The description of the horrors which Keun witnessed is often sickening in its vividness, and the scathing criticism of the Bolshevik leaders is perhaps more bitter than anything yet written. Her frankness leaves nothing to the imagination of the reader, and her knowledge of conditions of life is truly astonishing and unquestionably first-hand. Yet when she defends herself against the suspicion of the Bolsheviks that she was a spy and asserts that she does not know the Russian language, the mind of the reader is not satisfied with her arguments, and a doubt involuntarily arises. If she does not understand Russian how did she get all her information, and why does she make no mistake in the use of Russian words, terms, and names of institutions? Surely, somewhere she would have slipped and bared her ignorance. This is not the case, and the impression left by the book is such that one is inclined to take some of her statements with a feeling of reservation. This is unfortunate, for the book is exceedingly interesting and should be read by every student of the revolution and by all who profess love for Soviet Russia. A feeling of hopeless sadness akin to despair seizes one when she exclaims in her disgust at the sight of things she beheld: "Oh! the filthy, filthy race! Filthy in their bodies and their souls. . . . Violent as savages, weak as slaves, impulsive as women, their greatest conceptions, unstable as water, are doomed to fail, as the froth of the sea is sucked in by the sands." As for her estimate of Bolshevism it may be best appreciated from her verdict that "for having begotten the Tcheka it will

be damned to all eternity." "The Tcheka will remain in the history of humanity as the tremendous hell visions of Dante come true." The result of that forced visit to Russia was a complete disillusionment in her own dreams of communistic socialism, expressed with feminine impetuosity in the concluding page.

ALEXANDER PETRUNKEVITCH.

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AN ARTIST'S STRUGGLES

VINCENT VAN GOGH, *by* JULIUS MEIER-GRAEFE, *translated by* JOHN HOLROYD REECE, 2 vols., *The Medici Society*.

THERE is a cult for the deceased Dutch painter, Vincent Van Gogh. If we had not known it before we would know it from these volumes. Herr Meier-Graefe writes with the overwrought emotion of an hierophant. His hero is a man apart, singular, dramatic, legendary. If you grant him this conception of Van Gogh, you find his pages readable.

They describe a poignant struggle with poverty and with an unbalanced nature. Born in an humble Dutch rectory, Van Gogh had some haphazard education and in his teens took up the life of a clerk in a picture store. For several years this conventional employment seemed destined to determine his character and career. When at the age of twenty he was inducted into the London branch of his firm, "he wore a top hat like an Englishman and became the perfect assistant." We hear of him later functioning as a teacher of languages and understudying a preacher in a Methodist school, a denizen of the world of respectability and routine. Then he re-crosses the Channel, turns artist and vagabond, and until he dies is a strange, wistful being, half starved, lurking in squalor, but preserving in his drab surroundings a yeasty idealism and steadfastly trying to paint.

He was not averse to the discipline of the schools. He was receptive to the influence of Millet and came into not unprofitable contact with Mauve. His brother Theo, employed by the Goupils, was good to him and aided him on his arrival in Paris, taking him to the studio of Cormon, a typical *Salonnier* of the day. Toulouse-Lautrec moved across his horizon, and he made friends with Gauguin, who followed him to Arles when he left Paris and roused his enthusiasm in talks of which the biographer picturesquely

gives us the purport. At Arles the mental disturbances in him which we suspect from the outset grow more menacing. He cuts off one of his ears and sends it in a little parcel to a woman friend. He is confined in an asylum. By and by, with slightly improved health, he returns to Paris and presently shoots himself in the stomach.

In all his normal hours — and in many that were not normal — he painted furiously. He painted in a forcible-feeble style; for a time he elected to *pointillier* after the fashion of Pissarro and Seurat, and ultimately he beat out a method of his own, heavy-handed and crude. He violated the laws of perspective and used a revoltingly thick and harsh impasto. Ordinarily his art would have gone down the wind, but by those queer processes which make a cult he was designated a hero of "Post-Impressionism," the pathos of his life woke compassion, and in the long run there was bound to appear a testimonial like the present elaborate and "intense" work. A passage will serve to illustrate the tone taken by Herr Meier-Graefe:

"Organic function took the place of the object. He ceased to paint trees, but growth, tree-like existence; not blossoms, but bloom. His drawings, mastered with incredible patience, used to be merely descriptive, and now became a monumental cohesion, which announced incomparably more important complexes. His trees became possibilities which might give birth to a hundred other organisms. The stroke of his brush, which had hitherto been a skilful instrument mastered by sheer determination, now became an organic entity with a life of its own, and the palette he had wearily acquired burst into flames."

Write pages upon pages like this, print them handsomely and put them between dignified covers, along with a quantity of well-made illustrations, and the likelihood is that some readers will be convinced. But there must be some others left who will see through Herr Meier-Graefe's portentous sentimentality and perceive the truth. This is that Vincent Van Gogh was an artist of modest talent who had insufficient instruction and was further held back by the gradual invasion of brain-sickness from complete realization of such gifts as he had. Occasionally, in a landscape or a flower piece, he deviated into some passages of fine light and color. On the whole his work is weak. If his long misery and his suicide wake

a pang, it is partly because one can imagine his having done interesting things under more favorable conditions, and frustration of soul is a tragedy by itself. But unless one is sealed of the cult one never dreams of accepting Herr Meier-Graefe's high-erected estimate of this pitiful waif of modern painting.

ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

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AMERICAN HISTORY AND POLITICS

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, *by* CARL BECKER, *Harcourt, Brace & Co.*

GEORGE WASHINGTON, *by* WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER, *Houghton Mifflin Co.*

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES SINCE THE CIVIL WAR, *by* ELLIS PAXSON OBERHOLTZER, *vol. ii, Macmillan Co.*

THE MCKINLEY AND ROOSEVELT ADMINISTRATIONS, *by* JAMES FORD RHODES, *Macmillan Co.*

FROM MCKINLEY TO HARDING, *by* H. H. KOHLSAAT, *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, *by* DAVID SAVILLE MUZZEY, *vol. i, Ginn & Co.*

It is a curious fact that for a lucid, scholarly — one had almost said definitive — treatise on the Declaration of Independence the world has had to wait almost a century and a half after the document was promulgated. During this long period the Declaration has not only been lauded and worshipped but, as Moses Coit Tyler remarked in his "Literary History of the American Revolution," repeatedly censured for its form, for its audacious novelties and paradoxes, for its lack of novelty and originality, for its plagiarisms and its grandiose and vapping style.

Professor Becker, in his recent book, has undertaken to do two things: first to write the biography of the Declaration, showing precisely how the document arose, how it was framed and adopted, and how it was received, and, second, to expound the philosophy of human rights which it expresses and show the part played by that philosophy throughout the later history of the United States. In both purposes he has been very successful. Chapter IV tells the story of the drafting of the Declaration so minutely and with such fidelity to the sources that one may well believe that it will never have to be told differently. The four chapters having to do with

the document's philosophy deal, of course, with matters of interpretation upon which there can be considerable differences of opinion. Yet here, too, the method is wholly scholarly and there can be only admiration for the result. The development of the natural rights philosophy in Europe and America before the Revolution, the conflicting theories of the British Empire brought to concrete expression after 1760, the precise statement of the natural rights philosophy and of the colonial view of the Empire made in the Declaration, and the divided opinion of the nineteenth century upon the merits of the Jeffersonian philosophy — all are discussed with insight, lucidity, and commendable brevity. There is no attempt at dogmatism. Even the tempting question of the truth or falseness of the natural rights theory draws not a syllable. In other words, Professor Becker writes strictly as an historian, and not as a political scientist. Nevertheless, he has put political scientists deeply in his debt.

In his "George Washington," the late Mr. Thayer undertook to do nothing more than present the "human residue" which persists after all is said about the subject; there is no effort to write the history of Washington's times, or even to describe the great American's public career except in so far as incidents in it help reveal the man. To the oft-expressed opinion that Washington is one of the most elusive of historic personages, Mr. Thayer makes the rejoinder that no one who will steep himself in the voluminous letters which Washington wrote can really hold such a view; and to bear out his assertion he quotes freely from the letters. The book makes interesting reading, but it can hardly be regarded as a contribution to knowledge.

Mr. Oberholtzer's second volume carries his history of the United States since the Civil War through the period 1868-1872, that is, substantially the years covered by Grant's first administration. The method is that made familiar by the initial volume, published a few years ago, identifying the author rather definitely with the McMaster school of historians. Much attention is devoted to economic and social topics; purely constitutional history is somewhat subordinated; large use is made of newspapers, memoirs, private correspondence, and other non-documentary materials.

The story which Mr. Oberholtzer has to tell is not one in which, on the whole, Americans can take pride. Of eight chapters, five

are occupied with accounts of more or less discreditable events and conditions: the rule of the carpet-baggers in the South, the activities of the Ku Klux Klan, the impeachment and trial of President Johnson, the orgy of extravagance and corruption which left hardly a leading figure in public life untouched by the breath of scandal. The picture is lighted up only by the peaceful adjustment of the Anglo-American differences growing out of the *Alabama* Claims, the altruistic conduct of our relations with China by Mr. Burlingame, the downfall of the Tweed Ring, and the beginnings of the movement for civil service reform. Mr. Oberholtzer writes of all this clearly, dispassionately, and unflinchingly; and his account of the period covered is easily the best that we have.

The next two volumes in the group overlap chronologically and in other ways show decided resemblance. Mr. Rhodes deals with the period 1897-1909, Mr. Kohlsaatt with the quarter-century from the launching of McKinley's candidacy for the presidency to the election of Harding. Both confine their story almost entirely to political matters; both write largely from their personal observations and about political leaders whom they knew more or less intimately; both give us rather the raw material of history than history itself.

Mr. Rhodes's new volume inevitably challenges comparisons with the monumental group of eight volumes which precedes it. As is suggested by the foregoing paragraph, it is inferior to them. This is not wholly because of a more or less unconscious shift in the author's method arising from the fact that he is writing the chronicles of a period through which he has himself lived. It follows also from the failure to find any simple, but great, theme like that which gave unity and power to the earlier volumes. Perhaps the period offers no such theme. Yet one cannot repress the feeling that if Mr. Rhodes had been less content to move along easily with the surface drift of party politics and of diplomacy and had probed resolutely into the social and economic phenomena of the period — if he had done for "big business" and its regulation by the government, or for the labor movement, what he did earlier for the anti-slavery movement, or the problem of disunion — he would have given us a richer, more colorful, and permanently useful book. As it is, we have only a narrative of political happenings, interspersed with pen portraits of political

figures (especially Mark Hanna, McKinley, Bryan, John Hay, and Roosevelt), with glimpses of such financial leaders as Morgan, Rockefeller, and Carnegie — all exceedingly interesting and informing, yet leaving the thoughtful reader not wholly satisfied.

The book is written in excellent spirit; indeed, it is rather more tolerant than some of the policies and actions with which it deals deserve. Notably is it laudatory of Mr. Hanna. Some injustice has undoubtedly been done this astute politician by other historians; and Mr. Rhodes's characterization is a useful corrective. Nevertheless, the author has given the Ohioan a place in the history of his country which later judgment is not likely altogether to confirm.

Mr. Rhodes writes as a professional historian, albeit one who has had much contact with the work-a-day world. Mr. Kohlsaatt writes, rather, as a journalist and man of affairs who has enjoyed an intimate friendship with all the Presidents from McKinley to Harding and who has been behind the scenes when a number of important political decisions were made. The volume under review — amplified from a series of articles published in "The Saturday Evening Post" — comprises an episodic survey of the political history of the country during the past three decades. It is unfair to criticise such a book for its lack of proportion, its omissions, its abrupt transitions, or the unsatisfying glimpses with which it sometimes stops short. Rather, it must be accepted cheerfully for the fresh touches which it supplies and the new information which it gives. Judged in this way, Mr. Kohlsaatt's book is decidedly meritorious. It deals only with matters upon which the author has personal testimony to offer, and it presents this testimony directly and simply, in a succession of terse narrative chapters, without attempts at moralizing.

Mr. Kohlsaatt has more to tell about McKinley than any other President. There is much, also, about Roosevelt. His side-lights on the break between Roosevelt and Taft are illuminating, although he is himself mystified by the wide divergence between what Roosevelt told him about the quarrel and what he had seen in Roosevelt's own correspondence with Taft in 1908-12. Most of this correspondence has never been published, and it did not see the light of day in the present volume only because Mr. Taft has taken the generous stand that publication must be deferred until danger of awakening feeling of a personal sort has passed. But all

the letters have been seen by Mr. Kohlfaat, whose sympathies were at the time of the breach, and still are, with Mr. Taft.

Professor Muzzey's book is the first volume of a text on American history for use by college students. Its outstanding characteristics are its subordination of the colonial period, which is disposed of in hardly more than one-tenth of the volume; its stress upon the continuity and progression shown in the country's history; its emphasis on ideas and ideals, especially the "American ideal of democracy, or self-government in freedom"; and the attractive, smooth-flowing style in which the book is written.

FREDERIC A. OGG.

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A NEW LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE

A LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, by JOSEPH QUINCY ADAMS, *Houghton Mifflin Co.*

THIS important contribution to Shakespearean scholarship should be judged in connection with a couple of sentences in Professor Adams's Preface:

"I have avoided, in so far as possible, prolonged arguments on points that cannot be settled, preferring rather to give my own interpretation of the facts, with the reasons therefor. . . . Although I cannot hope to win unanimous assent to the exact dates I have accepted — some of them are necessarily tentative — I have tried to judge each case in the light of all the available evidence, combined with biographical facts and general laws of probability."

If Professor Adams frequently seems dogmatic beyond what the evidence cited by him justifies, it should be remembered, in the first place, that even 550 pages offer too little space for complete presentation of the arguments respecting the life of Shakespeare and the chronology of his works; and, secondly, that a writer on this subject may easily be led to carry even to excess his desire to avoid the vague and tentative inconclusiveness with which Sir Sidney Lee's popular *Life of Shakespeare* has been often charged. It will never be said of Professor Adams, as the late Samuel Butler said of Sir Sidney: "My greatest difficulty in dealing with him lies in determining what his opinions really are."

Professor Adams's opinions are stoutly and clearly stated.

Most of them will probably carry conviction, or at least compel provisional acceptance, for they are based upon a seldom rivalled intensity of application to the study of the literature concerning the Elizabethan drama and stage. No one perhaps has a fuller knowledge both of the original documents and of the fruits of recent investigation, and no one therefore has better right to venture a step in the dark at those many points where the light of establishable fact fails and the searcher is left with the alternative of marking time or trusting to his critical intuitions. We may perhaps have to wait a decade or more before an intelligent opinion is possible concerning the positive accuracy of the author's dicta in a number of these interesting situations.

This is by no means to suggest that the body of the book is not sound. On the contrary, it marks an important advance in knowledge at many points. It exploits much more fully than any earlier life of Shakespeare has been able to do the notable discoveries of the past twenty years in Shakespearean bibliography, and connects them in an often luminous way with the life history of the poet. It makes a distinct contribution to the story of Shakespeare's so-called "lost years" (1585-1592) by producing reasons for accepting the usually neglected statement, which Aubrey quoted from Beeston, that the dramatist "had been in his younger years a schoolmaster in the country," and it argues in a highly persuasive manner for a "period of non-dramatic composition" from 1592 till 1594, during which Shakespeare was without theatrical connection and therefore free to devote himself to the production of poems and sonnets. A yet more striking addition to general knowledge is the contention, here rendered very probable, that Shakespeare served his dramatic novitiate, not with the company of Lord Strange, as has been supposed, but with that of Lord Pembroke. The fact that this last conclusion has been independently arrived at by Mr. Crompton Rhodes and by Professor A. Gaw is a rather remarkable confirmation of its inherent reasonableness.

If one wished to press the complaint that Professor Adams does not always take his readers into his confidence regarding the sources of his information on doubtful points, one might refer to his discussion of the plays in which Falstaff figures. In reference to the substitution of Falstaff's name in the "Henry IV" plays for

the original name of "Oldcastle," we are told on page 228: "Shakespeare's gratification at the success of *I* and *II Henry IV*, however, was marred by an unlucky accident. The name he originally gave to Falstaff was Sir John Oldcastle, taken over directly from *The Famous Victories*. There it had provoked no comment. But the extraordinary notoriety of the character as portrayed by Shakespeare led to resentment on the part of Henry Brooke, Lord Cobham, who was a lineal descendant of Sir John Oldcastle, the Lollard martyr. Lord Cobham made complaint, probably to the Master of the Revels, who was responsible for licensed plays; or, possibly, to his near neighbor, the Lord Chamberlain, who had general oversight of dramatic affairs, and who was the patron of the company acting the offending plays. In order to avoid giving further distress to the Cobham family Shakespeare, readily no doubt, agreed to change the name of his comic hero."

A footnote adds that Lord Cobham's resentment was "especially occasioned, it seems, by the performance of the two plays at Court during the Christmas of 1597-98." This seems over-precise, unless Professor Adams has new information concerning the acts and feelings of Lord Cobham. So far as I am aware, the idea of his connection with the change of name is evolved merely from a statement of Rowe (1709), who says: "This part of Falstaff is said to have been written originally under the name of Oldcastle; *some of that family being then remaining*, the Queen was pleas'd to command him to alter it; upon which he made use of Falstaff"; and from an earlier manuscript by Dr. Richard James, who says that "the person with which he undertook to playe a buffone was not Falstaffe, but Sir Jhon Oldcastle, and that offence beinge worthily taken *by Personages descended from his title (as peradventure by many others allso whoe ought to have him in honourable memorie)*, the poet was putt to make an ignorant shifte of abusing Sir Jhon Falstophe."

It is possible that Lord Cobham personally intervened in defense of his ancestor's reputation, though what we know of that poltroon lord hardly predisposes us to expect such extreme delicacy of sentiment; but if Shakespeare himself felt the particular tenderness which Professor Adams assumes that he felt for the Cobham family pride, was it not surprisingly thoughtless to

proceed in the soon-following "Merry Wives of Windsor" to make the jealous Ford assume the name of "Master Brooke" in the performance of his most asinine parts? "*Enter Foord disguised like Brooke,*" the stage direction reads, and so the name appears throughout the quarto text; but in the Folio it had to be altered to "Master Broome," to the ruination of numerous good puns.

The publication of "I Henry IV" in a good quarto text in 1598 is explained by Professor Adams as a further evidence of Shakespeare's desire to make an *amende honorable* to the Cobham family: "He gave *I Henry IV* to the press in order to show, in black and white, as it were, that the fat Knight of Eastcheap was called 'Sir John Falstaff.'" This, however, was not enough. "Thereupon," Professor Adams continues, "Lord Cobham, it would seem, in order to clear the reputation of his ancestor, induced the Admiral's Company to produce a rival two-part play narrating to the people the 'true life' and martyrdom of the real Sir John Oldcastle." Is this not working Lord Cobham too hard, since what the Admiral's company did is perfectly explainable on business considerations?

In regard to Shakespeare's authorship of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" Professor Adams remarks: "It is likely that he merely reworked an old manuscript, entitled *The Jealous Comedy*, which had been in the possession of his troupe since 1593." Reasons for the assumed likelihood are not given. The conjecture itself originated with Fleay; recent scholars appear usually to have ignored it or to agree with Greg ("Henslowe's Diary," ii, 156) that it "rests upon a rather slender basis." After performance before Queen Elizabeth, says Professor Adams, "The Merry Wives" "was also, of course, acted before the public during the winter and spring of 1598." No evidence seems to have been found for so definite, or so early, a date; the play is usually assigned to "ca. 1599." "After completing *The Merry Wives* for the Queen," Professor Adams continues, "Shakespeare turned his attention to *Henry V*." The point of the priority of the "Wives" is not further argued, but there seems to be force in the common belief that the use made of Corporal Nym both on the title-page and in the text of that play proves that "Henry V" (the only other work in which Nym figures) had already appeared. "Henry V" itself has hitherto been dated with much assurance during the spring or

summer of 1599 on account of the evident allusion to Essex's expedition to Ireland as still in progress. Professor Adams states that the play "was placed upon the stage in the earlier half of 1598." In a footnote he explains: "We may easily regard the allusion as a six-line insertion designed to take advantage of the popular excitement attending Essex's departure for Ireland. The history of Falstaff as sketched above makes the date 1598 inevitable." If the history is based upon hypothesis, the inevitability seems hardly clear.

Later Professor Adams informs us (p. 272, 273) that "Henry V" was produced during the Chamberlain Company's temporary occupancy of the old Curtain Theatre, and says, "The inadequacy of its accommodations seems to be glanced at in the Prologue:

Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?"

I am unable to find in these lines, or in "Henry V" as a whole, the evidences of true humility. A play so evidently spectacular and ambitious, unique in structure, specially adorned with choruses and strikingly rich in the number and variety of characters and scenes, seems obviously meant for a gala occasion. Professor Adams thinks it written during the most anxious days of Shakespeare's company for presentation in the small, antiquated, and despised Curtain. Acceptance of the Essex allusion at its face value in dating the play (and I know no reason for suspecting it to be a late insertion) gives a meaning to the exuberant and memorial character of the play; for the date of Essex's absence in Ireland (March 27–September 28, 1599) coincides charmingly with the date when Shakespeare's company ended the winter of their discontent and established themselves at the Globe. Professor Adams quotes the document of May 16, 1599, which records the new playhouse: "*una domo de novo edificata . . . in occupacione Willielmi Shakespeare et aliorum.*" "Unquestionably," as Mr. Adams remarks (p. 287), "before the end of the summer of 1599 the Lord Chamberlain's Men had moved from the Curtain to their new home, 'the glory of the Bank.'"

The proof reading for the volume has been carefully done,

though it happens that page 1 contains a misprint: "was a most [*i.e.*, almost] a commonplace," and page 4 another: "yielded no other illusion [*i.e.*, allusion] to this William Sakeespee."

It would be too much to expect that so plain-spoken and venturesome a book upon a subject so important and so disputed should please all readers at all points. But it is certain that the volume will add largely to the already more than enviable position which Professor Adams has made for himself as an expositor of the Shakespearean age. The last paragraph of the author's Preface will doubtless add still further to the envy which Professor Adams's friends cannot but feel when they contemplate his fortunate and merited position:

"Finally, to Mr. August Heckscher, of New York City, I wish to record a special obligation. Through his bounty in establishing at Cornell University the Heckscher Foundation for the Advancement of Research I came to be relieved for a time from the routine of classroom instruction in order that I might complete my investigations and prepare my manuscript for the press. But for this welcome relief I should have had to defer publication for some years."

TUCKER BROOKE.

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THE DISCOVERY OF VITAMINS

NUTRITION, THE CHEMISTRY OF LIFE, *by* LAFAYETTE B. MENDEL,
Yale University Press.

IN the opening chapter of Mendel's book one may read how the secrets of nutrition were wrung from obscurity by the development of methods of human thinking. Thus, Hippocrates (460-370 B.C.) believed in a specific universal nutrient substance, "There is but one food, but there exist several forms of food," and it was not until the time of Magendie (1783-1855) that the three great groups of foodstuffs — protein, fat, and carbohydrate — were fully recognized. That nutrition is not only a science but also an art may be judged from the appreciative words of Liebig: "Among all the arts known to man there is none which enjoys a juster appreciation and the products of which are more universally admired than that which is concerned in the preparation of our food. Led by an instinct which has almost reached the dignity of conscious knowl-

edge, and by the sense of taste, which protects the health, the experienced cook with respect to the choice, the admixture, and the preparation of food, has made acquisitions surpassing all that chemical and physiological science have done in regard to the doctrine or theory of nutrition."

Nutrition is not alone based on protein, fat, and carbohydrates, but, as Mendel points out, on many "little things." He cites the celebrated experiments by Hart, McCollum, Steenbock, and Humphrey done at the Wisconsin Agricultural Experiment Station about fifteen years ago. Cattle were fed upon rations based upon the maize, oat, and wheat plant, respectively. "Rations restricted to the maize plant were highly successful both as regards growth and reproduction, while rations restricted to the wheat plant were disastrous to successful growth and reproduction." The young of the latter group were often prematurely born and were either dead or died a few hours after birth. The oat plant was also found to be inadequate as a fodder. It was found, however, that the addition of calcium salts to the oat plant ration made it a much more efficient fodder, and calves were successfully born when the mother partook of this diet. A "little thing," the lime content of the food, but a substantial requirement for the rapidly growing calf both before and after it is born. Cow's milk contains calcium abundantly, and the cow should receive calcium in her food. The human mother in like manner needs calcium and other materials found in cow's milk before and after the baby arrives, and each of her growing children up to the age of fourteen needs a quart of milk a day.

Again, another instance is cited, of how the addition of a small amount of sodium iodid to the diet of children living in goitrous localities spared the children from the swelling in the neck which is characteristic of goitre. This discovery of David Marine, of New York, has already been used in Switzerland, where goitre has been endemic for two thousand years, so that the goitre among school children in Bern and Zurich has been reduced from 87 per cent of the attendance to only 13 per cent. The complete abolition of the trouble in every civilized country is at hand.

Mendel's discussion of the "little things" of the diet called "vitamins" is that of a master, for none has contributed more to the knowledge of the subject than is to be found in that current of literature which since 1911 has flowed from the New Haven

laboratory under the names of Osborne and Mendel. As early as 1906 Gowland Hopkins, of Cambridge, England, announced that "no animal can live upon a mixture of pure protein, fat, and carbohydrate, and even when the necessary inorganic material is carefully supplied the animal still cannot flourish," and he forecast the discovery of "unsuspected dietetic factors." As with other experimenters, the attempts of Osborne and Mendel to nourish rats with mixtures of purified foods ended in failure. They then determined to supply the mineral ingredients of their diets from the dried residue of milk after the protein and fat had been removed from it. This gave them a material containing salts and milk-sugar, together with traces of other substances. When this substance was mixed with purified starch, fat, and protein and was given to young rats, they grew to maturity and in turn produced young even to the third generation. Osborne and Mendel noted, however, that if the fat used were lard instead of butter fat there came about after a while a sudden suspension of growth in the young animal and thereafter a decline in weight. This nutritive disaster could be prevented by the addition of cream or butter fat to the dietary in replacement of lard. McCollum simultaneously announced the same discovery. As Mendel writes, "It must be counted as a fortunate circumstance that the fundamental observations regarding vitamins have been repeatedly verified by various independent investigators."

Here, then, are the basic discoveries: vitamin A, present in butter fat; vitamin B, present in the salt-milk-sugar mixture prepared from milk, both essential for the growth and development of young animals. Later work by Cowgill, in Mendel's laboratory, shows that when dogs are given diets free from vitamin B they may completely lose their appetite after a few weeks so that they may refuse even an ordinarily appetizing meat broth or they may develop very complete paralysis of the limbs. Tomato juice, which contains vitamin B, cures these troubles in a few days.

It would lead one too far to discuss the modern work as to the cause of scurvy (lack of vitamin C), of rickets (lack of sunlight or of vitamin X), or of the differences in the quality of various forms of protein foods, which are graphically set forth in this volume. A brief survey of the energy problem closes the work.

The book abounds in excellent photographs illustrating the

results of the various diets upon animals. It also contains many quotations, and the only criticism that the reviewer and others who know Mendel would have to make is that in several instances the space thus awarded would have been better used had it been dedicated to the words of Mendel himself.

GRAHAM LUSK.

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A SOURCE BOOK ON THE SUPREME COURT

THE SUPREME COURT IN UNITED STATES HISTORY, *by* CHARLES WARREN, *Little, Brown & Co.*

SURELY nothing could be more timely than Charles Warren's sturdy narrative. For during a period when zealots, fired with radicalism as if Pilgrims under the sway of religious passion, seek to cure all ills by overturning our highest court, Mr. Warren's book reminds us that earlier zealots, no less impassioned, generation after generation, have set out on the same task — and uniformly have failed. Historically, our Supreme Court has enjoyed a charmed life. Greater wrath has been centred about its head time and again than that which rages now; and yet its survival has never been in doubt.

Mr. Warren's work, justly honored because of its calm tone, thorough scholarship, unflagging research, and freedom from partisanship, if it does nothing else, shows clearly what a dominating tradition lies behind our Supreme Court. And yet Mr. Warren's three volumes are as dry as the layman usually finds a lawyer's opinions and judge's decisions. Those who take up his work will be impressed with the integrity and wide power of the Supreme Court — yet how many will read it from cover to cover?

Brevity in historical writing seems a forgotten art. One volume of vigorous, vivid history dealing with our Supreme Court would have been invaluable. Three volumes are ample and complete — yet a desert. The book lacks the dramatic, lucid power of Mr. Beveridge's "John Marshall"; it fails in that terse compactness which has made Mr. Rhodes's "History of the United States" so readable. Mr. Warren assiduously collects all the comment on the Court's decisions to give us background; he is particularly fond of quotations from contemporary newspapers. Yet historical writing in the "Literary Digest" manner is not enduring. Mr. Rhodes

used newspaper sources with happier effect and restraint than Mr. Warren.

As a source book, Mr. Warren's work has genuine value; as an epitome of a great tradition and institution it is forbidding. And what is more unfortunate, the work fails in succinct, definite demarcation of the basic tendencies in American life as checked or turned by the Supreme Court.

SAMUEL SPRING.

New York City.

THE MARCH OF CLIMATES

CLIMATIC CHANGES, *by* ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON AND STEPHEN SARGENT VISHER, *Yale University Press.*

EARTH AND SUN, *by* ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON, *Yale University Press.*

CLIMATIC changes, their nature and causes, is a topic about which there is much speculation in proportion to knowledge. We know that, since the beginning of life on the earth five hundred million or a billion years ago, climates the world over have never been so severe as to kill all living things. However, fossil remains of tropical or subtropical plants found in the polar regions, and widespread glacial deposits within the tropics, indicate that there have been climatic fluctuations of considerable degree. More frequent minor changes are strongly suggested, or proved, by marked irregularities in the growth of rings of old trees, like the sequoias, in the diverse flora preserved in different layers in peat bogs, in the cutting of shorelines of extinct or present-day lakes, and in the rate of deposition of glacial clays. The historic migrations of peoples, and the archaeological evidences of numerous populations in places which are now capable of supporting few, if any, people, appear also to indicate climatic changes. Even within the period of our instrumental records we find marked fluctuations extending over a span of years.

Changes have occurred. What has caused them? There have been nearly as many explanations as there have been investigators. The various hypotheses can be classed either as terrestrial or cosmical. The terrestrial group consider: first, changes in the atmosphere—the water-vapor, the carbon dioxide, the ozone, and the dust contents, and even the total pressure of the atmosphere; second, changes in the ocean, its temperature and salinity; third,

changes in the form of the earth's surface, relative areas of oceans and continents, configuration of the lands and consequent effect on ocean currents and their influences, and the general height of the land and distribution of mountain ranges; and, fourth, variations in solar heating, owing to changes in the relative positions of the earth and sun because of variations in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit, the precession of the equinoxes, and the gyroscopic or other wandering of the poles. The cosmical hypotheses involve primarily the changes in solar emission, and, secondarily, the supposed effects of planets, stars and nebulae in timing or stimulating these solar variations. Mr. Huntington and Mr. Visser, in the book under review, summarize these many hypotheses. Some they seem to underrate in attempting to clear the field for others which they develop and co-ordinate.

Most stress is laid on a solar-cyclonic hypothesis, built on apparent connections between solar fluctuations and changes in terrestrial storminess. The idea is that augmented solar activity, resulting in more energy sent to the earth, increases the atmospheric circulation and storminess, thus leading locally to greater precipitation and lower average temperature. Presuming that the sun's exterior at times becomes radiative to a degree greater than any yet observed, the authors claim that on such occasions continental glaciers should form on any extensive highlands bordering the ocean in the stormy zones. This hypothesis reminds one of a pyramid balanced precariously on its apex. Since we have had as yet but a few decades of accurate observations of solar activity, and only a few years' record of the heat emission of the sun, and as our knowledge of the actual changes in storminess on the earth may be said to be even more imperfect, it is decidedly difficult to establish a relation between solar activity and terrestrial storminess. To suppose that the relation which appears to exist would persist in magnified form, with a hypothetical, magnified degree of solar disturbance, is reasonable but, of course, questionable.

The book is most readable, in spite of the complexity of the subject. The authors' commendable enthusiasm carries them forward in the erection of an interesting and withal an impressive structure so convincing as to make the reader forget the possible inadequacy of its foundation. Less venturesome scientists might

prefer not to build till the foundation could be made secure. However, those who wish to judge for themselves the validity of the authors' interpretations, criticisms, and conclusions are afforded ample footnote references to guide them.

The hypotheses presented in "Climatic Changes" were based on what can now be observed in terrestrial weather changes and in solar changes, and on studies to establish the relations between the two. This basis of fact and hypothesis is presented in full in "Earth and Sun." The new volume was to have preceded "Climatic Changes," but many supposed connections proved so elusive that only a prodigious statistical investigation could suffice to establish what relations, if any, seemed to exist and to what extent one could be assured that the apparent connection was not merely a chance coincidence. The delay of a year which resulted has enabled Mr. Huntington to answer many criticisms directed against "Climatic Changes," and to avail himself of the help and criticism of a wider circle of specialists than the authors called to their aid in writing "Climatic Changes." In consequence, "Earth and Sun" is well fortified with statistics, duly cautious inferences, and answers to all objections Mr. Huntington's consultants presented. While standing on its own feet as its companion volume did not profess to stand, its narrower range and mass of detail make it less readable than "Climatic Changes." Nevertheless, for so difficult a subject Mr. Huntington has done well in presenting such a thoroughgoing statement in terms a layman can understand.

The reader readily agrees with the author that there must be a relation between earth and sun, even though it does not yet seem possible to state in exact terms what the relation is. Terrestrial storminess seems to change in amount and position in response to changes in solar storminess. The solar storminess appears to exert its control largely through the changes in heat emitted, and its effects become manifest principally through the variations in the heat absorbed by the earth. The electrical emissions of the sun seem to extend beyond merely the electrical conditions of the earth and to have some, though, apparently, a negligibly small, influence on atmospheric pressure. The condition of the solar atmosphere, especially the number and distribution of the sun-spots, may be influenced by the planets. While this book will disappoint those who expect to find an announcement of clearly

defined earth-sun interrelations, it will be invaluable to those who need a *résumé* of the present status of investigations concerning relations between earth and sun, and who require some account of the innumerable unanswered questions on this subject and suggestions of lines along which these may be solved.

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AMERICAN CRITICISM

SOME MAKERS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE, *by* WILLIAM LYON PHELPS,
Marshall Jones Co.

AMERICANS; THE GENIUS OF AMERICA; *by* STUART P. SHERMAN,
Charles Scribner's Sons.

AMERICAN critics, even "the elder critics in the academic tradition," seem to be attracted more and more of late to problems of our own culture and letters, even indeed to their contemporary phases. University professors are lecturing now upon American literature in classrooms hitherto sacred to Chaucer and the Elizabethans. The Lampson Professor of English Literature at Yale, asked to give the scholarly Moore Lectures at Dartmouth, chose as his subject "The Spirit of American Literature," and at the same time the Professor of English at the University of Illinois, elected to lecture on the William Vaughn Moody foundation at the University of Chicago, took as his topics "The Point of View in American Criticism" and "Literature and the Government of Men: an Apology for Letters in the Middle West." It is a healthful symptom.

The lectures appear now in book form, Mr. Phelps's under the title "Some Makers of American Literature," and Mr. Sherman's with added studies of contemporary culture under the title "The Genius of America," "a kind of sequel," as its author explains, to the volume "Americans" which appeared a few months ago. Each of the three books is in its own way distinctive, well worth adding to the inner circle of one's library. They illuminate much, much indeed beyond the subjects they treat. Mr. Sherman is a new masculine voice from that rising Mid-West that is destined to dominate more and more now, even in matters of culture and art, original, unconventional, compelling; Mr. Phelps is from the old New England university atmosphere, academic, self-contained,

and self-conscious, graceful, brilliant. He threshes old straw in a manner most energetic and novel, well worth the watching, but he discovers little that is new. He is a literary entertainer rather than a critic, a Dr. Holmes skimming gracefully over wide surfaces but penetrating nowhere deeply. All his facts are to be found in the text-books, but text-book facts are dry. Not his, however. Everyone who has touched Cooper, for instance, has made the dry remark that he wrote too much. Mr. Phelps voices it in this characteristic way: "He brought to the gates of immortality an enormous amount of excess baggage. He himself, however, is on the right side of the gates, though only a small portion of his works have followed him." Work pitched in this key certainly will be popular. As a hearer of the lectures at Dartmouth I can bear witness to their delightful qualities. He kept his audience not only awake but in a glow of expectation. I laughed often, but I made no notes. The book belongs where "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" belongs, somewhere in the alcove devoted to purely creative works, familiar essays sparkling with humor and epigram.

Mr. Sherman is not writing to entertain, though at times, when for instance he is after Mr. Mencken and the *jeune fille*, he is vastly diverting. He is a philosopher seeking fundamentals, he is a literary knight errant prepared to break lances if need be, to clear away error, to set right the younger generation who disturb him greatly because they seem to turn their backs completely upon the past. "Of the eminent New Englanders who made American literature in the middle of the century it has become the fashion among our youth to speak with a certain condescension as of country cousins," and of the Puritans and their code of ethics to speak with contempt. The thesis upheld in both volumes is this: Americans must "keep open the channels of their national traditions and scrutinize contemporary literature in the light of their national past." He is thus a stabilizing force in a period of uncertainty and seeming break-up.

In his earlier volume he does in a measure what Mr. Phelps, to judge from his earlier title, had in mind to do: he strives to catch the "spirit of American literature," to precipitate and filter out the multitudinous elements that have entered the American compound until there is left but the ultimate basis, "America's vital traditions," the soul of our civilization. In individuals as diverse as

Franklin, Emerson, Hawthorne, Whitman, he finds a unifying principle that makes them Americans. It is "the modern spirit." "By this phrase we mean primarily the disposition to accept nothing on authority, but to bring all reports to the test of experience. The modern spirit is first of all a free spirit open on all sides to the influx of truth. . . . The modern spirit is marked further by an active curiosity which grows by what it feeds upon, and goes ever inquiring for fresher and sounder information, not content till it has the best information to be had anywhere. But since it seeks the best, it is, by necessity, also a critical spirit, constantly sifting, discriminating, rejecting, and holding fast that which is good." And again speaking of Hawthorne and the Puritans, he defines "the modern spirit" as "emancipation from ecclesiastical and social oppression, escape from the extortion of the senses and the tyranny of things, a consciousness at least partly liberated from the impositions of space and time, freedom for self-dominion, a hopeful and exultant effort to enter into right, and noble, and harmonious relations with the highest impulses of one's fellows, and a vision, a love, a pursuit of the beauty which has its basis in 'the good and true.'" The Puritan indeed, he declares, has always been "profoundly in sympathy with the modern spirit, has been moreover a formative force in the modern spirit." To despise him, therefore, and to be contemptuous of everything that is not modern, is to work with faulty definitions and without perspective.

Mr. Sherman's second book has more unity than the first. Its sub-title is "Studies in behalf of the Younger Generation," and its motto,

Keep the young generations in hail
And bequeath them no tumbled house.

He himself is of the younger generation, and he himself is in revolt. Standing firmly on the safe traditions of the earlier and cis-Alleghany culture, he is of the virile new West. The statement of Mrs. Gerould that in the matter of education "we cannot count on the West to help us, for the West is filled with state universities," and the dictum of Professor Morris of Yale that the arts course of these state universities "has been comparatively unimportant" fill him with wrath. If he rebukes the younger generation for not recognizing the immortality of "the modern spirit" which

is the soul of our America, he rebukes also those survivals of the "superior class" in the East who think the spirit of Emerson and Hawthorne and Franklin is confined to the Atlantic seaboard. "The Genius of America — where does it reside?" he asks. In America with no thought of East or West or young or old. To him the campus of the University of Illinois is as fine as the meadows of Christ Church College, Oxford, and the chances for coming in contact there with "the modern spirit" which is the genius of America, are fully equal to the chances at Harvard. "It is absurd to assert that great commonwealths of two to six million inhabitants cannot, in providing centres for the higher learning, compete successfully with the sporadic generosity of a few scores of private individuals. It is absurd to declare that a great commonwealth cannot afford to maintain in its university a liberal arts college of absolutely the first class." It is the voice of democracy, it is the call of that "genius of America" that in the end must inevitably make itself everywhere heard. Until very recently little of American criticism has been written from the perspective of the West, but the centres of our civilization rapidly are advancing now towards the mid-continent. It is refreshing to find that the pioneer of these new Western critics is one who is so evenly balanced, so catholic, so cultured. One may disagree with Mr. Sherman at many points, but, nevertheless, one cannot help looking forward with eagerness to his next volume.

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THE SIGMA XI LECTURES

THE EVOLUTION OF MAN: A SERIES OF LECTURES, *Yale University Press.*

THE Yale Chapter of Sigma XI and the Yale University Press have rendered a notable service to the cause of education by arranging for and publishing an admirable series of six lectures on the evolution of man. These were delivered before the Chapter in 1921-22 by university professors of unquestioned eminence in their several fields. The recent series of lectures was a continuation of an earlier one, delivered before the same Chapter in 1916-17, dealing with "The Evolution of the Earth and its Inhabitants." This was also published by the Yale Press. The two series taken together

afford a fair view of the most modern scientific concept of the "whence and whither" of man.

In the opening lecture of the new series by Professor R. S. Lull we find an eminently impartial review of what is known of the fossil remains of man in various parts of the world, from the famous *Pithecanthropus*, or Javan Ape-Man, to the Crô-Magnon artists of the late Paleolithic period of Europe. Here, as in most paleontological writings, the general reader might well get the impression that the final proof of man's derivation from ape-like forms ancestral to both the modern apes and man must await the discovery of their fossil remains in Asia or elsewhere. But those who have first-hand knowledge of the amazingly detailed anatomical resemblances between the apes and man have long since accepted Darwin's conclusion as to the derivation of man from "some ancient member of the anthropomorphous sub-group of Old World Primates," as one of the best established inferences of inductive science.

Some of the various classes of facts upon which this momentous discovery rests are reviewed in the second lecture by Professor Ferris, "The Natural History of Man." Here we find an excellent account of human development from the fertilization of the egg to birth, and thence from infancy to old age. It is shown that man starts his development as a unicellular animal, becomes a metazoan of the invertebrate type, develops the structure of a vertebrate, and ultimately becomes a mammal. The author shows how man's development parallels that of the anthropoid apes for a longer time than that of other mammals and that at birth the child has ape-like characters that later disappear; that these facts of human development associate man closely with the anthropoid apes and give evidence that the latter reproduce, in many respects, a comparatively recent phase in the history of human evolution.

In the third lecture Professor G. H. Parker of Harvard University traces the evolution of the nervous system. He shows that in such a simple animal as a sea anemone the sensitive surface of the body wall and tentacles is connected with the subjacent contractile tissue, or primitive musculature, by a diffuse, interpenetrating nerve-net. A stimulation of the surface "receptors," or sense organs, is transmitted by the nerve-net directly to the underlying "effectors," or muscles. In higher animals the central nerv-

ous apparatus (consisting in mammals of the brain, the spinal cord, and the sympathetic system) acts as an "adjustor," or intermediary between the receptors and the effectors. Professor Parker outlines the progressive evolution of the cerebral hemispheres and the cerebellum of vertebrates, showing how both, but particularly the cerebral hemispheres, grow immensely in size and complication as we proceed from the fishes to man. Elliot Smith, Parker, and others have traced the development and evolution of the "neopallium," an outgrowth from the archipallium or original fore-brain, which in the higher mammals and man becomes the great central organ of mental life.

In the fourth address of the series, on "The Evolution of Intelligence," President Angell refers to the apparently successive grades of nervous reactions represented among living organisms. The lowest ones show only a limited group of reactions, mostly tropisms or automatic responses; those of the next grade exhibit definite instincts but can adjust themselves to changes in the environment without attaining the power of intelligent choice. Further on we come to the beginnings of real memory, as in some of the mammals, and finally in the higher primates we find not only a definite ability to modify reactions in a beneficial manner but even evidence of an approach to the simplest human forms of inference and thinking.

While pointing out that the general pattern of the human nervous system is, broadly speaking, exactly that of wide ranges of the mammals and more particularly of the primates, the author notes that the differences between the behavior and intelligence of man and of other mammals are far greater than the apparent differences in brain structure would lead one to infer; but here he does not refer to the specially intimate and detailed resemblance of the gorilla brain to the human type, which contemporary investigations are now bringing to light. He concludes that, on the whole, man's development and control over language is unquestionably the greatest single achievement which his intelligence has compassed, and that its presence, more than any other factor, is responsible for his enormous superiority to his animal neighbors.

Professor A. G. Keller's brilliant lecture, constituting the fifth chapter, carries the story of human evolution into the realm of cultural adjustment or Societal Evolution. The central thought is

that "what moves men — the masses of men, whose numbers, social bulk, and formidable inertia are commonly left out of adequate account by theorists — is not thought but emotion. And what sets emotion going is interest." He shows that people with common interests make common cause and form competing groups; and that out of the competition of such groups selection affecting the destiny of the whole society is bound to come. He holds that it is by such automatic, unplanned selection that all that we call improvement in adjustment has come to pass. Thus the author sees societal evolution as "a vast process, where the forces are massive and act with unhurried deliberation, endlessly interlocking, within a spacious field. There are dim ages of the process behind us and ages untold yet to come." The author concludes that since the elemental forces of the societal realm cannot be mastered, they must be studied and known and adjusted to, as a condition of societal well-being.

The "trend of evolution," as regards the possible future of the human race, is the theme of the closing chapter by Professor E. G. Conklin of Princeton University. After reviewing the various causes and directions of past evolution, the author comes to present conditions and tendencies. Here he notes that, as a result of human interference with natural selection, a large part of the human race is now engaged in the most stupendous and dangerous experimentation upon itself. He exhibits the effects of retrogressive selection upon civilized populations, the decreasing birth-rate of the more intelligent classes and the increasing amalgamation of races. He concludes that natural selection, under various aspects, is still the most potent factor in directing evolution, though it is extremely slow in its action and excessively wasteful. But there is reason to hope, he thinks, that in the near future intelligent human selection may co-operate with natural selection, thus rendering progress more rapid and more merciful. Otherwise the time will come when on a crowded globe natural selection will reassert itself and there will be a return to "nature's simple plan" of promoting fitness by the ruthless elimination of the unfit.

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LETTERS AND COMMENT

Dr. A. McGill of Gambier, Ohio, has sent us the following criticism of Hilaire Belloc's essay "On Contemporary Stupidity":

"THE first, most obvious example of modern stupidity, is the assumption of unpossessed knowledge. I do not mean its assumption in the sense of a pretense to it. That would not be stupidity at all; it would be cunning and charlatanism—defects which are not stupid, but the reverse." Thus Hilaire Belloc writes in *THE YALE REVIEW* of October, 1923.

It must be conceded that human knowledge, if we mean by this term an intellectual comprehension of fact as it ultimately exists, is a very small quantity. Yet I am loth to grant that, as the only positive statement made in the above quotation implies, we do not possess an ultimate fact. The assumption of knowledge which one does not actually possess, is undoubtedly charlatanism; and the charlatan is apt to have a more or less disguised end in view, which implies cunning.

Mr. Belloc charges stupidity where it seems to me that a more sympathetic critic might find imperfect information, awakening our pity, rather than a degree of stupidity justifying our contempt. How unreasonable it is to expect ultimate knowledge on the part of mankind will be clear to anyone who considers the conditions under which man is obtaining such knowledge as he has. The concepts of time, space, matter, and motion are necessarily involved in all our thinking. We cannot get rid of them; yet we cannot grasp them. There are aspects of each of them that baffle comprehension. Who can conceive of infinite divisibility; of unlimited space; of unending time? As well attempt to imagine a straight line with but one end. Our very existence is an assumption, and Descartes' formula expresses the sole basis upon which we accept it as a fact: "Cogito: ergo sum." Let us, at least, have the decency to acknowledge limitations of whose existence we are as fully aware as we are of our personal identity. Ultimate knowledge is not for us, nor can it ever be ours in three dimensional

space and finite time. Acknowledged limitations do not, however, prevent us from believing that, in certain directions, we are possessed of actual fact. Short of revelation (another incomprehensible thing), progress in knowledge must seemingly depend upon our own efforts. And it is no small compensation for these efforts that they give us the highest and keenest pleasure of life. Thus we find life worth while, despite our inability fully to understand it.

We are well assured that, what we designate as knowledge, is, nevertheless, only knowledge in a *Pickwickian* sense. It is not ultimate; does not go to the root of the matter. But, within the limitations imposed upon us by our imperfections, it works. By a hundred tests it is amply proved that we are convinced of the worth-whileness of our material life.

Mr. Belloc sees evidence of human stupidity in the fact that we take as demonstrated truths the assumptions of our theories. But who does that? I have yet to find a single individual, competent to speak authoritatively on the subject, who claims that Dalton's atomic theory explains the ultimate constitution of matter. It gives no student of science a shock to find that his theory of to-day falls down in view of newly acquired knowledge. It is only necessary for him to re-adjust his hypothesis to the new increment of knowledge.

As for those who read into our theories a meaning which they were never intended to carry, let us be patient. It may not be dulness carried to the verge of stupidity that makes this error possible, but merely that "little knowledge" which is such a dangerous thing.

This is not the place to consider how far our reason, with its clearly seen limitations, may carry us in the search for ultimate truth. But it is germane to the question to ask whether any other than intellectual methods may hopefully be employed in the quest. If we assume revelation, we must yet submit to the arbitrament of reason the sufficiency of the grounds upon which we yield credence to it. Thus reason remains the final court of appeal. Belief is not a matter of the will. Nor is ignorance proof of stupidity. It may result from indolence or, as Mr. Belloc suggests, from fatigue. We are surrounded by mystery, but an atmosphere of mystery should be favorable to more than vague dreaming.

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LEADERS AND LED

By WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING

C^RITICS of political democracy are prone to make too much of passing symptoms: its rudeness, its wastefulness, its inconstancy, its shallowness, its ingratitude. Popular government is bound to suffer many ills, and to find its own ways of curing them; the mind of a nation is not made in a day. But there is one malady for which, if it exists, there is no cure. If democracy is incapable of begetting and choosing good leaders, it may quit the stage.

On this point, neither experience nor philosophy entitles us to be highly sanguine. Montesquieu once said that "the people are admirably qualified for choosing those whom they are to entrust with part of their authority." But Montesquieu wrote before the West had taken its decisive democratic plunge. His chief examples are drawn from antiquity. And even here, when he calls to witness "the series of surprising elections made by the Athenians and Romans, which surely no one will attribute to chance," he took the times too little into account. For those ancient publics, never more than semi-popular, had the habit, and long retained the expectation, of being *governed*—an attitude which led them to look for men of governing mould and force. And when her

most gifted leader brought Athens to the verge of unrestrained self-government, the series of great choices came to an abrupt close.

We are now in a much better position than Montesquieu to read the results of the experiment. A favorably disposed critic like Bryce speaks with saddened moderation; Mr. Hearnshaw thinks the trend of evidence in this respect is unfavorable; Emile Faguet is ready to assert outright that "Montesquieu was thoroughly mistaken." In its choice of leaders, democracy appears in Faguet's eyes as the very "cult of incompetence" accentuated by a "horror of responsibilities" on the part of those who ought to lead.

For while the rest of the body can share in the intelligence of a head, if it has one, to expect it to discover a head and set it in command would be to ascribe to it in advance the sagacity which the head alone can confer. Only merit can recognize merit. The people will never set over themselves men who would prescribe the necessary discipline. "In order that the laws should correct the popular habits, it would be necessary that the people should choose its legislators in reaction against its habits." Instead of this, the public "loves to have its elected resemble itself; its chosen must experience its own sentiments and passions; it therefore seeks instinctively men who have the same habits and manners, — and a very little better instruction." Men are not good surgeons to themselves; nor will they inflict on themselves through elected officers the strain that brings them to their best. And further, in a democracy inequality stands under suspicion: men secretly detest the more competent "precisely as competent." The knowledge of superiority can be thoroughly welcome to none but the superior himself.

If these judgments were merely the report of historical impressions — pittings of the Bismarcks against the Gladstones of modern times — they would be negligible. Experience taken at its face value is non-committal. Instances can be multiplied in which the public has stoned its prophets and

rejected its disciplinarians. A composite picture of the leader whom democracies both breed and cherish would appear less to resemble a Venizelos or a Wilson than a Lloyd George, shifting easily with the shifts of public feeling and holding an unsteady seat for a long time by agility rather than principle. Yet history bristles also with instances of a contrary import. No one will question either the disciplinary force or the public regard held by the first Napoleon. Roosevelt was a popular choice; yet he was not noted for a shrinking diffidence in "correcting popular habits." Mussolini actually capitalizes his dramatic rigor; and though he was the creature of no electorate, few men in so short a time (to judge by appearances) have so far captured popular support. And what are we to make of that signal outburst of national grief when Nikolai Lenin left the scene of his iron rule? Political experience, if it gives no clear support to Montesquieu, can do as little for his critic.

Our own history is ambiguous. In a hundred and fifty years the American people have brought to power four men of more than passing greatness. But who will say that these four are enough to prove the value of our policy? If this same people can descend so soon in leadership into the present morass of national shame, we can only doubt whether in our successes it was the democracy that found its strong men or the strong men that found the democracy. For aught that the facts can show, the emergence of leaders of the first rank has nothing to do with forms of government and election: it may be a matter of the virility of the national stock — its power to beget men of gauge and temper to govern, and of every thousand so bred to give one or two a training that does not spoil them on the way. The surface of our experience decides nothing on these points.

We must turn to the psychology of the case. For history can teach nothing until we can see the necessities that govern its facts. If the facts of experience exhibit some psychological law whereby, left to itself, the democratic state

must fail to recognize ability and give it power — and this is what is alleged — we are concerned to know that law. It is here that a philosophical enquiry may be of some use.

The statement that mankind, especially democratic mankind, secretly detests the more competent, because their presence offends the fundamental sentiment for equality, deserves a second glance. It has a cousinship to the truth. It is a fine instance of the paradox whereby a valid logical inference may become a psychological falsehood.

The superiority of A to B is logically the same fact as the inferiority of B to A. But psychologically these two propositions may be worlds apart. It is quite possible for B to detest his own inferiority without in the least detesting A's superiority. To deplore one's own relative incompetence secretly or otherwise is certainly a general human trait; and it may bring with it a resentment towards whatever and whoever reminds one of it, including our superiors if they are so unfortunate. But no normal person detests superiority *per se*. To say that superior skill, intelligence, ability, character, are spontaneously resented is to say that admiration is an unnatural sentiment — which is absurd — and to make inexplicable the rich and primitive vocabulary of laudation in all languages. And so long as attention is taken by the admirable quality of the superior, the mind is so far free from concern about the implied inferiority as to be pleased with the situation; it appears to share in the admired quality, as a discoverer is magnified by what he finds.

This primary innocence of the inferior is aided by a corresponding innocence of the superior. For superior powers are not at first accompanied by a consciousness of superiority — they are simply directed to the work to be done. Comparisons are a later growth. And though the strong man can hardly fail to suspect his power when he begins to take part in common and competitive enterprises, the *assurance* of his relative merit usually comes to him from outside — from those who judge his performance unusual and frankly dis-

play their wonder. Sophisticated mankind becomes chary in its praise; it has learned the dangers of that subtle intoxication. But even so, it is not the superiority that men dread or detest: it is the assumption of superiority, and some of its wretched mental fringes.

The fear of superior minds is thus a trait of social disillusionment, not of unspoiled human nature. It is more characteristic of aristocratic groups than of "the people." And when the masses display what looks like a distrust of superiority, it is worth noting that it is seldom the superiority of their own leaders that they hold in suspicion: it is rather the superiority of a distant or insulated group which has undertaken to assert mass inferiority, to exploit it, perhaps even to cultivate it, and so in various ways to bring into the mental foreground an unnatural reminder of inequality in its most hateful guise.

But it is one thing to enjoy the superiority of a comrade; another thing to enjoy the superiority of a leader, who must undertake to train common action into his own grooves, and so clash against men of other views, including my own. Even here I venture to say that, other things equal, *men naturally prefer the stricter disciplinarian.*

Under the kindly cover of "other things equal" I may decline here to answer for the arrogant, petty, self-important official, for the self-interested man-driver, or for the leader whose head is turned by his own success. Unless it can be shown that leadership is itself an abnormal position which corrupts everyone that comes into it, we can fairly refuse to take our psychology from social perversions. The officer who holds the regard of his men without relaxing his demands upon them is not so rare a phenomenon that we must regard him as the abnormality. There are leaders who know not only how to make leadership palatable, but how to create something like an appetite for the duty they require of their men.

It is largely a matter of making it evident that the effort

called for is demanded by the situation and not by the personal vanity of the officer; that is, it is a matter of making the hard requirement a matter of *belief*. Mussolini holds Fascismo to a rigorous discipline so long as the relation can be seen and felt between that discipline and the great things that are to be achieved in and for the nation. Given the draft of will, and men prefer effort and sacrifice to lethargy and self-indulgence. It is only the blind that can fail to see this truth at every turn in history.

Men choose leaders as they choose their other elemental necessities, by instinctive response. Through their own sense of inner emptiness and groping, they are attracted to confidence, assurance, achievement, to the man with an idea which clearly masters experience, or with a personality which masters and places ideas. If there is any chance that the human spirit may assert itself in the world, people are always ready to become sharers in that event, and let the man of destiny take charge of them.

There is, in fact, a disposition, for the most part subconscious, to choose leaders *in the hope that our habits will be corrected*. It is easier to have one's habits corrected by the aid of an external requirement than to correct them oneself, by sheer moral heave; and the lurking wish to have them corrected is inseparable from human nature. This fact is half concealed by the circumstance that whenever a public does by law correct its own habits, each individual appears to be chiefly concerned in the improvement of his neighbor rather than of himself. I may be ready to trust myself to smoke in a hay-barn, and yet vote for a rule that no one shall smoke there, because I do not trust the others. Men who are ready to frequent salacious drama may yet vote for a censor to protect the weaker brethren: in psychological perspective, all the brethren are usually "weaker." Hence Peter Stuyvesant was certainly mistaken when he said — "If the election be left to the rabble, every man will vote for one of his own stamp. The thief will vote for a thief."

He was wrong because the thief, like the rest, is governed in his public choices by the principles which he can avow and recommend, not by those he practises. And all men have a sufficient sense of cosmic direction to lead them to recommend a genuine good. The true jewel catches the common eye; and men choose for their crowd, their families, and their children, with an element of protectiveness which is at once pathetic, laughable, and sublime. Men are inveterate Recommenders; and the leader they want must embody the latent Recommendation.

But they will go a very short distance with a leader who is merely a Recommender. For what they have in subconsciousness is a desire to believe in what they recommend. Their own feebleness of hold on the good seeks to attach itself to conviction; and it is the missing conviction that the leader must supply. Let them see their own weakness and self-indulgence in him, and they will refuse to accept from him a set of laws in which it becomes evident he believes only as they do — for others. This it is that marks the essential difference between leadership in a political aristocracy and in a democracy. Monarchs and aristarchs can recommend, and do as they please; democratic leaders must be the thing they require. The burden on their sincerity may keep them, at first, closer to popular standards; but it gives them a potential lifting power which has the future in it, if there is any future.

The psychological principle, then, is this. Just in so far as the leader morally resembles the popular drift, so far the people will resist his discipline. If one count of the indictment were true, the other would be true also. But if one is false, so is the other. The man who can command himself can just so far command the populace. And such a man the people are ready not alone to elect, but to turn into a legend. His enemies are not among them, but among his colleagues and advisers, the Swards, the Lodges, the pseudo-aristocracy of the state.

A certain sort of likeness in its leaders the public does indeed demand — such likeness as is implied in co-nationality. This is true precisely because some curbing or driving is implied in all governing; and in a democratic state it is necessary that when the leader controls, the people shall be able to conceive that they control themselves — which is possible so far as they see their genus reproduced in him. He must be of their kind, just because he must correct their habits and direct their passions. He must be of their kind; this is very different from saying that he must be of their competence.

These are what we may call the first principles in the psychology of public choices of leaders. And so far as these first principles are concerned, Montesquieu is right and Faguet is "thoroughly mistaken": the natural choices of the people tend to be good choices.

It is time to turn once more to the facts of political experience, to test and correct these findings. If the principles of human nature are what we say, what is it that obscures them in practice?

What, in particular, have we to say of the swarm of minor and local leaders? For it is not alone in chiefs of state, it is in the many authorities nearer the people — bosses and aldermen, elective magistrates and representatives, especially the representatives — that the health or unsoundness of democracy must show itself.

This personnel of government as we find it, is of course no pure instance of public preference. It is folly to judge any group of men as "the people's choices" unless they are in some sense the people's nominees. It is equal folly to speak of choice when votes are cast in ignorance, or in the mythological twilight produced by press portraits and the murky mixture of laudation and vituperation in the campaign. Nor can we wholly lay to the charge of public ineptitude what is due to the cowardice of leaders themselves, who finding an

opportunity before them fear to take it, prefer what they call popularity to the hard course of the leader, and so disappoint the hidden wish of the people for control. These and other circumstances are so many refracting media through which popular sentiment makes its way with difficulty.

But still it struggles through. The degree of will to control machine-made nominations or to submit to them must be taken as a part of public mentality. Likewise, the disposition to substitute mental lay figures for the actual candidates and make them objects of a wholly romantic hostility or adoration. The results of these weird political processes are not wholly meaningless in what they indicate of popular choices.

And I would add, neither are they wholly discreditable. It is true that these minor officials, taken in the mass, do unmistakably resemble the people, especially such of them as have sought to hold office rather than to escape it. They differ from the crowd chiefly in their willingness to make a business of public affairs and to take the trouble of shepherding the electorate. They are not, as a rule, men who carry the principle of loving their enemies to the point of preferring their colleagues of the opposing party or the mugwump of no party. To this extent, their sense of justice is likely to be impaired by the biases of their position.

But these minor leaders do, as a fact, lead: they persuade men. If as party men, making a principle of their regularity, they persuade too much with the guile of the commercial drummer rather than with the conviction of personal thought, that is a defect of the party system with which we must not unduly burden the problem of leadership itself. They actually engage and exercise the political intelligence of their constituents in an elementary fashion. They are commonly men in whom sentiment is strong, and who know how to reach it in others. To say that they must be of like passions with the people is to say nothing; for the capacity for every passion is in every man. The function of the leader

is — without being alien to any popular feeling, and without following it — to reflect it, to reflect upon it, to mix it with thought, inform it, direct it. In the heat of passion, no electorate is likely to choose men that oppose it. But in evenness of mind, it is quite capable of choosing men who have the character to oppose it when the crisis comes. And these minor officers do, to some extent, perform this office.

But how are we to measure the merits of these or other politicians? I am convinced that our estimates are commonly distorted because we have nothing like a complete picture of the qualities required in political leaders. We need something like an analysis of political excellence. We must recognize at least four types of capacity, mental and moral — let us call them virtues — in the make-up of a good government:

First, the “awful and respectable virtues” of clean hands and a pure heart — integrity, justice, and an eye single to public welfare;

Second, the amalgamating virtues, such as bring about a sentiment of solidarity and loyalty within the group, make a mental entity of neighborhood and community, realize the family aspect of the state, create the conviction of mutuality of lot in the commonwealth;

Third, the actualizing virtues, such as bring decisions to pass out of confused deliberations, keep public business going, accept the facts of what we have as the necessary introduction to the next better thing, know how to achieve under imperfect conditions, to “deliver the goods,” and so actively assume that the best possible state is the state that can be made of existing materials;

Fourth, vision, the outlook and sense of direction of the statesman. Vision may exist in the form of political idealism, as in Mazzini, or in the form of constructive genius, as in Cavour: and it usually takes two heads, contrasted in this way, to give any state an adequate pilotage.

The first type of virtue is necessary. It is not sufficient. It is necessary; for without it all the other types of virtue

run into characteristic evils: the amalgamating virtues create clans, cliques, and parties with boundaries of moral exclusion such as split and destroy democracies; the actualizing virtues develop a driving and unprincipled pragmatism or policy of expediency; and vision itself is befogged by ambition and national self-interest.

But it is not sufficient. And here it is that reformers often err, assuming that to secure good government they have only to instate a citizen upright and above reproach. And when after a term or two of righteous politics the old forces creep back into power, the reformer is apt to ascribe to public indifference what is essentially due to a lack of political virtue in his own government. The strength of such forces as that of Tammany depends on the presence of the second and third types of virtue. To oppose Tammany with a lesser equipment in these respects is to oppose to each other qualities which ought to be united. Tammany and its counterparts will hardly be uprooted until they can be outdone on their own ground and in terms of their own peculiar excellence. The Irish politician in America may yet be the instructor of America in certain essential parts of political virtue.

At any rate, when we consider our minor leaders in the light of these four standards, we can hardly accuse the public of a total blindness to political capacity, not even those groups in it which maintain the more clannish type of leadership and appear least responsive to the wider public interest. They know how to find and put forward those who excel in the points of strength they are most concerned in.

But there is little hope for a public that is interested in a part of political virtue only, and not the whole of it. A three-legged horse is about as valuable as no horse at all. There are certain unfavorable traits of the voter's psychology which I must record as modifying our statement of first principles: a tendency to exalt the amalgamating virtues, a defective sense of political vision, and a dependence of choice upon temper.

In the first place, the public persistently overrates the amalgamating virtues. It is ominously gullible in presence of the affable candidate. And until men are free from the vanities which make them victims of the flattery of political attentiveness — quite apart from the cruder appeals to self-interest — this will always be the case.

I do not mean that any public regards with indifference the virtues of honesty and justice. Wherever a clear issue can be raised on these grounds, apart from race and class feeling, they constitute the strongest appeal that can be made to any electorate. I mean rather that voters are disposed to take these primary virtues for granted. They have to learn by bitter and frequent experiences what close neighborly relations may exist between geniality in politics and official corruption. And the rate of speed at which publics seem to learn from experience is geological.

There is one aspect of this bias, however, which we can reasonably regard as transitory. That is the spirit of inverted aristocracy which gives a meaningless advantage to any "dirt-farmer" as such, a high campaign value to portraits of the candidate at the milking-stool or the wood-pile, and which places a correspondingly meaningless handicap against a "corporation lawyer" or a man connected with Wall Street. Sentiments of this sort which are obviously products of reaction against old abuses, and are not ingrained in human nature, may be expected to wear themselves out in time; and the more rapidly as the officials whose merits shine forth chiefly in the barn-yard fail to satisfy in office that other powerful sentiment, local pride.

There is another aspect of this same interest in the amalgamating virtues, which is hopeful because it is sound in its instinct. Mutual understanding between leaders and led — the essence of representative democracy — cannot be gained from a distance. It is most surely gained by sharing the common lot. The mind of a man is made by his experience as well as by his thoughts: and it is useless to deny that his

worth as a leader is affected by his personal history. When Mr. Davis scorned the suggestion that he should change his occupation to make himself a fitter possibility for presidential nomination, he was right; when he asserted that occupation and activities have no psychological influence upon perceptions of public policy, he was wrong. Associations alter interpretations; this truth, fortunately, the people cannot be induced to forget.

This principle bears on the whole theory of representation. It is evidently akin to the principle of inductive science, as opposed to *a priori* science; understanding of men and human interests, like knowledge of physical nature, must be gained by close contact with the facts, not by abstract reasonings. Take this principle in earnest, and we reach the position of syndicalism which insists that leadership must always be from below upward, that is, from the ranks, home-grown — never from above downward. The man of “liberal training,” asserts the syndicalist, can never know his constituency; the intellectuals are hopelessly out of sympathy with the masses, even when they try to put themselves in the other man’s place; the only government that can represent labor is a labor government. To be consistent, however, we should also have to say that business can only be represented by business men, medicine by physicians, womanhood by women, learning by scholars, and ignorance by fools. Every occupation, interest, and condition of man would require a representation of its own stripe. Nay, carried to its logical limit, representation would have to be given up: for since no man can have the experience of any other, no man can represent any other.

The truth is — and it is a distinguishing mark of the human species — that a man’s ideas always vastly outrun his facts; and his understanding of other men always far outreaches his private experience. Our scientific and social life would be impossible if this were not so. Given imagination, a degree of unselfishness, and a sample of how the other

half lives, and men of different experiences *can* understand one another, and represent one another. The exhilaration of human society consists largely in the mental conquest of vast biographical divergences such as separate, if you like, the careers of a man and a woman. What we mean by political ability in an individual is largely measured by his capacity to be at home in diverse groups. The true amalgamating quality is indifferent to social origins. The greatest men are those for whom no gulf is too wide for the reach of their explorative sympathies. The accident of the single current of experience which alone any life can follow all but loses its power to deflect their judgment. These are the men whom an electorate obsessed by professional amalgamation is likely to miss. It must temper its just concern for representation in concrete kind with a perception that all great leadership is mentally from above, emerging from solitary communion with the tradition and purpose of the nation.

But the public has a defective sense for the virtue of political vision; and this is the second unfavorable trait I have to record.

Vision is hardly to be demanded of the minor leaders in any notable degree. But wherever it occurs, it has this peculiarity, that it confers on the whole the advantage of the best. The keenest eye can see for the whole ship. The minor leader, whose position makes him at once a leader and a follower, tends to absorb some qualities from those above him. Even integrity and corruption are to a great extent matters of political fashion; and many a subordinate who falls in with the barter which he takes as part of the game is ready, and glad, to abandon it when the mode changes. Thus it is that the chief responsibility for clean politics, as well as for the overt policies of state, lies with those who are supposed to have the widest political vision, and that the taint of dishonor in the highest offices touches the community with the acutest dismay. Nothing can com-

pensate a state for a dearth of genuine vision; and nothing is less certain of capture in the net of public choice.

In this respect, it is true, the field of politics is not peculiar. There are no rules anywhere for the recognition of genius. The exceptional man must always be, in a large degree, self-trained and self-promoted, taking the initiative in making his alliance with the public. And the chief thing the public has to do is to examine its conscience; for its own integrity is its only assurance that it will be prompter than the Pharisees to detect the true prophet when he arrives.

There is, however, one direction in which we can decrease the likelihood that the best men will be lost to public service through the exclusions of nominating machinery; and that is to make our party leaders feel more definitely what we demand.

We can make it appear that in all ranks of office, and especially in the highest, the size of the man is more important to us than his training in the game of politics. We are beginning, as a people, to detect the marks of partisanship in the minds of public men, and to fear them. The time is at hand when a candidate who can be fair to his political opponents will find a public response; while the man who distorts their positions and minimizes their achievements in order to make false issues will be recognized not alone for the liar he is, but also for the incompetent who confesses by such deceit his destitution in real grounds of appeal.

And the time must come when we shall also demand representatives who will represent more than their locality as they represent more than their party. Each one of them must undertake to represent the whole nation, and the nation as a part of humanity. For he who sets his country above humanity will set his locality above his country, and will end by setting himself on top of the pile. The cure of this situation lies at all times in the hands of the voters; but it implies some improvement in their wills, and not alone in their intellects. And here we encounter the third trait of the voter's psychology which I have especially to mention.

It is that the worth of public choices — so far from being a fixed objective fact, as we have been assuming, capable of scientific estimate — varies enormously with the *will and temper of the people*.

Their choices under conditions of class hatred are vastly different from their choices in times of steady nerve. War cabinets are notoriously poor instruments for making peace; and the leaders of disgruntlement are seldom fit for positive statecraft. Men who despair of the capacity of the public sometimes point to the character of the more turbulent leaders of labor, whom they characterize as "worse than all their followers," that is, more *intransigent*, unreasonable, ruthless, and unscrupulous. But such critics perhaps overlook the fact that the labor unions regard themselves at present primarily as fighting organizations; they picture their leaders as meeting antagonists who pursue relentlessly the logic of self-interested power, and they seek men who will be their matches. The man of soft speech they do not want; the man who sees the point of view of the employer they suspect of weakness; justice and even temper will not win the highest favor in that atmosphere. But in view of the ends thus conceived, it would be stupid to assert that the belligerence of leaders so chosen is evidence of bad judgment on the part of their choosers. It is evidence rather of good judgment, though it may be evidence also of bad temper. Change the conception of the nature of the industrial struggle, wake up a fair and intelligent public interest, and the same men will produce a different leadership, as in other parts of the labor field they do.

The temper of class war is not favorable to the choice of just leaders. The temper of public cynicism is as little favorable to the choice of honest ones. Our chief danger lies here. The American public is not slow to detect the arts of political humbuggery. We have a nickname for every species of chicane and psychological by-play in the trick bag of the politician. Our street urchins are "wise to" the art of log-rolling,

know the uses of the pork-barrel, and can find the weasel-words in any party platform. Such quickness of sophistication has its biological purpose: it should make us quick to abolish shams as we detect them. It is our talent for political growth, and for driving the money-changers from the temple. But it is possible to stop short of that purpose. A people too self-indulgent for political earnestness may relapse into a shallow acceptance of politics as the fated domain of sordid and hypocritical craft. From this temper all possibility of significant choices is fled.


The rescue from such a state of moral lethargy has hitherto depended largely upon the leaders themselves. Unless Mussolini had first polarized the Italian people, that people would never have chosen a Mussolini. If this vicious circle in the psychology of choosing leaders is inevitable, the democratic principle is condemned. Most of the great choices of history have been just such *subsequent* choices; the wisdom of electorates has been largely of a tardy variety, haltingly ready to recognize an achievement forced upon it, or to recall a Venizelos whom it has already broken. If the public can only attain the temper to make its best choices when its leaders confer that temper upon it, the case for popular competence reduces to modest scope.

But surely the moral forces of mankind are not solely political in origin! Human nature of its own instinct tends to temper pride with humility, and initiation into evil with a persistent faith in common good. Its natural interpreters, in family and school, in letters, religion, and art, are there to help recover that balance as often as it is lost. Until the social sources of self-respect and reverence have dried up, no man is justified in despair of the democratic temper, and so of the democratic experiment.

The sum of it is this — and this is perhaps the most hopeful thing that can be said — that the level of our choices is still far below the level of our possibilities.

THE AMERICAN SHORT STORY

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

 ONE of the things sometimes said is that America has brought the short story to perfection. Not the novel, or the drama, or the lyric, or any other literary form; but the short story they do give us. I do not know whether these critics are right; but the short story has had a tremendous vogue in the U. S., and we have certainly produced it in enormous quantities.

Perhaps I had better say at once, to dispose of one or two outstanding names, that I do not agree with those critics who hold that the death of Katherine Mansfield was (to quote one of them) "the greatest loss sustained by English letters since the death of Keats." That Katherine Mansfield was a loss, we shall agree; but not so great a loss as that. We could name several living people, I think, on both sides of the Atlantic, who write better short stories than she did. Also, I should like to say that, in my humble opinion, O. Henry never wrote the short story at all, and has been an almost unmitigated detriment to American letters. When Wilbur Steele receives an O. Henry prize, all values seem to be reversed. Wilbur Steele is a first-rate short story writer: I incline to believe that he is, at present, our best. Whereas O. Henry, though he gives you often striking or poignant incident, does not create human individuals, and his catastrophes are mere coincidence — not, like Maupassant's, an inevitable doom. O. Henry may have been a master of anecdote, but he never wrote the short story; and could never possibly have produced one of Wilbur Steele's beautiful, vivid, workmanlike tales. At least, he never did anything of the sort. So much for one or two of the false gods.

Let us call over the roll of notable American short story writers, and see where we stand. Washington Irving, Edgar Allan Poe, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Henry James, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Frank R. Stockton, H. C. Bunner, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Mary E. Wilkins, Sarah Orne Jewett, Richard Harding Davis, Edith Wharton, Jack London, Wilbur Daniel Steele, H. G. Dwight, Fannie Hurst, John Russell, Joseph Hergesheimer, Ben Ames Williams. There are many others who have written, or are writing, good short stories, but that list surely includes the best. And certainly there is no English list to compete with that, in numbers. On the other hand, you have to set over against ours, on the English side, the supreme creator of the short story: Rudyard Kipling. I do not mean that there have been no others in England; but everyone else pales before the light of Kipling's sun.

It has long been obvious to the student of the form that the English and American demand on fiction in general and the short story in particular, is quite different from the French demand. Take Maupassant, for example. Other French authors have written great short stories — Alphonse Daudet, Prosper Mérimée, Théophile Gautier, Ludovic Halévy — but Maupassant remains the chief French artist in the *genre*. Take any of Maupassant's finest tales: "The Piece of String," "The Necklace," etc. Analyze them. What do you find? An extraordinary brevity, first of all. We all know how Maupassant achieved that brevity: paring down, and paring down, to fit the single column that he had to fill in the newspaper. No one is so brief as Maupassant, except the very early Kipling, and this same O. Henry. It is significant, I think, that O. Henry, who remained as brief as Maupassant, never learned to write the short story satisfactorily, and that Kipling lengthened his stories progressively, and very soon got far beyond the Maupassant space-limit. What you find in the best Maupassant tales is an ironic event; an example of the lever-like workings of fate. A man picks up a piece of string on the road; a woman bor-

rows a trinket to wear to a reception — actions of no significance; yet, in this terrible world in which we live, it logically follows that the man who picked up the string dies of his action, the lives of the woman and her family are ruined by the innocent borrowing. You know the Maupassant type. Of course he has done other sorts; but I think I am right in saying that irony of fate is the chief element in the Maupassant drama. The totally disproportionate result of the light gesture — that is his familiar formula. You pick up a string, you borrow a necklace, and by no further fault of your own, by an irresistible, unpredictable concatenation of mere events, your doom is upon you. It is a very special formula, though instances could be multiplied forever.

Now, the Anglo-Saxon demands, in fiction, a little more than this, and something a little different. We are a romantic folk, and we are incurably interested in human character. Maupassant, I think, was not. He did not create human individuals in his short stories; and, so far as I know, he never tried to. Maupassant did not really follow his own famous advice about the grocer. Only a thrifty old peasant would have picked up that string; therefore his hero had to be a thrifty old peasant. But that is all. He gives you enough of the hero's or heroine's background or mood to make the initial gesture plausible. Beyond that, there is no characterization. Fate does the rest. Nor is the background itself dramatized. The only appeal to our imagination comes from the actual incident, and the almost Hellenic effect of inescapable doom. The tale is a mere skeleton, but that skeleton grins at you authentically.

Now, when an Englishman or an American tries to do this — usually he cannot. In spite of himself, he begins to round out his character, explain his background, enrich his canvas. We do not, perhaps, demand, as the French do, absolute perfection of form; but we do demand more imaginative human reference. We wish a person so clearly delineated that we know, concerning him, how he would behave

in other situations in life than those in which he is shown to us in that one story. Or, if he is not so highly individualized as that, then he must carry with him the weight of a whole group, must let the light in on a multitude of people. We are as interested in human character as we are in straight incident. The incident, indeed, often interests us chiefly because it happened to that person, or a person of that sort. We have even developed the kind of story where no incident is discernible except by its reverberations in an individual mind or heart. Like much of the later Henry James. The ideal short story, from our point of view, is the one wherein interesting or dramatic things happen to clearly identified and differentiated people. Kipling is the great master of the type.

With the American short story, background has always been extremely important. Nearly all our considerable short story writers have dealt with peculiar atmospheres and special moods. This fact has doubtless resulted in part from the lack, in America, of a centralized civilization. That has been very bad for the American novel, but very good, I fancy, for the short story. The short story does not need a complex and traditional background so badly as the novel does. Since it must centre in one incident, we need to be prepared perfectly for that incident, but not for anything else. To appreciate "Gallegher" or "Miss Hinch," you do not need the whole social pageantry of "Vanity Fair" or the "Barchester Towers" series. Besides, I think we tend to dwell, anyhow, on the special case. We are great individualists, and we like a man to be gorgeously different, if he can pull it off. Even when a hero is merely typical, he is typical of a highly individualized background. And the variety of our American backgrounds has given us a specializing habit.

The terrifying younger generation would have nothing to say to Poe, or Hawthorne, no doubt, because these authors are so very "special" and exclusive. Poe is "special," indeed; yet Poe found the formula of artistic economy long since. In his review of Hawthorne's "Twice Told Tales," he says:

"The tale proper, in our opinion, affords unquestionably the fairest field for the exercise of the loftiest talent, which can be afforded by the wide domains of mere prose.

"A skilful literary artist has constructed a tale. If wise, he has not fashioned his thoughts to accommodate his incidents; but having conceived, with deliberate care, a certain unique or single *effect* to be wrought out, he then invents such incidents — he then combines such events as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect. If his very initial sentence tend not to the outbringing of this effect, then he has failed in his first step. In the whole composition there should be no word written, of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the one pre-established design. And by such means, with such care and skill, a picture is at length painted which leaves in the mind of him who contemplates it with a kindred art, a sense of the fullest satisfaction."

The House of Usher never existed anywhere except in Edgar Allan Poe's imagination. One is tempted to believe that the minister never wore his black veil, or Lady Eleanore her mantle, except in the imagination of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Yet Hawthorne's "special" world was founded on fact. He merely clothed in flesh and circumstance certain moral morbidities of the New England civilization. Bret Harte could not have discovered his Outcasts of Poker Flat among the transcendentalists in Concord, Massachusetts; Mary Wilkins could not have made her New England Nun a Nebraska nun; Mr. Cable's Grandissimes could never have lived among the Mormons in Salt Lake City; and Henry James would not have found Flickerbridge in New Mexico. To speak of our brilliant contemporaries: where would Fannie Hurst be without her appalling Jews? Take Birmingham, Alabama, away from Octavus Roy Cohen, and what would be left? Would John Russell exist without the Pacific and Indian oceans and the ports thereof? Nor is this said in the spirit of criticism. Far from it. I am merely trying to show that our short story has, from the beginning, been developed

against a very special background, and that the peculiar environment has always counted. We like the special background, because it helps to individualize the hero. It is really our American writers who have followed Maupassant's advice about the grocer. One Mary Wilkins farmer may be very like another Mary Wilkins farmer; but they have nothing whatever in common with Miss Cather's Nebraska farmers, or Miss Ellen Glasgow's Virginia farmers. Miss Hurst's Jews, rich or poor, are very much alike; but they are not in the least like Christians. Mr. Cohen has so monopolized the negro field that we almost come to believe that all negroes live in Birmingham and behave in that way. But certainly Mr. Cohen's Florian Slappey is as different as possible from Harriet Beecher Stowe's Uncle Tom. An author usually takes a "line." Miss Cather takes Nebraska; Edna Ferber takes Chicago; no one habitually takes New England any more, except Ben Ames Williams; and since H. C. Bunner, no one has been rash enough to take New Jersey. New York is used sooner or later by everyone, from Edith Wharton to Scott Fitzgerald. Indiana is Arcadia, and is full of piping shepherds. The late Richard Harding Davis had a mortgage on New York clubs and South American republics. Charles Egbert Craddock chose the Tennessee mountains. H. G. Dwight belongs to the Near East; and — so far as I am concerned — the Near East belongs to him. It would be trespassing for anyone else to touch it.

Enough instances have been noted, I think, to show our tendency, which is to help ourselves out by special backgrounds. American literature is intensely local. This is due to two or three different facts. One is our diffused civilization, and our inevitable sectionalism. We have no large background; only an infinity of small ones. Then, too, since there is nothing new under the sun — especially no new plot — the nearest to a new thing we poor writers can get is a fresh background, which we are the first to exploit, or are particularly familiar with. Everyone stakes out a Wessex of his own.

It need not be a place; it may be a peculiar human group, a social rather than a geographical atmosphere. But it is not mere diffusion and discouragement, I think, that make us so local. It is also, I believe, our tendency to demand that fiction should be reasonably informing.

Now, the demand that fiction should be informing is a perfectly legitimate demand, though it is more of a strain on the short story than on the novel. The business of fiction — *let us never forget it* — is to entertain; but fiction is not literature unless it also instructs. Literature, that is, to be worthy of the name, must give you vicarious experience. It must present to you dramatic events that have not occurred in your private history; it must present you with human beings who are not of your familiar acquaintance. I do not mean that great literature does not deal with experiences common to us all, and human beings such as we are, ourselves, or have ourselves apprehended. But I do mean this: that if a man had time and opportunity to experience in his own person all adventures and all human types, he would never read a novel or a short story. That fact lies back of the familiar legend about "men who do things." Men who do things, as you are aware, seldom talk, cannot write, and never read. They — well, they do things. Any man might be amused to write his autobiography; but no man wishes to read his autobiography. The business of fiction is to entertain; but in so far as fiction is literature, its duty is to instruct. Not in any pedagogical sense. It instructs by entertaining you plausibly; by telling you things that you were not aware of, in a convincing way. That, at all events, is our romantic Anglo-Saxon conception of the matter. Credibility is the morality of fiction. In a modern phrase, "If you believe it, it's so." Some readers may remember Mr. Thomas Burke's "Limehouse Nights." People were lured to the book by the promise of a new and exotic background. But Mr. Burke did not convince. He obviously had a complex; and what the average reader felt — falling back on plain common sense —

was that if Limehouse had been, save in a stray instance, anything like that, something would have been done about it before this. We might not be able to check him up on Limehouse, but we knew all about Scotland Yard and the London Police Force. No: Mr. Burke's Limehouse was merely the chosen home of Mr. Burke's preferred kind of horror. We did not believe it. We demand that a story shall entertain us; but we demand also that it shall convince us.

The most unfortunate feature of this perpetual demand for entertainment is the supply it creates. If, owing to conditions, there is not enough good stuff going, White Mule will sooner or later come into the market. There was a time when not everyone was expected to read, and an author's public was a fairly small one. With the spread of general education, that day passed. Everybody can read — and does. Nothing can be a best seller unless it is bought heavily by people with no taste at all. More than that, everyone, nowadays, can and does write. If you pick up an unfamiliar magazine on a news-stand, you will find it full of names you never heard of, and of stuff you cannot possibly read. There long since ceased to be an aristocracy of readers; there has now ceased to be an aristocracy of authors.

The astonishing thing about the contemporary short story in America is that there is so much of it, and that it is, on the whole, so clever. I don't say "good"; I say "clever." Full of "pep"; amusing or thrilling incident; surprise. The plots over which our grandparents — our parents, even — grew excited, would not suffice nowadays to lift the eyebrows of a ten-year-old child, in the dark. To be sure, we have a more complicated mechanism of life, to help out the thrill; and many of the thrills come from that mere mechanism. We have airplanes, and motor-cars, and poison gas, and soviets, and Hollywood, and flappers, and radio, and bootleggers — to say nothing of highjackers. The habit of wonder has been atrophied in us. Stories that once were classics could not achieve that position now. Nor can we do with a

leisurely style. Do you honestly believe that "The House and the Brain," or "The Amber Gods" would have a look-in with the editor of any magazine? Would "The Saturday Evening Post" conceivably print "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow"? It is not clever enough; not quick enough. "No one boxes any more," said a resident of Nevada to me, last summer, after the Dempsey-Gibbons fight at Shelby. "Prize-fighting has gone to the dogs. There is no art of boxing nowadays." I asked him why. "Because the public demands knockouts," he replied. Fictionally speaking, we tend to demand knockouts. In the short story, that is. The novel, being grown up and free of the streets, with its hands in its pockets and no curfew law to bother it, may more or less do what it pleases. People are somehow willing to read dull novels. They will actually read Theodore Dreiser and Sherwood Anderson and James Branch Cabell and Mary S. Watts. *Read* them. But they will not read the dull short story. It must mind its p's and q's.

Professor Bliss Perry long ago compared the writing of the novel and the writing of the short story to the running of a long race and the running of a short race. It is ten times as easy, he said, to write a short story as it is to write one ten times as long. Professor Perry only voiced the high-brow distrust of the type which prevailed at that time. Contrast this with the much wiser dictum of Mr. Ben Ames Williams, who speaks as follows in a note appended to his recent volume of short stories, "Thrifty Stock":

"Now there is a difference between the novel and the short story and it is not a question of bulk at all. If this distinction were recognized and appreciated, there would be a distinct clarification of criticism as a consequence. The novel, obviously enough, depends for its interest upon delineation and development of character, and presents a comprehensive picture of some phase, large or small, of the social system. There need be no plot; there is usually merely a chronology. [I do not in the least agree with him about the

novel.] The story, on the other hand, whatever its length, depends for its interest primarily upon incident and situation; it deals with conflicts and contrasts, with sacrifices and surrenders, with achievements and acquirements, with penalties and punishments, with sorrow and rescue, prosperity and disaster, and all the torment of obstructed passion. In short, with drama.

"This distinction between novel and story is not a question of merit or demerit. As a matter of fact, it is obviously much more difficult to write a great short story than it is to write a great novel."

That, at least, is the other side of the shield. It would be a pity, too, to omit a metaphor which Henry James once used for the short story. In a forgotten preface, he refers to it as "the silver-shod, sober-paced, short-stepping, but oh so hugely nosing, so tenderly and yearningly and ruefully sniffing, gray mule of the 'few thousand words.'" There was no question in *his* mind of its potential significance.

The fact at least is that the novel and the short story are radically different methods of treating material. The experienced author would look at a human situation and decide which treatment would bring out its high lights best. Naturally, I do not mean that the stuff of any novel could be treated in the short story, even by Kipling. But surely we could get the essence of half the novels written, if they had been done as short stories by the right person. In many, if not most, great short stories, a novel lies implicit. Many authors would have felt that they could not handle the material of "An Habitation Enforced" under the novel length. Kipling made a long short story of it, and did wisely. It is a question, whether John Buchan did not crowd as much history into an old short story of his called, I think, "Compagnons de la Marjolaine," as he did into his recent book "Midwinter." They deal with different periods; the Pretender is young in one, and old in the other. But the short story is as rich in historic suggestion, as comprehen-

sive, as the longer romance. I am so great an admirer of Mr. Buchan's that I should not like him to write, ever, one word less than he has written. I am merely using him to illustrate my thesis: namely, that there are many *données*, as the French say, which can be treated either in the novel or the short story. It is for the author to choose his method: that is all. The two methods are absolutely different; the arrangement of material, the perspective, the stresses — everything is different. But it is not a mere question of its being easier to write a short story than a novel.

The criticism one is tempted to make of the average, clever American short story is that it is not close-packed enough. The only short story — bar the mystery or detective type, when it is successfully done — that the sober critic can delight in is the one that convinces you the author had a lot more than that one episode up his sleeve. When one reads a short story, one likes to feel that the author knew enough concerning the people involved to have written a whole book about them, had he chosen. The reason why the short story is discredited as a literary form is, I believe, that most of our stories are not so significant as that. They centre in one incident which means nothing; which has no context in the rest of the hero's life, no power of revealing a whole personality. Yet the short story, rightly taken, is an important and impressive *genre*.

You can remember a good short story across the years as well as a novel. Which one of you recalls a tale called "Miss Hinch," published a dozen years ago in "McClure's," by Henry Sydnor Harrison: the same man who perpetrated "V. V.'s Eyes," and "Angela's Business," and other stuff foolish enough to have been written by A. S. M. Hutchinson? I am still looking in vain for a tale I read many years ago, concerning hidden treasure on the edge of Burma. It was a ruined city in the jungle; and at one foreordained, twilight moment, a pigtail swished round the corner of a palace. A story of Jack London's in "The Smart Set" — fifteen years

back, and never seen since — is still memorable to me for its grim sophistication: Henry James people (where *did* Jack get them?) foundering upon a rock that Henry James would never have consented to chart. Yes, the short story can be memorable, and immortalize for you a great or a terrible moment. We have been told that one of the most unforgettable figures in fiction is that of Beatrix Esmond coming down the staircase with a candle in her hand. True: it is. But so is Dinah Shadd, slipping her hand into Mulvaney's, when Judy Sheehan's mother puts the Black Curse on him; so is the terrible instant when Love o' Women says "I am dying, Egypt, dying"; so is the moment when the narrator realizes that Namgay Doola's children, in the far Himalayas, are singing "The Wearing of the Green." These are things that you do not forget. You do not forget Wilbur Steele's "Arab Stuff"; when, the movie people having gone back to their own place, the teller of the tale discovers that the atmosphere they created was all too real — that the over-civilized sheik *did* slay, for the sake of an honorable convention. You do not forget the instant in "The Monkey's Paw," when the father raises the paw in his hand to wish — and the limping footsteps of the dead son die away in the night.

The short story has three formal elements: situation, suspense, and climax. Generally speaking, the story should begin as near the end in point of time as possible, in order to give us the sense of dramatic speed. (No one but Maupassant could manage lapse of time as he did; wave ten — or fifty — years away in one graceful gesture, give you the full value of the interval, and not wear you out with the sense of having lived through a generation. But it must be remembered that since Maupassant's people exist only to hang a single incident upon, you are not wearied by the implications of the passing years. You never wonder how life has affected them in a hundred subtle ways: all you know about them is that they picked up a string, or borrowed a necklace, or eloped with a groom. Another reason why the Maupassant formula

does not go for us.) Situation, suspense, and climax: those are the necessary elements, and most of our clever short stories have them, duly proportioned. The average American story in the average American magazine is well composed. I don't say well written, for I think we have very few writers who have a vital knowledge of English style. But an astonishing number of people have learned the trick — in so far as it is a trick — of the short story.

The difference between the first-rate short story writer and these others lies most often (style apart) in the quality of the moment he selects on which to make the whole thing hinge. The first-rate short story writer chooses a moment that is not simply exciting in itself, but is also of a profound significance to the person or people involved — according to the old metaphor of the stone flung and the ripples spreading from shore to shore.

We ought, very likely, to leave out of consideration the vast number of stories written merely to amuse. Yet they are so large a proportion of our American product (we are, of course, famous for our humor) that we should perhaps dwell on them for a moment. Everyone knows the kind of thing I refer to. Booth Tarkington's *Penrod* stuff; Octavus Roy Cohen's negro comedies; Edna Ferber's *Emma McChesney* and her commercial travellers; Alice Duer Miller's flappers and their problems. All of these are good reading; but the stone drops, and no ripple spreads. These authors are clever; and they have learned the technical tricks of form; but they give you no sense of having been deeply involved in the crisis of a human life. The best comparison of our humorous American output is, perhaps, with the short stories of W. W. Jacobs — his sailor stories, not his tales of horror. "Light Freights," I mean, and "Many Cargoes." Jacobs's stories are amusing in themselves; the exchange of compliments between his sailor men never fails to make me, at least, laugh aloud. So does the language of Lawyer Evans Chew of Birmingham; and so does the ridiculous conversa-

tion of Herman and Verman in the Penrod tales. But Jacobs, though he has the simplest formula of anyone writing the short story, and though his incidents are no more important than Penrod Schofield's selling tickets for a circus, gets something out of his material that these others do not. Partly because of his very lack of ambition. No temperaments ever had fewer complications or overtones or subtleties than Ginger Dick's or Sam Small's, or Bob Pretty's. They are pretty well reduced to the natural appetites of hunger, thirst, greed, vanity, and jealousy. The mere simplicity of these desires and of their attempts to satisfy them — with no Russian morbidity about it — makes them fascinating: for we have all been hungry, we have all been thirsty, we have all had moments of jealousy or greed or vanity. Mr. Jacobs's characters are not human individuals — at least, you and I, I feel sure, have never known anyone so uncomplicated as that — but they are personifications of real desires. The man is very lazy. The man is also very thirsty. It is as simple as Aesop's fables. The man's wife is determined that he shall not spend all his accumulated pay for drink. She can read. He cannot. She pretends to discover in the papers that the police are looking for him, on account of a fight he has indulged in, in the course of which he knocked down a policeman. She reads from the paper that the public houses are being watched. So he stays in hiding, and does odd jobs about the house. He controls his thirst until one day he sees the supposedly dead policeman out of the window. The man then goes out to satisfy his thirst. Simple? You cannot be simpler than that. You do not know that man; neither do I. Mr. Jacobs has not given us enough to recognize him by. But we do recognize, and believe in, the human fact of laziness, the human appetite for drink, the human rage at being circumvented in pursuing the satisfaction of those appetites. By translating Aesop into modern terms, Mr. Jacobs has managed to be striking. He is, of course, a master of the use of incident; and the conversa-

tional style of his characters is nearly as inimitable as anything Dickens has done.

These other people we were mentioning are nothing like so simple as that. They do pretend to create individuals or strongly marked types. Well, do they create them? Not very convincingly, not unforgettably. We shall have, I think, to take the merely amusing type of American short story as being merely amusing — that is, if it happens to amuse you. Its human significance is practically *nil*, and it stops with intriguing us for a moment about an unimportant event. Its success depends upon our mood. There are times when we feel like watching a dog fight or a human fly or a jazz competition, and times when we do not. According to our mood, we pay attention or we don't. A short story must be more arresting than that, or it is not a great short story, even if it is gymnastically clever. What makes our average American short story go, as much as anything is perhaps its verbal cleverness, and the authors we have been mentioning have plenty of that. I do not wish to be understood, by the way, as rating Mr. Tarkington by his Penrod stories. As a novelist, he is much more important.

In a first-rate short story, then, the significant moment is really significant. Mr. Jacobs's "A Paper Chase," and "Cupboard Love," and "Sam's Boy" are delightful reading, but when you choose a story of his to call first-rate, you take "The Monkey's Paw" or "The Toll House." Not only must your curiosity have been excited about what is going to happen, but you must feel that that thing, when it does happen, is important — either to the protagonist or to some one else. The event need not be either gruesome or tragic; it may be a happy event; it may even be an amusing event. Nearly as many tragic tales fail of significance as humorous ones; and oftentimes a man is killed in fiction without our feeling that it makes any particular difference, even to him. The event may not be the major crisis of a life; it may be only a turning-point. It may be a mere vivid illustration of

the kind of thing that happens on any summer day — made vital by its universality or its symbolism.

When I said that there was usually a novel implicit in the great short story, I meant what I said: *usually*. Not by any means always. There is a novel implicit in "Love o' Women"; there is one implicit in "Without Benefit of Clergy"; as in "An Habitation Enforced" and in "Mrs. Bathurst." There is no novel implicit in "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney," or in "The Edge of the Evening," or in "A Deal in Cotton." There is certainly no novel implicit in "The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat." But in all these last-named stories the crucial moment, the incident in and by and for which the story lives, is a significant one, fraught with immense importance to someone, or else rich in reference to an important situation or state of things. At first blush, "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney" would seem to rest wholly on a startlingly amusing — a positively killing — adventure of Mulvaney's. Not very important in the sum of things, even to Mulvaney. And technically it does. But the vivid significance of context is very great: leaving out the coolie episode entirely, look at the quick revelation of splendor and superstition mingled that is India; the total foreignness and absurdity, to Tommy Atkins, of much that he is set as a guard over; the wild antithesis of the Irish private and the native queens, with the Irish private, none the less, dominating the situation — the whole splendid paradox of the British *Raj*. As the fat boy said: "Here's richness."

To sum up, for a moment, these requirements. To be first rate, a short story must first of all be well made. It must give us situation, suspense, and climax. The incident that informs and creates the story must be a significant one; either truly momentous for one person, or vividly typical of the lives of many people, or — if you like — suggestively symbolic. It must carry more than its own mere weight. It cannot, that is, be simple anecdote, however trenchant. If it but chronicles an absurdity, the absurdity must carry implications con-

cerning fate or human character. A short story that does not do this may be readable and often is, but it is not a great short story. I purposely exclude — as I hope I have said — the tale where all one's attention is focussed on the solving of a riddle. Yet, even here, I think you will agree with me that there is a difference in mystery stories; and that Dupin and Father Brown are somehow literature, while Craig Kennedy and Cleek of Scotland Yard are not. Which brings us to what is perhaps the most difficult requirement of all — the requirement of style.

Now let us see who, among our contemporaries, really fulfils these requirements. We have freely admitted that there are a lot of clever short stories going. The mechanism is easily learned. Short stories are usually published first in magazines, even if they are collected in book form later. Most of us do our short story reading in the magazines. The ephemeral nature of their publication is, I believe, one of the reasons why there is so slender a body of valid criticism of the type. Critics usually review books. What name on the cover makes you buy a magazine off the newsstand? What name makes you feel, when you buy a magazine, that while most of the contents may be trashy or dull, one thing at least will be worth your attention? Who are the people whose names, in themselves, are a kind of guarantee?

No one can judge wholly for others. But certain names, we should probably agree, are outstanding, are in themselves guarantees and persuaders to purchase. Joseph Hergesheimer, Wilbur Daniel Steele, Ben Ames Williams, H. G. Dwight, John Russell, Fannie Hurst, Edna Ferber, Perceval Gibbon (English, I believe, but known to me only in American magazines), Samuel Merwin, Octavus Roy Cohen, Thomas Beer, Mary R. S. Andrews, Charles Caldwell Dobie. To these, many people would add others — James Branch Cabell, perhaps, or Irvin S. Cobb, or Sherwood Anderson, or Konrad Bercovici.

How many of these fulfil the simple requirements we have

set down for the short story? Astonishingly few fulfil them all. Some fall down on the requirement of substance, and some on the requirement of style.

Joseph Hergesheimer hardly belongs here. His best short stories are apt to be, like Conrad's, not short stories at all, but something longer — almost the novelette. Yet he can, and occasionally does, write the true short story in first-rate manner. Fannie Hurst, again, who has had perhaps a greater vogue with readers of the short story than any other contemporary American writer, falls short in one particular. Her tales are beautifully constructed, and her incident is always significant and suggestive; but she happens not to be able to write English. We can all read Fannie Hurst, because of her masterly way of arranging her material; because, too, of the strange, unknown world into which she takes us; but she cannot be called absolutely first-rate so long as she tortures the language, and she shows no sign of improvement in that particular. To get the best of Edna Ferber, you have to read her longer things, or else read a whole volume of connected tales through as if they were a serial novel. The single short story does not usually hold up of its own weight. Perceval Gibbon, I regret to say, has not come my way of late: I remember some excellent tales. Samuel Merwin, who is inspired by China, falls short when he poaches on Mr. Tarkington's preserves. Octavus Roy Cohen — whose mystery stories, I am sorry to say I have not read — has one satisfying receipt; but he must find another, or we shall weary of his work. Mary Roberts Rinehart hardly belongs here, though some of her "Tish" is so funny that we should not like to spare it. Certain people who wrote the short story, not so many years ago, have become, to say the least, rare performers. Edith Wharton has, of late, written the short story very little. Olivia Howard Dunbar, Ellis Parker Butler, Rupert Hughes, Gouverneur Morris, Anne Douglas Sedgwick — these authors have either turned to other forms, or have ceased to write the short story with frequency.

Gouverneur Morris had in him, I think, the makings of a great short story writer; and one of the tales I have referred to as memorable across many years, was certainly by him. I fancy the movies may have engulfed him, but I am not sure. Robert W. Chambers — but the decline of Robert W. Chambers is one of the truly tragic episodes in American literature. I have not read him for many years; but I shall not forget, ever, or ever cease to be grateful for, "The King in Yellow" and "The Maker of Moons." About some of these authors, I am hardly qualified to write, since you really cannot criticise what you are unable to read. I cannot read Mr. James Branch Cabell. I used to try, in the old days when he was publishing pseudo-imitations of Maurice Hewlett in all the best magazines. But as each one of us delights in certain affectations of his friends, so each one of us loathes certain other affectations. The affectation of Mr. Cabell's absurd English is one that I cannot away with. I would never suppress Mr. Cabell on the score of morals, but I think one might quietly hold him *tabu* on the score of his atrocious style. There are, too, for each of us, certain backgrounds that we helplessly loathe — again, a personal matter. Just as I cannot read any story that deals with French people trying to talk English — no, not though it should be written by a master — so I cannot read gypsy stuff (which disposes, for me, of Konrad Bercovici) or baseball stories, or tales that depend on nautical detail about jib-booms and such; and only Kipling can make me read about the insides of engines. After all, as we were saying, the business of fiction is to entertain; and there is no reply to boredom.

Some of our writers, however, do fulfil all requirements; and I think we may say that Wilbur Steele, H. G. Dwight, John Russell, Ben Ames Williams, and Charles Caldwell Dobie, have a very high per cent of achievement. The work of Thomas Beer, too, is increasingly good.

Mr. John Russell has been writing for some time, but he first flashed upon the general American consciousness with

his volume "Where the Pavement Ends." Some of us, when we saw the announcement of his second volume, "In Dark Places," felt it was weary waiting until we got it. John Russell's is one of the names that would make me buy any magazine, at any price. Here, we are both entertained and instructed; and Mr. Russell can write. I do not know what he will do when he forsakes his exotic context: I am waiting, rather breathlessly, to see whether he can saturate himself as successfully with a conventional subject as he can with the beach-combing life of the South Seas, which he gives us so vividly. One man's garden is small; another's is large. We have the right only to ask that, whatever the size of the garden, he cultivate it properly. The size of the garden is a measure of the quantity, not of the quality, of our delight.

At the same time, it is natural that we should pay heaviest tribute to the man who convinces us that his intelligence is so elastic, his imagination so catholic, his method so sound, that he can deal equally well with very varying situations and contexts. For this reason, let us, finally, examine for a moment the work of Wilbur Daniel Steele. He gives, I think, even more assurance of general mastery in the short story field than Ben Ames Williams or John Russell. His style is no better than Mr. Williams's, and he often gives us context as exotic as Mr. Russell's. But it seems to me that if I had a given piece of material, which I wanted *turned into a great short story*, I should place it in Mr. Steele's hands, rather than in the hands of these other two, much as I admire them. Perhaps because I have tested him for a longer time and over a wider range. What one feels, with Mr. Steele, is that, give him a striking human situation of any sort, and he will present it to you in a masterly and convincing way. He is not always first-rate, but he is first-rate often enough to have our complete confidence. His range in "The Shame Dance" is perhaps not so wide; but he has also written the volume called "Land's End," and a great many stories that have unfortunately never been collected in books at all. He is

not Kipling, but he is, I believe, at present our American best. If I had to trust to another author the raw material of a story like "The Pelican" or "Souls Belated" (both perfectly civilized and unexotic) I should hesitate very much before I turned it over to John Russell. I should have misgivings even about Ben Ames Williams. I prefer, naturally, that Mrs. Wharton should do it herself; but if I had to choose another artist, I am sure I should give it to Wilbur Daniel Steele; because he seems, more than any other writer now devoting himself to the short story in America, to be able to deal with a good many kinds of important human situation. He has the great virtue of never selecting a situation that is not important; he knows the technique of the short story through and through; he gives you, always, much more than the incident which makes the framework of the tale; and he can write.

I have, of course, to ask you simply to take my word, my private conviction, for the superiority of Mr. Steele, Mr. Russell, and Mr. Williams, to our other contemporary short story writers. But I have given the matter much respectful thought. Mr. H. G. Dwight, I believe, would fall into this group, if he wrote more steadily. The test of the first-rate short story is its abiding by the laws of form and substance which we have roughly laid down. Over and above that, the test of the *great* short story is its memorableness; its utter refusal, through the years, to desert your mind. Does it become part of your natural mental reference? When something in life or in literature recalls that tale to you, does it come back as a whole, as one of those great moments by reason of which literature challenges life itself, in the field of absolute reality? Which one of our contemporary authors has contributed to your vicarious experience a figure or a situation as authentic as those of "The Pit and the Pendulum," "The Ambitious Guest," "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg," "A Lodging for the Night," "The Revolt of Mother," "The Strange

Ride of Morrowbie Jukes," "Coming Home," "The Toll House"? The great short story must stand, however humbly, in that assemblage.

Well: I think "A Marriage at Kairwan" stands there, and "The Woman at Seven Brothers," and "A Man's a Fool," and "The Passion Vine," and "The Slaver." These tales are far better, from every point of view, than most novels turned out by our contemporaries; and they are, as literature, quite as important as any novel of the same quality. Technically speaking, some of the earliest and greatest narratives we possess — I mean the narratives of the Old Testament — are short stories, in every subtle detail of form and scope. The last verses of the ninth chapter of II Kings compose into a great short story. The fifth chapter of Daniel, which begins "Belshazzar the king made a great feast unto a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand," is a great short story. So is the fourth chapter of Judges, and so is the thirty-seventh chapter of Genesis. No sane critic condemns a poet for writing only lyrics, provided those lyrics are the best. The lyric is as important a poetic form as the narrative poem or the elegy. The same is true — as Poe long ago declared — of the tale, the short story. It is a perfectly valid criticism of life; and some of the most serious human situations can be treated better in this form than in the novel form. The difference is one of method, not of intrinsic importance. That is the fact that we need most to apprehend. By reading the short story as critically as we do the novel; by applauding it as sincerely when it is successful, and condemning it as vigorously when it is not; by demanding from the short story writer as high a quality of prose as we demand from any other writer of fiction — we, as readers, can do much to place it where it belongs, and to clear the air of suspicion: of the utterly false suspicion that it is, in itself, cheap, or ephemeral, or inadequate to the serious portraiture of life.

GLASS HOUSES

By EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

LEARN if you must, but do not come to me
For truth of what your pleasant neighbor says
Behind you of your looks or of your ways,
Or of your worth and virtue generally;
If he's a pleasure to you, let him be —
Being the same to him; and let your days
Be tranquil, having each the other's praise,
And each his own opinion peaceably.

Two brothers once did love each other well,
Yet not so well but that a pungent word
From each came stinging home to the wrong ears.
The rest would be an overflow to tell,
Surely; and you may slowly have inferred
That we may not be here a thousand years.

GERMANY'S NEW PROPHETS

By HENRY DE MAN

THE production of philosophical ideas is still one of Germany's chief national industries. Both supply and demand in this business have increased, and intellectual values have risen enormously, in spite of starvation and social chaos. There is no lack of evidence that in many cases extreme distress has led to demoralization; yet with a certain part of the German people, the physical discomforts of life seem to have created a spiritual need more urgent than the want of food.

A French journalist recently reported to his newspaper that he had found book-stores in Germany as plentiful as *débits de vin* in France. This may be an exaggeration. But I have certainly seen more book-stores in some German towns of the size of Gloucester, Mass. than I know of in Boston. And most of them sell more "highbrow" literature than fiction. Some recent philosophical works have attained a larger circulation than any post-war novel in Germany, or even than most novels in America. The sale of Houston Stewart Chamberlain's "Foundations of Nineteenth Century Civilization" has reached 150,000 copies, Vaihinger's "Philosophy of the As If" 50,000, Spengler's "Decline of Western Civilization" 70,000, Keyserling's "A Philosopher's Log" 50,000. The bulk of this literature is being bought and read by members of the working and lower middle classes, as the well-to-do who buy books to adorn their shelves are becoming very scarce in Germany.

The terminology introduced by some of the most recent works on metaphysics has become so popular that many newspaper leaders are hard to understand without some

knowledge of its catchwords. More than half of the new plays produced this year by German theatres are philosophical problem plays. The first volume of Spengler's "Decline of Western Civilization" called forth such an amount of critical literature that a review of the bibliography about it had already been printed in book-form and had reached a large circulation before the second volume was published.

The type of philosophical book that has become popular in Germany is very different from the usual academic treatise. Though it discusses every metaphysical riddle that can be found in the text-books, and some new ones besides, its ultimate concern is with the great social and political problems of the day. The central question in all these books arises from the collapse of Germany's power and prosperity. Does this collapse spell the end of a civilization, or is it merely, in the words of Nietzsche, the chaos out of which a new star will arise?

The way in which this theme is being treated reminds one of Börne's saying that the German, to remove a stain from his coat, will first study inorganic and organic chemistry. Thus Oswald Spengler in order to justify a political theory based on the fusion of the monarchic and the socialist ideal, has written a treatise of nearly half a million words, in which he attempts a re-valuation of all intellectual concepts, introduces a terminology of his own, sets up a new theory of cognition, and then applies it to biology, religion, science, art, and every subject under the sun. He represents a new type of philosopher, who is at the same time a metaphysician, an encyclopaedist, and a moralist. We shall do well to listen to what some of these prophets are saying, if we are concerned about the future of Germany's civilization — and of our own.

To be really comprehensive, a review of this prophetic thinking in Germany since the war should include representatives of at least eight or nine typical attitudes: Frobenius the ethnographer, Max Weber the sociologist, Vaihinger

the philosopher, Troeltsch the theologian, Keyserling the ethicist, Steiner, anthroposophist and sect leader, Spengler the historian, Gustav Landauer the socialist, who heralded the ethical reaction against Marxian determinism, Rathenau the business man and philosopher, who might have been Germany's great "Europeanizer" but for his untimely death at the hands of nationalist murderers. If I single out only two from this group — Spengler and Keyserling — it is because they happen to represent two essential, and in many respects complementary aspects of the contemporary German mind. They are both alive, in their early forties, eager to gather disciples, and with an important following of epigones. Their works have reached a very large circulation among those of their type, and are about to be made accessible to the English-reading world.*

Both Keyserling and Spengler are chiefly concerned with the part that Germany will be called upon to play in the development of the world's civilization, and with the tasks that arise therefrom for their contemporaries. The differences between their views commonly induce people to call Spengler a pessimist, and Keyserling an optimist. This distinction is not altogether true, although it holds good with regard to their attitudes towards the future of democracy in Germany, and elsewhere. The most fundamental difference between the two is the contrast between Keyserling's introspective temperament, which leads him to believe in progress as an inner process of the soul, and Spengler's worship of power and practical success, which makes him the exponent of a policy to help Germany to a new "place in the sun," and an even larger one than before.

Spengler sees Germany's salvation in her return to the old ideal of a powerful warlike state, but with a more socialistic

*Keyserling's book, under the title "The Travel Diary of a Philosopher," will be published in this country by Harcourt, Brace & Co. Spengler's "Decline of Western Civilization" is to be brought out in England.

internal policy to make it fitter to survive in coming contests. Keyserling, on the contrary, suggests a new start on a higher level. He sees an inner meaning in defeat and democratic revolution, and preaches a spiritual renaissance that would put Germany in the vanguard of a new European civilization. Spengler's mind is turned outward, and is enraptured by visions of economic and military power. Keyserling looks inward, and believes in the power of the soul. Spengler wants a new Germany; Keyserling wants new Germans.

The career and interests of Count Keyserling, who is a member of a noble German family of the Russian Baltic provinces dispossessed by the Revolution, make him a typical representative of the semi-cosmopolitan intellectual of Eastern Europe. He describes himself as a born metaphysician — a man to whom every conflict of impulses becomes a conflict of ideas, and whose thinking is more concerned with the possible world than with the real world. The social and moral chaos of his generation was to him a personal problem. His inability to solve it drove him to despair. Then he undertook a journey round the world, not as a sightseer, nor even as an investigator of conditions and institutions, but as a student of creeds and philosophies. He tried to feel and think like a Buddhist in Ceylon, a Brahman in India, a Confucianist in China, a Japanese in Japan, and an American in the United States. The record of his spiritual metamorphoses was first published in 1918 as "A Philosopher's Log." His conclusion, which has since been developed in several other works, might be summarized as follows: All facts — and all creeds — are but different expressions of one spiritual meaning; they are only means by which we can gain cognizance of the real world of spiritual facts; deeper understanding of their meaning will lead to greater power and perfection; and there is no human progress but this improvement of our understanding.

The keynote of this philosophy is the German word "Sinn," which is approximately translated by "meaning" —

or perhaps more suggestively, but less precisely, by "spirit." But this matters little, since the only accurate definition of the "meaning" is that it is indefinable: it is what the mathematicians call a "variable limit" — the limit of what we can possibly understand, the "last understandable" aspect of things. Language as the most immediate expression of "meaning," helps us to realize it better than any metaphysical analysis. It is what a writer conveys to us who, to quote Bergson, practises the art of "making us forget that he uses words." "Meaning" is thus very much the same as what the monotheist calls God — "the utter meaning" — or what the psychoanalyst calls the "collective subconscious" of humanity.

Most of what Keyserling has written since the *Log*, or *Travel Diary*, is devoted to the argument that "meaning" is a manifestation of a spiritual world distinct and independent from the world of phenomena. The ideal of human perfection is to make oneself more and more free from phenomena, from the facts of life, by penetrating their "meaning." This is wisdom; it is more than knowledge, since knowledge is limited to phenomena, while wisdom reaches beyond them.

Obviously, all this is a purely metaphysical hypothesis. It is as old as philosophical thinking; indeed, Keyserling has borrowed it from Hindu metaphysics. The original part of Keyserling's philosophy, however, is in the practical test to which he puts his metaphysical assumptions, by making them the starting point of a new ethical system based on concentration. Here, too, he has borrowed from the Hindus the idea of Yoga; but he has tried to adapt it to the peculiarities of the European mind in a new way, which has remarkable analogies with the most recent methods of psychoanalysis.

For the crucial point of Keyserling's spiritualism is that the metaphysical world of "meaning" is not beyond our experience. The average European, it is true, is only occasionally aware of the relation between the images retained by

our senses and psychic experience, although it is apparent in religious ritualism, in music, and, though more seldom, in poetry. But a lasting realization of such a relation may be gained in that particular condition of consciousness created by concentration. This is achieved by the Hindu Yoga. With the help of a symbolic ritual, a state of mind — concentration and a vitalization of certain processes — can be achieved that makes it possible to perceive the meaning beyond a given phenomenon. A similar, but less complete, condition of heightened consciousness is reached in the course of any ordinary process of mental concentration when intuition takes the place of mere logical construction.

According to Keyserling, the level of our understanding, then, rather than the nature of our opinions, is what makes the difference between truth and untruth, ignorance and wisdom: two people who dissent on a proposition on which both have reached a high plane of understanding are nearer to truth than two others who agree on either alternative on more superficial grounds. This high plane is to be gained not by any perfection of our reasoning power, but only by achieving a new, higher form of consciousness. In this respect Keyserling believes that Eastern philosophy, which aims at spiritual perfection, is more true than Occidental thinking, which aims at progress, based on the extension of our cognitive powers and of our range of fact-knowledge. Yet he does not reject what we call "progress" for that reason; he rather proposes a synthesis of progress and perfection. For all his admiration of Asiatic wisdom, he could not help being struck by the fact that the spiritual perfection it aims at is of a cheap kind, because it tries to escape from facts instead of mastering them. Spiritualization is possible at various levels of physical progress, and the level which the Occidental world is striving to attain is undoubtedly higher than the one on which the Orient is content to cultivate its passive ideal. On the other hand, while this progress is going on, as it is in the present stage of European-American civilization, it

absorbs most of the energy that otherwise would go to spiritualization.

Of the lack of spiritual and cultural interests in American life Keyserling has much criticism. "The horror of Americanism," he writes, "is that it makes men poor." Yet what is "horrible" by the standards of spiritual perfection, appears in a more favorable light from the standpoint of the level of material progress from which a new start towards perfection can be made. In this respect America, just because it is less hampered by recollections and survivals of past accomplishments, has the better of Europe. For America has been able to develop a progressive individualistic civilization, while Europe is still wasting strength in struggles with old forms. Perfect organization of the material side of life is not civilization, but Keyserling, in contrast to Spengler, believes that it is the only foundation on which a renaissance of Western civilization is possible. Therefore the American creed of progress, success, and efficiency creates a better breeding-ground than the Old World for a new humanity. "Here, if anywhere," declares Keyserling, "a real civilization will blossom on a democratic foundation." So America exemplifies for him both the loss and the gain of modern Occidentalism as compared with its own mediaeval past or with Asia and Russia.

The belief that understanding is actually a creative process, that "a meaning, deeply understood, creates a new condition of facts" — of psychic facts to begin with — is the foundation of Keyserling's ethical teachings. In this emphasis on the development of consciousness, his ethical thinking is typical of Eastern, and perhaps all Continental, Europe, as opposed to the Anglo-Saxon world, which puts the emphasis on the formation of habits of will. The will Keyserling pronounces to be nothing but a brake — an inhibition-mechanism — while fancy alone is creative. The chief ethical problem of our race, in his opinion, is to develop the impulse of spiritual creation. This is merely a matter of conscious-

ness, since all ideas are impulses, or become impulses, when understood deeply enough; and even those impulses which do not originate in thinking are given a new life by it. "Where consciousness of the self is fully developed, to be and to believe are one and the same thing."

In this, Keyserling has to some extent anticipated, and, at any rate incorporated into a philosophical system, the teachings of the youngest school of psychoanalysts, who have reacted against the over-valuation of the animal instincts shown by Freud and American behaviorists, and have put the emphasis on the intellectual element in human behavior.

All education, Keyserling argues, should start from the recognition that individuals are different; everyone should merely be helped to realize himself; then he will also understand others. Western intellectualism makes this task much more difficult than it is for the Asiatic mind, which is willing to accept the coexistence of principles which logically contradict each other, and to rest in traditional faith where the logical intellect fails. The remedy for us is not a return to the "simple faith," which would involve abdication of our critical, scientific intellect, but in a deepening of our consciousness. Thus perfection is the one end, but numberless forms of perfection are possible.

To promote this ideal, Keyserling founded, two years ago, his "School of Wisdom" in Darmstadt, thanks largely to the assistance of the former Grand-Duke of Hesse, who is one of his followers. It was started with the expectation that it would become the type of a new institution, a kind of middle thing between church and university, where exercises in concentration, lectures, and Socratic tuition, would stimulate people in all walks of life, of all creeds and opinions, to reach a higher degree of "consciousness" in whatever they believe and undertake. It cannot be said that it has thus far fulfilled these high expectations; and perhaps Keyserling himself realizes that it is better to let it remain what it actually is: a

nucleus organization that does some of the technical work involved by his proselytism as a writer and lecturer. For although Keyserling disclaims any intention to become a sect leader, the character of institutions like his "school" is, as experience shows, ultimately determined, not only by the original intentions of its founder, but also by the nature of the demand on the part of the public who are willing to be his hearers and followers. Most of the criticisms which the Darmstadt school has drawn upon itself are due to the fact that a circle of "disciples," which is bound to include a large proportion of personal admirers, and of dilettanti who come out of boredom or snobbishness, makes it difficult for the idol to maintain the detachment which is half the charm of the personality that describes itself in the "Philosopher's Log."

However that may be, it would be unfair not to give Count Keyserling credit for having, through his school, set some very valuable examples of a high and liberally minded approach to intellectual problems. At the "conference weeks" which are held once or twice a year and at which lecturers and visitors from abroad take part, Keyserling manages some very stimulating exhibitions of "spiritual counterpoint." Representatives of the most various and antagonistic religions, philosophical and political theories, successively develop their views, and Keyserling himself uses them as a test for his credo of the "one spirit through many manifestations." One may or may not accept that, but one cannot help being impressed by the high level of most of the performances, that of Keyserling himself standing foremost, and by the conspicuous absence of the "debating" frame of mind. Keyserling certainly successfully proves on these occasions that real broad-mindedness is possible through giving antagonistic views not their least, but their most forceful, expression — provided that the tone be affirmative, not argumentative, and that the sincerity of the participants be beyond doubt.

The biologist who studies the characteristics of a species of which he knows two individuals of different types must first establish the nature of their differences; then it is comparatively easy to note the affinities that characterize the species. Now, the differences in the point of view of Keyserling as it has been briefly described and that of Spengler are so striking that at first sight the two men appear to have nothing in common, and the only fruitful way of comparing them would seem to be a psychoanalysis of the motives that have turned Keyserling, the aristocrat expropriated by the Russian revolution, into a believer in democracy, cosmopolitanism, and the future of Western civilization, and Spengler, the plebeian *Oberlehrer*, into a worshipper of old Prussian ideals, a derider of democracy, a well-wisher of Caesarism, and a prophet of the doom of the Occident.

Yet the real interest of such a comparison lies in the traits which Keyserling and Spengler have in common. There are more of them than would appear at first sight, and these particular traits are symptomatic of the new currents in German, and, to some extent, European thinking. For, though their intellectual theses be different, the subconscious tendencies and sentimental impulses on which these rest are very largely the same.

They are both pessimists about our present civilization. At the same time, Keyserling is so irrepressibly driven to hope for the future that he sees the present crisis as the price to be paid for a greater achievement to come; and Spengler, after having accumulated evidence of the final decay of the Occident, himself breaks the ring of fatality which his argument has welded, and appeals to Germany's youth to help him widen the breach. Thus neither may have proved anything but the psychological impossibility for thinking men of the white race to accept a fate of passive despair.

They are both spiritualists. Keyserling's spiritual world acts through the individual creative consciousness; Spengler's through the collective souls of a civilization of which

men are instruments. Both are caught in the swing of the pendulum that takes all contemporary European thinking far away from the materialistic determinism of the century of Bentham, Darwin, Spencer, and Marx. In Germany, this reaction is possibly more powerful than in other parts of Western Europe, as it is enforced by the desire to seek refuge in spiritual certainties from the depressing chaos in the world of facts.

From similar causes, both are anti-rationalists. Spengler reasons reason out of the philosophy of history, and wants even history-writing to be based on artistic intuition. Keyserling, too, burns the idol "Science" which nineteenth-century philosophy — and he himself in his youth — had adored, makes intuition, rather than reason, the source of all experience, and wants to have "wisdom" supersede "knowledge." Even the style of the two writers marks a striking departure from the tradition of stodginess among German philosophers. They have a tendency rather to go to the opposite extreme of "artistic," intuitive, unsystematic exposition.

Spengler's style is buoyant and pithy; he has an extraordinary power of vivid presentation, and a polemical temperament worthy of a journalist. There is not one of the 1250 pages in the "Decline" from which one could not quote an epigram or an aphorism. I have never read a book in which I found so many things that struck me as true, or so many things that I disagreed with; which means that it stimulates one to think, and to think anew, on practically every subject within the pale of human knowledge. In Spengler's temperamental way of treating an encyclopaedic subject lies the source of his weakness. He has the impulsive nature of the artist, and at the bottom of his most scientific reasonings one finds all-powerful sympathetic or hostile emotions. It is these emotions more than the systems of thought that express them in Spengler which characterize an important tendency of the German mind.

The fundamental thesis of "The Decline of Western Civilization" is the rejection of the current theory of civilization as a continuous progressive process. To Spengler, humanity does not exist as an entity; hence there is no more meaning and no more purpose in the evolution of mankind than in that of butterflies or orchids. History is but a succession or a simultaneity of "cultures" or "civilizations," each of which has a plant-like life of its own (which lasts about a thousand years), and rises, blossoms, and dies according to biological laws. The development of these civilizations is limited to the particular region of the earth where they originated; they can spread out and extend quantitatively, but their qualitative progress stops there. Thus history is reduced to a comparative morphology of civilizations; and from this comparative study we can predict the end of our own civilization, though we cannot know what other "Kulturseele" will spring into existence afterwards.

The creative principle of each of these civilizations is a "Kulturseele" — a soul of its own. To this metaphysical notion Spengler grants the attributes of the individual creative mind. Of a "Kulturseele" men are but instruments; it is the civilization that moulds the men, not the reverse. The purpose of the "Kulturseele" is to live itself out. The people who come under its decline lead a "life without history," a "fellah-existence," whose incidents are purely zoölogical.

Spengler mentions as separate civilizations the Egyptian, Babylonian, Hindu, Chinese, Antique, Arabian, Mexican and Occidental (European-American), all of a similar structure, development, and duration. The Occidental "Kulturseele," which was born about 1000 A.D., and reached its full development about 1800, is now in full decay, and will fall into Fellahdom about the end of this century. After that time, Western populations and their institutions will subsist, but they will have lost all creative power and be mere objects of the purposes of whatever new civilization may have arisen elsewhere in the meantime.

What Spengler aims at, however, is something much more fundamental than a new classification of the matter in historical text-books. He seeks a new interpretation of this matter. For instance, if it be true that our Occidental civilization began about the year 1000 A.D., when the Arabian culture of the Near East was already in full decay, then there is no "Christian" civilization that goes back to Jesus. And this Spengler, indeed, argues. To him Occidental Christianity is a new religion, the original manifestation of the "Kulturseele" of our early Middle Ages. Christianity remained an Eastern religion until about the year 1000 A.D.; until that time, Western Europe was still at heart pagan and chaotic. The faith that animated the Crusades and primitive Gothic art was a new faith, that could no more understand what Jesus had meant to his Eastern world, than a present-day European can understand what *atman* meant to Buddha or *tao* to a follower of Lao-tse. This new Occidental Christianity lacked the apocalyptic and messianic touch that was essential in all the primitive religions of the Near East; its central figure was no longer Jesus the Savior, but the Virgin Mother.

Another illustration of the practical implications of Spengler's theory is his denial of American civilization. America, to him, is merely a late and hasty offshoot of the dying Occidental civilization that sprang out of European soil and could not be transplanted without ceasing to be spiritually creative. Indeed, America furnishes Spengler with some of his most forceful arguments to prove that Occidental civilization has reached its final stages: the destruction of the "land" by the "city"; the replacement of "organic" civilization by a purely "mechanical," intellectual, quantitative one; the decay of racial quality through the increasing sterility of the superior races; and the weakening of popular self-government by the increase of money-power. Spengler affirms the intellectual sterility and mediocrity of religious thought in America, and mentions the tendency of American

churches to deal with problems of social and practical ethics as evidence of their exhausted spiritual fecundity and of an unconscious adaptation to rationalism and utilitarianism. The United States, also, provides him with a large part of the facts with which he tries to prove that democracy is merely the political aspect of plutocracy, and a pace-maker of the kind of Caesardom of which Cecil Rhodes is the prototype — the cynical, clever, and ruthless combination of money-making and political domination, by individuals superior enough to realize the weakness and futility of popular government and its obsolete ideals. Russia, on the other hand, he affirms to be the soil on which the next "Kulturseele" is most likely to blossom forth.

It is noteworthy that to Spengler the essence of civilization is religion — of which he has his own definition. Intuition he puts above, and before, rationality. His theory of civilization is mainly an attempt to explain art, science, literature, philosophy, and politics as manifestations of a distinctive religious conception of the universe which is the essence of the "Kulturseele." This part of Spengler's work appeals less to the popular taste for sensationalism than his thousand-year theory, but is also much less open to challenge and much more carefully justified. Spengler has worked out an explanation of the connection between the various manifestations of human thought that neither psychology nor history, especially the history of science and art, can afford to overlook. It is certainly more encyclopaedic in its scope than any previous attempt in the same field. On looking through the "Decline" at random, one may find it illustrated by a discussion of a diversity of themes, from the parallelism of musical and pictorial expressionism to portrait-painting in China and in eighteenth-century Europe; from the relation between functional dynamics and the printing-press to the parallel structure of Bach's fugues and Pascal's "Pensées," and a pageful of etceteras.

The link that connects all these subjects is contained in

Spengler's belief that every civilization is based on a peculiar notion of space and time. This idea is intuitive and axiomatic. Its earliest expression is the religious myth. Its permanency through all the periods of a civilization, from child-like exuberance to senile decay, gives this civilization its peculiar character. It originates in an emotional state, in a "world-feeling" that is religious and non-scientific to begin with, as it arises from "Weltangst" — world-fear. It expresses itself through symbols such as the finite body (ancient civilization), the cave (magic-Arabian civilization), the infinite space (Occidental or Faustian civilization). All civilization now is nothing but a development of the symbolic form that thus characterizes its collective soul. The essence of all art is to impress our senses with that form; the essence of all science to mould our consciousness of things into it. Thus the religious symbolism of a civilization permeates all artistic and scientific consciousness. "All collective consciousness is religion."

To talk about the development of any particular art, or the history of philosophy, Spengler thinks senseless. The creations of the human mind that belong to different civilizations are mutually unintelligible, because they arise from a different "world-feeling." The belief that the Renaissance really continued ancient civilization is an absurd self-deception; every new civilization is a different being and can only realize its own view of the universe; though it may borrow certain exterior features from others, it can never revive their meaning. Far from looking upon the development of any art as a continuous process extending over several civilizations, one should try to understand all the artistic expression of a given civilization as one continual process, irrespective of the technical means through which it expresses itself. For instance, plastic art could no longer express the Occidental "Kulturseele" after it had reached a certain stage, about the eighteenth century; then instrumental music became "the" Occidental art, because its technique

alone could carry the yearning for the infinite, the "third-dimension impulse," beyond the point which had been reached by Rembrandt, Giorgione, and El Greco. "Palestrina is the heir of Michelangelo."

But though every civilization stands for itself there is an inner analogy between the different stages through which they all have to pass. This theory Spengler supports by comparisons between the part played in all civilizations by the depopulation of the land and the growth of cities, the corresponding evolution of the public mind from organic to mechanic thinking, the fatal dissolution of all democracy into despotism, the intellectual analogies between all periods of decadence, the "second religiosity" into which all dying civilizations fall back after they have exhausted the possibilities of their peculiar methods of rational thinking, and numberless similar illustrations. He constructs a whole system of "simultaneous" facts in different civilizations — simultaneous because they belong to similar phases and therefore have the same meaning with regard to the total development of the civilizations concerned. Alexander the Great and Napoleon — Socrates and Voltaire — Pythagoras, Mohammed, and Cromwell (the "three puritans") — Apollodorus and Watteau, are "contemporary." Similarly, North America is to Europe in the development of Occidental civilization what Rome was to Greece in the ancient world: a late reflection which emphasizes the decay of the mother civilization through its artistic sterility, its matter-of-fact skepticism, its worship of material success and power, its incapacity for all new achievements, the old ones being merely repeated on a large scale.

But Spengler's concern is not with spiritual values alone. A sinuous, but persistent thread leads from the opening chapter of the "Decline," where he discusses metaphysics, to the last ones, which are entitled "the State" and "Forms of Economic Life." From his general theory of civilization — his belief in a predetermined fate, and his rejection of all

absolute standards of thought — one would expect skeptical and detached conclusions, at least with regard to the tasks set for us by our decaying civilization. But somehow, as he draws nearer this subject, Spengler reveals himself more and more as a man of flesh and blood. He is far from content to wait for something else to turn up while the grave-diggers of the "Occident" are attending to their job. Obviously, there are some things which he would save from burial.

He has a strong sentimental attachment, for instance, for old Prussia, and grows positively enthusiastic when he describes the merits of the pre-war Prussian officer and public servant. All through his writings, he betrays plebeian tastes by his rapture over every form of hereditary aristocracy and "strong government," and a certain literary aloofness by romanticizing war as a moulder of character, and by treating the pacifists as moral eunuchs. Therefore, as he nears present-day topics, he gradually evolves from a detached gleaner of "relative" truths into the pamphleteer who in "Prussianism and Socialism" sends a fiery appeal to the German youth to "feel unconquered," to wipe out the "farcical revolution," to restore the "spirit of their fathers," and to help Germany fulfil the fate for which she has been "singled out from among all peoples": to be "the last nation of the Occident." For, in his own words, "though no civilization be free to select the road of its own thinking, here, for the first time, a civilization can foresee which road has been assigned to it by fate."

The task to which Spengler now beckons young Germany in his little book, "Prussianism and Socialism," is to defeat the "inner England," and to reconcile Prussianism and socialism. This reunion means at the same time "the accomplishment of the Hohenzollern idea, and the emancipation of labor. They will either not be saved, or they will be saved together." The workers must free themselves from the democratic illusions of "English Marxianism." The conservatives must free themselves from "English class-

egoism." Germany will then have a socialist monarchy: "Germany and Kaiserdom are inseparable notions." Every citizen will be a servant of the state, and the monarch its first servant. Spengler's ideal is a monarchic state, an authority standing above classes and parties, organizing production and fixing wages administratively — including the prohibition of strikes. "Everyone will have his place; there will be commanding and obeying." Property will give no rights but those of using it for the common good; every property-holder will be a trustee of the state. The worker will be a "productive official," the employer a "managing official"; and the monarch will protect both against "free-trade capitalism."

These ideas of Spengler's find more response in Germany than one would think possible in view of the background of "free-trade capitalism." Though he has not succeeded in curing the conservatives of class-egoism, or in shaking the belief of the masses of labor — as represented by the labor unions and the social-democrats — in political democracy and pacifism, he has found a more receptive ground with a section of what one might call the "unstable classes" of new Germany. They are the impoverished professional and middle classes, the former officers and officials, a fringe of the permanently unemployed and of the bohemian Intelligentsia, among whom the nationalist and anti-Semite movements, as typified by the Bavarian "national-socialists," recruit their followers. Spengler's ideal state suits the psychological requirements of all those whom Germany's defeat has made poor, and who see no chance of restoring their lost prosperity, but want at least to recover the social prestige to which they think their level of education entitles them. Here is a common ground where, strange though it may seem, the social desires of the ruined tradesman, the dismissed officer, the underpaid professor, the unemployed worker, and the unconsidered official, find solace in an imaginary restoration of lost prestige and security.

Spengler's condemnation, and Keyserling's qualified acceptance, of political democracy are expressions of a basic sentiment that is anti-bourgeois. This is particularly illustrative of the present frame of mind of the intellectual classes in contemporary Germany. Having lost whatever material security they had, they hate more than ever those whose standard of achievement is success, and they idealize either of the two social extremes: the aristocrat or the proletarian. Keyserling thinks the antagonism between the aristocrat and the bourgeois more real than that between labor and capitalism, and despisingly defines the bourgeois as the human being that has no spiritual striving because its existence is secure. Characteristically enough, a recent "conference week" of Keyserling's School of Wisdom wound up with an exposition of "the world of the aristocrat" by Count Lerchenfeld and of "the world of the worker" by a young socialist workingman of the "cultivated hobo" type. The bourgeois was left out of the programme as irrelevant, for Keyserling believes that the coming society will be one of workers and noblemen. And Spengler's apocalyptic view of the future social struggles culminates in a victory of the blood-spirit — typified by the Caesarean dynasty-maker and his condottieri — over the money-spirit typified by the "shop-keeping classes."

As to the new civilization to come, Spengler, the nationalist, and Keyserling, the cosmopolitan, both look for the sun of the future to rise in the East. "All creative thinking is nowadays done east of the Rhine," says Keyserling — and, like Spengler, he has a mystic belief in the star of Russia. This outlook eastward they have in common with nearly all of Germany's new prophets.

THE FEMININE OF GENIUS

By CLEMENCE DANE

"Talent is that which is in a man's power; genius is that in whose power a man is." — LOWELL

THE wars of the suffrage are honorable, but already ancient history: the clause of the Representation of the People Act of 1918 that gave English women the vote; the Nineteenth Amendment of 1920 that annulled sex restrictions in the United States, these measures have become, like Waterloo, less actions than names, symbols and synonyms of victory. The youngsters of to-day have not so much forgotten as never known the significance of the modest green and purple knot twisted into the buttonhole of a woman's coat. Iron railings are no longer the anchorages of a faith, and works of art and plate glass windows are no more in peril from the hatchet of the enthusiast. Woman has not stopped talking, that is true; but the retort of mere man in dialectical difficulties — "Go spin, you jade, go spin!" is admitted, even by his own side, to have lost its sting.

And all in ten years! Time doesn't merely fly nowadays: it whirls: it hurtles! With women jurors and women justices, women voters and women M.P.'s as normal facts of normal existence to dispute about sex equality is as belated already as to quarrel over the Constitutions of Clarendon. You won't be able to get an opponent: everyone agrees with you and the arguments are all used up. Used up long ago, all but one — "There has never been a woman Shakespeare! There has never been a woman Michelangelo!"

One always welcomed the argument; not, of course, as a light shed on the vexed question of woman's capacity for

citizenship (with which it has nothing whatever to do except to prove that the average man is no less illogical than the average woman in his methods of arguing) but for its own sake, for the extraordinary, interesting discussion which was bound to ensue — not on the suffrage, but on the question of what genius is, of how it shows itself in man and how it shows itself in woman. The anti-suffragist was, of course, perfectly correct as far as he went. There never has been a woman Shakespeare: never has been, that is, a woman who has expressed on paper so large an understanding of the two sexes, and of the universe in which they swim like fish in the sea. There has never, in a word, been a universal woman to match this universal man. You may say that there has never been another Shakespeare anyway. Why no! for there are no two men alike in the world; but there have been other men as big as he. There are more men than Shakespeare to whom we apply, in its narrowest sense, the word “genius.” They may not have the peculiar, desperate appeal that Shakespeare has for the English temperament, but in European art alone one can count on both hands the names of men — Homer, Sophocles, Virgil, Phidias, Dürer, Dante, Goethe, Velasquez, Blake, Cervantes, and so on, of whom one can say — “These are brothers and equals.”

But the feminine of genius — the sisters and equals — where are they? All by herself the legendary Sappho steps forward and, on the strength of a couple of odes and a few odd lines rescued from oblivion, the splendid company are chivalrously ready, it seems, to welcome her into their immortal fellowship. But we women, a little inclined nowadays to sniff at chivalry and demand fair play instead, are we to be satisfied with our one shadowy representative in that immortal House of Commons? Sappho may represent the constituency of poetry, but — what about the division of architecture — or music — or painting? Have we a woman Homer? Not unless we could agree with Samuel Butler (and he was no fool!) that a woman wrote

the Odyssey. Have we a woman Dürer? There is no answer. A woman Dante? No stir. A woman Beethoven? She has yet to appear among us. A woman Shakespeare? When will she come?

It is only when you turn from the gods to the demi-gods of the second rank of genius, to the Hogarths, the Dickenses, the Vandykes, the Scotts, the Merediths, that you are able to range up to each a feminine counterpart — the Mary Beales, the Jane Austens, the Margaret van Eycks, the Brontës, the George Eliots, and the Christina Rossettis. And yet — what does all this prove? That supreme creative genius is a very rare thing? Certainly. That women are incapable of such supreme genius? That's another matter. That is the old argument of the weaker-vessel school; while, on the other hand, the argument of the feminist has always been that women, potentially as capable of genius as men, have only not produced Hamlets and Parthenons and Pietas because they have been in the past invariably deprived of education and opportunity. To the feminist it is purely a case of

. . . Knowledge to their Eyes her ample Page,
Rich with the Spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble Rage,
And froze the genial Current of the Soul.

Well, you know, little as I agree with the old dispensation, I don't call that argument a fair one. I don't think it's true. I don't believe in the "mute, inglorious Milton" theory at all. The whole history of art proves that genius has always made its own opportunities, though homes and hearts smash in that making. Indeed, one might say that it is the very property and test of genius that it can and does smash through. Shakespeare was a mere yeoman's son with every inducement to stay in Stratford. Giotto was a shepherd; Blake a poor prentice; Burns a ploughboy; Keats a chemist. Marlowe's father cobbled shoes; Aesop was a hunchback; Beethoven

was deaf; Milton and Homer were blind; and Cervantes served as a slave in the galleys. Can one think of a more formidable array of difficulties in the path of genius insurgent? Is it really true that the obstacles confronting women in the last five thousand years have really been so much greater in proportion that it is reasonable to suppose that half a dozen feminine world geniuses have been crushed under them? I can't believe it. Especially when I remember that part of the dictionary definition of genius is — "exalted mental power, distinguished by instinctive aptitude, and independent of tuition!" — especially when I remember that women have shown this mental power in every department of life except the creative arts, have made their formidable marks as leaders, statesmen, pioneers, and preservers, as Machiavellis and as saints of God. Women can show, when you consider their physical limitations and preoccupations, an amazing list of history-makers. Cleopatra, Semiramis, Agrippina, Boadicea, Judith, Deborah, Kriemhild, the Medici women, the Tudor women, Eleanor of Aquitaine, Christina of Sweden, Joan of Arc, St. Catherine, St. Theresa, St. Clare, Florence Nightingale, the Empress Dowager of China, Theodora the Dancer, Madame Curie — in the penny dip of history your great women come as easily to the blindly groping hand as the great man does. And yet — no Shakespeare! no Michelangelo! no Blake! Any amount of administrative and pioneer qualities, but no pre-eminence in what, in the stricter sense, we call genius, the godlike capacity for breathing on the dust and making out of it a living creature. What is the matter with women when it comes to the creative arts?

Is it too fantastic to suggest that there is nothing whatever the matter with them? that this formidable array of facts merely goes to prove that, in spite of certain famous exceptions, genius in women is not absent, but working with different tools, expressing itself in a totally different medium? that women, in their own fashion, have been quietly taking

their full share in the creation of great art since man first reported aloud the battle against hairy Mammoth what time his fellowman, even as he listened, drew it for the woman's eyes in smoke and ochre with a bone pencil on the cave wall? Is it too fantastic to suggest that men and women have always been equals in a sense and with a completeness beyond the most ardent feminist's dream; that in the kingdom of art, which is the kingdom of the soul, the life and functions of the sexes are carried on in reverse? In this world it is the men who father and the women who bear the children. But in the world of art, do men bring forth the fruit of the spirit unaided? I do not believe it. I do not believe that any work of genius (talent is another matter) has been produced by one human creature without another human creature being concerned in the act of creation. Athena was not less the offspring of a woman because she sprang perfected from the head of Zeus. A play, a poem, a picture, must have parents like any other child of controlling spirit and obedient flesh. The actual relationship matters little — mother, sister, lover, wife, patient servant, patient friend — all these have served in turn to send man to his brush, his chisel, or his pen. But the fact does stand out, all human experience teaches, that it is at the light of some human creature's eye that the unproved artist lights his torch. And then — ? Why, it's over the hills and as far away as his genius can run! If he is a supreme genius he'll want no help to keep it alight. But to light it he has had to turn to another: and nine times out of ten that other is a woman.

Women have produced no great artist! What? Is it a little thing to light such a flame? Is it not in itself genius to be such a creature, so made, so grown, so balanced, that its word, its look, its mere existence, can call into being the creative instinct in another mind? Great is the creative artist! But what of the other artist — the creature who drives him to create?

"Men often do their best work blindly, for someone else's

sake," says Kipling; and he continues to comment on his own horrible little story, "Wressel of Foreign Office" in "Plain Tales from the Hills": "You can watch men being driven by the women that govern them, out of the rank and file, and sent to take up points alone. A good man once started goes forward; but an average man, so soon as the woman loses interest . . . comes back to his battalion and is no more heard of."

But then Kipling was telling the story of a mere clever man inspired by a fool. What of the man of genius, inspired by one who is no fool? What of the woman who fans in a Dante or a Goethe the flaming passion of creation? We know something of what the Dark Lady gave Shakespeare: the good and ill she did him vibrates in every great line he wrote. But by all accounts, it may be said, she didn't know what she was doing, didn't realize with whom she was dealing. Ah well! That's not a safe thing to say of the woman who sat for Cleopatra. But, granting the worst of her, admitting for the argument's sake that she was a Cressida rather than a Rosalind, even then, though she was as blind as Fanny Brawne to her "young poet who was in love with me," shall she have no honor? What was in her that drew to her such a man? Lions don't mate with rabbits. Some equal power, something, not mere beauty, there must have been in her and her kind, in the Beatrices, the Lauras, the Juliet Drouets, the Frau von Steins, that gave them their place beside their great men.

And that power I call the feminine of genius, for it is the unique quality, the supreme something, out of which, when it meets and marries genius in a man, the work of art is born.

LETTERS OF JOHN MILLINGTON SYNGE

FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY MAX MEYERFELD

MY correspondence with the Irish dramatist John Millington Synge (1871-1909) began over an article printed in the Dublin magazine "Dana" for April, 1905, which Mr. George Moore had given me. What a French critic (who wrote under the signature of "A Lover of the West") told there of "The Well of the Saints" which he had seen performed in Dublin, and the way he spoke about "la langue toute spéciale dans laquelle est écrite la pièce" made me desire to become acquainted with this play and to translate it into German. I therefore applied to the author for permission to do so, which he readily gave me along with the necessary information. It was an extremely difficult task to find the German equivalent for the idiom of Synge's Irish peasants, and I put many questions to him in the course of the work. His explanations embodied in the letters to me here for the first time published were, of course, of great value and an indispensable help to me in my task.

Soon after I had finished my translation of "The Well of the Saints," I was fortunate enough to have it accepted by the manager of the "Deutsches Theater," the leading literary stage of Berlin, of which Max Reinhardt was then director; but unfortunately Reinhardt did not produce the play himself. When it was given there as "Der Heilige Brunnen" on Friday, January 12, 1906, it had no success at all. After some six or seven performances — in a bill with Oscar Wilde's "Florentine Tragedy" — it was withdrawn.

Though I spent several weeks in London each season, I did not make Synge's personal acquaintance until his "Playboy of the Western World" had its first London performance in June, 1907. After witnessing its turbulent *première*, I could not make up my mind to translate the comedy, as I saw no chance for it on foreign soil. This was evidently a bitter disappointment to the poet. Thereafter his letters to me became rarer; but I had the pleasure

of sending him a small sum which may have reached him on his death-bed. — MAX MEYERFELD

Before this time, it will be recalled, Synge had written two one-act plays — “The Shadow of the Glen” and “Riders to the Sea” — which had already been produced in Dublin; and a two-act comedy, “The Tinker’s Wedding,” not performed during his lifetime. Then came “The Well of the Saints,” an Irish miracle play, which shows how a Saint temporarily restores their sight to two old blind people, Mary and Martin Doul, who are less happy, as it turns out, in the seen world than in the unseen, so that when they grow blind again they reject the Saint’s offer of a permanent cure. It was first produced by the Irish National Theatre Society in February, 1905, at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin. This was followed by the famous “Playboy of the Western World,” which is referred to several times in these letters as the “new play” on which Synge was at work when he wrote them.—THE EDITORS

31 Crosthwaite Park,
Kingstown, Co. Dublin,
26. v. 05

Dear Sir:

A small edition of the “Well of the Saints” was issued at the time of the performance for sale in the theatre, so I have pleasure in sending you a copy. I should be very glad to have it translated into German but — as you will see — it will not be easy to render adequately a great part of the dialogue which depends for its effect on the peculiar colour-quality of the dialect I have used. I imagine in the German “Volkslieder” one would get a language that would be pretty nearly what is needed, but when you have read the play you will see for yourself. If you will kindly let me know when you decide whether it appears suitable for translation, I will have pleasure in sending you my conditions, if you wish to undertake the work. I know German pretty well — I spent some 13 months in Germany some years ago — and I would be glad to help you in your version in any way I could. The article you saw in “Dana” was originally written for the

"Revue de l'Art Dramatique" of Paris, and appeared there in the No. of April 15.

Yours faithfully
J. M. SYNGE

Carna Hotel, Carna,
Co. Galway, Ireland
June 14th, 1905

Dear Sir:

I very much regret delay in sending you the conditions we spoke of. I wished to consult with one or two people and I have not yet heard from them as I am away doing a series of articles for the "Manchester Guardian."

The chief point about the translation is, that I do not want to give away the rights of translation unless you are sure of finding a publisher for the work. If you find a publisher I am ready to agree to any arrangement at the usual conditions. I trust you will excuse me for the long delay and let me hear from you again. I remain

Yours very truly,
J. M. SYNGE

P.S. Your card only reached me to-day but I suppose this will be sent after you if you have left London. Please address to me as before 31 Crosthwaite Park, Kingstown, etc.

31 Crosthwaite Park
Kingstown, Co. Dublin
10. VII. 05

Dear Sir:

I am sorry there has [been] another delay in answering your letter of July 3rd. I have just come back from the west of Ireland, and I have been much occupied the last few days.

I am glad to hear that you think it will be possible to get the play performed in one of your theatres. I am afraid I can hardly promise to make a version into ordinary English of the whole play — just at present at least, it would not be

possible — but I can do a few pages at first, and then any particular passages that you find difficult. I do not think you will find the general language hard to follow when you have done a few pages, as the same idioms are often repeated, and the purely local words are not very numerous. However, I perfectly understand that it will be a difficult language to translate, and, if you give me time, I will do anything I can to help you.

As to the conditions I am informed that the following are the most usual and satisfactory, but I am of course ready to consider any modification you may suggest. The agreement I propose would be that I should make over the translating rights to you for a term of years — say for five years — with the condition that you have the book published within a given time, six months I suppose would be a reasonable period, or it can be longer if you wish. Then I should have a royalty representing, say, half profits. The acting rights could be arranged for somewhat on the same lines, but it is perhaps as well to wait till I hear if these conditions are likely to suit you, or what others you may suggest, before going more fully into the matter.

If you decide to undertake the work it would perhaps save time if you would let me know a few passages or pages in the play that you would like a version of, so that I could do them for you and send them at once.

Yours faithfully,
J. M. SYNGE

31 Crosthwaite Park,
Kingstown, Co. Dublin
July 26th [1905]

Dear Sir:

I have been laid up with influenza for the last ten days or I should have written to you sooner.

I now send you a version — as you will see a rough and bald one — of the first scene and some notes on first act that I hope may be of use to you. I will send you a version of the

chief scene of Act II in a few days, and then if you will please let me know of any particular scenes that you are likely to have trouble with, I will do them for you as soon as I can.

I am likely to go away again into the country next week but this address will always find me.

Very truly yours,
J. M. SYNGE

31 Crosthwaite Park, Kingstown,
Dublin, Ireland

July 31st [1905]

Dear Sir:

The little edition of the play is nearly all gone, so I could not find a spare copy of the printed text — a more expensive edition is coming out shortly with a preface by W. B. Yeats — I have however gone over one of my old manuscripts and written in explanations where they seemed necessary, and I am sending you this version today. One scene — the 2nd of Act II — I have rewritten for you in full, and put into its place in the MS. If there is still any passage (or passages) that you are in doubt about please do not hesitate to point them out to me.

Yours very truly
J. M. SYNGE

Ballyferriter,
Dingle, Co. Kerry

12/VIII/05

Dear Sir:

I got your letter a day or two ago and I have pleasure in answering your questions.

p. 8, l. 20 *playing shows* = playing little plays, or performing in circuses such as are seen in country fairs.

p. 9, l. 18 *it's wonder enough we are ourselves* = we are such fine-looking wonderful blind people that we are wonder enough for this place, and we don't wish you to do anything here that people would think of instead of us.

- p. 11, l. 18 *naggin* is a small measure of quantity, half a pint, I think. . . .
- p. 22, l. 13 *stripping rushes for lights* = the people used to make "rush lights" by taking the outside skin off rushes, and then soaking them, the rushes, in grease.
- p. 24, l. 14 come now *till* we watch = come now so that we can watch, or come now and let us watch.
- p. 24, l. 20 *on the way* = you should be thinking *how* sin has brought blindness.
- p. 24, last line "the words of women and smiths" — this phrase is almost a quotation from an old hymn of Saint Patrick. In Irish folklore smiths were thought to be magicians, and more or less in league with the powers of darkness. Perhaps the phrase cannot be translated (?)
- p. 25, l. 16 *the water would do rightly* = the water would have the same effect — would do very well.
- p. 28, l. 12 "gamey eyes" = tricky, merry eyes.
- p. 29, l. 6 a bad one = an ugly man.
- p. 31, l. 17 I'll speak hard to the two of you = say dreadful things to Molly and Mary Doul.
- p. 32, l. 16 a wisp on any *gray mare* = a tangle of dirty hair on any gray horse = he is thinking of the dirty gray mountain ponies of Ireland and their knotted shaggy manes.
- Doul, "ou" as in "out." Byrne like "burn." Simon long English "Ī." Bállinatone, "Grianan," Annagolan = annagóulan the "ou" as in "out." Laragh the gh is now usually mute otherwise it is a guttural.

I am moving out to a very wild island off Southwest coast the Blasket Island tomorrow for a couple of weeks, but letters to Kingstown will follow me. I will be very glad to explain any more phrases that turn up in following acts.

With best wishes

Yours faithfully
J. M. SYNGE

The Great Blasket Island
Dingle, Co. Kerry

August 21st, 05.

My dear Sir:

I received your card and your second letter last night. I am sorry for delay in answering your questions but there is

only one post here in the week (— if the weather is bad there is none at all —) so things are slow in reaching me. I will try and get a curragh to take this letter ashore to-morrow as no post goes till Saturday next. Now for your questions! —

- p. 37, l. 13 whacking your thorns = hacking, chopping, or cutting your sticks (of hawthorn).
- p. 39, l. 15 rake ashes from = rake out ashes *from under* the forge.
- p. 41, l. 8 slipping each way = slipping every way, in every direction.
- p. 45, l. 7 sneezing = he has been sweating and snuffling and sneezing with a cold in his head (spoken in derision).
- p. 51, l. 20 Cahir (kāhīr) = city of Iveragh. The nominative is on page 54, here it is genitive, pronounced ēē-v'ráu and ēē-vráu-ig the "au" as in caught. The town is Caherciveen in Kerry.
- p. 51, l. 21 Reeks = Mountains, the Macgillicuddy's *Reeks* in Kerry, near Cork border, are well [known?] mountains in Ireland.
- p. 53, l. 19 a man looking on bad days etc. = a man who has been for a long time looking at the bad weather and ugliness, which Martin now finds in the world, looking on = looking at, in this dialect.
- p. 59, l. 19 raise your voice = speak out loudly, cry out.
- p. 60, l. 9 *Hell's long curse* can hardly be translated literally. It means a great curse, or the great curse of Hell. Any strong peasant curse would do.
- p. 65, l. 2 wicket = a misprint for wicked.
- p. 70, l. 12 a bit of comfort = any consolation. He means that if he had anything to comfort or console him for all their misery, as she has in her hope of beauty, he would be nearly as well off as before the curse.
- p. 70, l. 20 griseldy = grisly.
- p. 71, l. 5 There's talking, there's = *voilà*. He means that is grand talk (ironically) for a clever woman. Great talk indeed!
- p. 71, last l. great talking = great talking or chatting with each other.
- p. 73, l. 15 sloughs = bogs.
- p. 73, l. 18 yeomen = guards.
- p. 80, l. 20 The image of the Lord thrown upon men = the image

of God reflected by men, he is thinking of text, "God created man in his own image."

p. 81, l. 23 "creels" = tall basket or hampers for fish or turf.

p. 87, l. 18 and be looking out on the holy men, = he will be looking himself at the holy men of God. (He is merely wheedling or flattering the saint, to hide his intention.)

p. 88, l. 21 the little splash = gurgling sound of the water in vessel.

p. 91, l. 10 a slough of wet = a wet quagmire or bog. Do you remember the "Slough of Despond" in *Pilgrim's Progress* of Bunyan. The word is used in same sense in Ireland now.

I am very much pleased that you have liked the little play as you have worked at it. I agree with you that the way I have treated their going blind again is open to criticism, but if I had taken the motive that their blindness was a punishment, I would have got out of the spirit of the play, or have fallen into needless complications or commonplaces so I passed lightly over the matter as it was not really essential to what is most important in the play. I do not know how long I shall be out on this island, if I am back in Kingstown before you publish the translation I would be glad to see a proof. Please excuse the scrawl I have written, I am working in a tiny cottage kitchen with half a dozen people talking Gaelic round me.

Thanking you for all the trouble you are taking with my work, I remain

Yours faithfully
J. M. SYNGE

P.S. I suppose of course you received the letter I sent you 10 days ago.

Ballyferriter,
Dingle, Co. Kerry
September 1st/05

My dear Sir:

Many thanks for your letter of August 26th which I have just received. Now as to your two questions: "Bride" is

simply an Irish Christian name, a shortened form of Bridget, and it has nothing to do with the English "bride." At the end of Act II you are right in supposing that Martin wishes to deceive God, his theology — folk-theology — is always vague and he fears that even in Hell God might plague him in some new way if he knew what an unholy joy Martin has found for himself.

As you ask me to tell you something of my life I will try and do so as briefly as I can. I was born in 1871 near Dublin — my father was a barrister and landlord. I went to various local schools and had private tutors till 1887 when I entered Trinity College Dublin, taking my degree (B.A.) in 1892. Meanwhile I had given a great deal of my time to music — I took the scholarship of Harmony and Counterpoint in the Royal Irish Academy of Music about the same time — and in 1893 I went to Germany (partly for a holiday), but I stayed there studying music for nearly a year. I saw that the Germans were so much more innately gifted with the musical faculties than I was that I decided to give up music and take to literature instead. I went back to Germany for a few months to work at the language only, and then on the first day of 1895 I went to Paris for six months. The next year I went to Italy and learned Italian, and then I spent six or seven winters in Paris going back to Ireland for half the year. In 1898 I went to the Aran Islands to learn Gaelic and lived with the peasants. Ever since then I have spent part of my year among the Irish speaking peasantry in various localities as I am now doing once more. I have the MS of a book giving an account of my life on the Aran Islands which Mr. Elkin Mathews has promised to publish shortly.* During the last 10 years I have written a certain number of short articles and reviews for various papers, but my first real success was with the two little plays — which I suppose you have seen or heard of — "Riders to the Sea" and "The Shadow of the Glen" which were played in

* "The Aran Islands," published in Dublin and London in 1907.

Dublin by our Society and also in London March, 1904, where they were very well received. Since then I have given up Paris and give all my time to writing for the little [Abbey] Theatre we have in Dublin. I hope to have another play ready before very long, and I shall be glad to let you see it if you wish.

I am not fond of photographs and I have not been taken for ten years, there is however a sketch of me by Mr. J. B. Yeats — the father of the poet — in the last number of "Samhain" and if you like I will send you a copy when I go back to town in a few weeks.

I shall be interested to hear the decision of the Manager of the "Deutsches Theater" when he gives it to you, but as I leave here tomorrow for another part of Kerry — the Iveragh neighbourhood — it would perhaps be best if you would kindly direct to my address in Kingstown.

I am trying to pass a long wet day in a little country inn so you must excuse me if I have written of myself at too great length and believe me with best compliments

Sincerely yours
J. M. SYNGE

c/o Lady Gregory,
Coole Park, Gort, Co. Galway
Monday (18. IX. 05)

Dear Dr. Meyerfeld:

Very many thanks for the MS. which I have just received. I have only had time to look at a few pages yet, but I have read enough to feel the style and method of your translation and I am entirely delighted with it. I will go through it all carefully and send it back to you as soon as possible.

In haste
Yours sincerely
J. M. SYNGE

31 Crosthwaite Park
Kingstown, Co. Dublin
September 23rd/05

Dear Dr. Meyerfeld:

I must ask you to pardon me for the long delay in sending back your MS. I have just come home and till now I have not had a moment to myself. As I said I am delighted with your translation and very grateful to you for it. There are only a few remarks I have to make as to possible changes of a couple of passages. I make them merely as suggestions for your consideration, and then you can do as you think best —

- . . . p. 24, l. 14 I would be inclined to strike out "wahrhaftig," it seems to weaken the speech.
- p. 25, l. 19 "grosszuziehen" "rear" as used by Irish peasants includes the idea of "bringing forth" as well as "bringing up" and as is shown in Mary's next speech the first idea is really what is in their minds. Could you get a popular word with the two meanings? If not it would perhaps be best to make Martin say that she was never even fit to *have* a child.
- p. 26, l. 14 I suppose you use "Verstand" intentionally instead of Gehirn?
- Act II. p. 5, l. 8 Could you insert at the beginning of Timmy [']s speech "*Dunkler Tag?* Es ist nicht wahr u. s. w." I made this addition when the play was performed to emphasize the situation.
- p. 11, l. 9 "nichtsnutzig" has hardly the sense of coaxing, i.e. flattering, wheedling or the like.
- p. 12, l. 10 Would it go better without "wirklich"?

Act III

- p. 3, l. 17 The literal translation of "Dying oath" seems a little long and cumbrous for a moment of such excitement. Would it not be better to substitute some terse expression of the same value?
- p. 6, l. 10 *Kitty Bawn* means *white Kitty*.
- p. 8, l. 9 "Hier in der östlichen Welt." He does not mean here in the east of Ireland, but away in the "eastern world," a sort of wonderland very often spoken of in Irish folk-tales.
- l. 16 in aller Mund sein gives a good sense but it is not quite accurate. She means that they will have a good time talking and quarreling with each other as they were doing at beginning of Act I. . . .

Well, those are the only points I have to mention and as you see they are none of them important. Sometimes in the translation there is an inevitable loss of terseness, which does not signify in a reading version, but I daresay when the play goes into rehearsal a few words or speeches will have to be cut out here and there. Indeed in our own performances here I made a very few cuts and changes, which I will point out to you when the time comes. Our Theatre Society is going to London in November I believe, and will play "The Well of the Saints" there then, and perhaps also in Oxford.

I am sending you by this post a copy of "Samhain" which has a drawing of myself, not a very good one I think, still it is better than a photo. I will also send you a copy of the edition of the "Well of the Saints" with W. B. Yeats' introduction when it comes out, as it might interest you.

With best compliments and cordial thanks

I remain yours sincerely

J. M. SYNGE

31 Crosthwaite Park,
Kingstown

Nov. 13/05

Dear Dr. Meyerfeld:

Very many thanks for the copy of your translation. It looks very nice and reads well. I am very sorry for delay in sending you the list of the "cuts" I have made. I would have sent them long ago but I have been ill for the last month and unable to do anything. I will send them if possible this week. Our company* is to play "The Well of the Saints" at Oxford and Cambridge next week — with some of our other plays — and then in London the week after. It may interest you to know that "The Shadow of the Glen" has been translated into Czech, and is to be played at the National Bohemian Theatre at Prague before long — on the seventh of February, I believe.

* The Irish National Theatre Society.

My new play is not yet finished. This illness I have had has kept all my work back. I will write again in a day or two with the cuts, but I did not like to let another day pass without thanking you for the translation.

Yours sincerely
J. M. SYNGE

31 Crosthwaite Park,
Kingstown, Dublin
Nov. 19th/05

Dear Dr. Meyerfeld:

I enclose a list of the cuts and stage alterations which we have made in the "Well of the Saints." Some of the cuts are very unimportant and I merely made them because I thought the speeches *spoke* more lightly without the words I cut out. In your translation it is hard to say whether the same cuts are advisable or others. I seemed to feel that in the German the first scene of Act II was a little inclined to drag but really these are points on which you and the stage manager who directs the rehearsals will be able to judge much better than I can. Till one gets into the actual rehearsal it is I think better to do as little cutting as possible. Then if a speech drags on the stage it must of course be amended. I have not been well enough yet to go into the Abbey Theatre to compare my notes of the cuts with the "prompt book," if I find any more changes in it I will let you know of them as soon as I can. I am going to London and Oxford if I am well enough to see the plays there, but I shall be back here in ten days or a fortnight.

With best compliments
Very truly yours
J. M. SYNGE

N.B. The cutting of lines 8 to 13 p. 27 I did not think necessary but the stage manager thought they retarded the climax.

31 Crosthwaite Park,
Kingstown, Dublin

3/1/06

Dear Dr. Meyerfeld:

Has anything been settled about the date of the production of the "Well of the Saints"? It was very successful at Oxford and Cambridge, so I hope it may go well in Berlin when it will also get an intellectual audience.

Several Germans have asked me to let them translate my little one-act plays, or at least to start negotiations with them with that object in view. What shall I say to them? You spoke last summer of a possibility of doing them yourself in which case of course I would give them to no one else. If on the other hand you do not feel inclined to undertake them I would open negotiations with the others. I do not want to hurry your decision unduly in any way but I would like to hear what you feel about it when convenient. I am hard at work on my new play now — it was delayed by my illness — and I hope also to bring out a little two-act comedy — "The Tinker's Wedding" — very shortly which I wrote some time ago but quite forgot to mention to you. We have never played it here as they say it is too immoral for Dublin! There is however some talk of having it done in London before long though nothing is decided as yet. I am inclined to think it would do rather well in German, in any case if it is published I will have pleasure in sending you a copy. My book on the Aran Islands goes to the press in a few days and is to be published in the spring.

With best wishes for the season

believe me very sincerely yours

J. M. SYNGE

31 Crosthwaite Park,
Kingstown,

Jan. 18th [1906]

Dear Dr. Meyerfeld:

I am much obliged for your letter, the translation and the

newspaper cuttings. I am sorry the play had so little success, I suppose with notices of that kind it has no chance of getting into the other theatres. Will they play it again at the D. Theatre? I found here that it grew on people as they knew it better, and many who did not like it when they first saw it at our Theatre, were enthusiastic about it when they saw it again. In any case I can only thank you once more for all the trouble you have taken, and hope for better luck. I have a few changes to make in the "Tinker's Wedding" then — if you have still any wish to see it — I will be glad to send you a copy of the MS. to see what you think of it. I suppose after Friday's reception of my work you are not likely to translate the one-act plays.

Will the translation of the "Well of the Saints" be reviewed in your literary papers as *a book*? If it gets any *interesting* reviews I should be greatly obliged if you would let me know of them.

Believe me always
faithfully yours
J. M. SYNGE

The National Theatre Society, Limited,
Abbey Theatre, Dublin

Jan. 27. 06

Dear Dr. Meyerfeld:

Many thanks for your letter and the additional cuttings and pictures. I am glad to see that some of them are pretty favourable. Perhaps the book may have a chance after all. I will send you a MS. of the "Tinker's Wedding" as soon as I can, in a week or two I hope. If it is not giving you too much trouble I wonder if you could send me a couple of programmes of the first show of the "Heiliger Brunnen." The Secretary of our Theatre and one or two of our friends are keeping all documents in connection with our work and they would like a programme of the "Well" at the "Deutsches Theater" to put with them. It is hardly fair to

trouble you about such a trifle, but if you can manage to let us have them I will be greatly obliged.

Very sincerely yours
J. M. SYNGE

31 Crosthwaite Park
Kingstown
March 10th/06

Dear Dr. Meyerfeld

I am much obliged for your letter — there is no hurry about the money, you can send it whenever it is convenient. There is a rumour here that the German Company which plays in London are going to do the “Well of the Saints” there next year and one of Wilde’s plays — I suppose the Florentine Tragedy — have you heard anything of it? I suppose they make the same business arrangements as German companies playing in Germany. I am sorry for delay in sending you “The Tinker’s Wedding,” I have had to revise it a little, and I have had influenza which has kept me back in all my work. I hope to send you the MS. to look at next week if possible. Remember it is a little play written before the “Well of the Saints” but never played here because it is thought too immoral and anticlerical. My new play in 3 acts will not be finished for some time yet. We hope to play it here in the early autumn. “The Shadow of the Glen” was played in Prag in February and seems to have succeeded very well. Please excuse the unavoidable delay in sending MS. and believe me very truly yours

J. M. SYNGE

31 Crosthwaite Park,
Kingstown,
April [06]

Dear Dr. Meyerfeld

I am extremely sorry for delay in sending you the “Tinker’s Wedding,” I have been revising it ever since, and only

got the clean copy last night. So I send it to you now with very many apologies. I may work at it a little more still as in some ways I am not wholly satisfied with it, but it will not differ much from what I am sending you; please let me know when convenient if you think it would have any chance in Germany. Now I want to ask you about another man. A German gentleman who knows Mr. Yeats is getting up a bill of Irish plays — one-act ones I think — and he wishes to include my “Riders to the Sea” or “Shadow of the Glen,” but I have told him that I would not give him leave to translate them without consulting you, as you had spoken of translating them yourself. What do you feel about it? If the bill is made up and played I would not, of course, like my work to be omitted. Please write me frankly your opinion and meanwhile excuse me for my delay and believe me

Sincerely yours
J. M. SYNGE

Abbey Theatre,
Abbey Street,
Dublin, May 14, 1906

Dear Dr. Meyerfeld

I received the M.S. of the Tinker and your kind letter. I am glad to hear your opinion about my “peasant” plays, though naturally I do not share it. I am afraid there is no chance of my being in London this season. Our Company however plays in Cardiff on the 28th of this month and week following then a week in each of following towns Glasgow, Aberdeen, Newcastle on Tyne, Edinburgh and Hull ending the 7th July. If you could arrange to see any of our shows it might interest you. My two one-act plays are to be given in each town. I shall be going round myself also but probably a little before the company.

Yours truly
J. M. SYNGE

Cardiff

May 28th [06]

Dear Dr. Meyerfeld

Many thanks for your kind letter. I am extremely sorry that I cannot get to London to see you. Could you not come to Newcastle-on-Tyne, on the 18th of June, or to Edinburgh on the 24th and see our company and our plays and myself. I should be extremely glad to make your acquaintance personally. I hope my new play may be finished during the summer but of course this tour delays me.

Very sincerely yours

J. M. SYNGE

Glendalough House, Glenageary,
Kingstown, Co. Dublin

September 14 [06]

Dear Dr. Meyerfeld

Many thanks for the £2.8.0 which I have just received. I hope to have my new play ready in a few weeks time, and I will send you a copy as soon as possible. I have been working at it most of the summer — except for a few weeks which I spent in Kerry — but as you know play writing is slow work. I think it will be a much better *acting* play than the “Well of the Saints” and I hope you will think it suitable for translation.

I will write to you again more fully when I am able to send you a copy.

With many thanks very sincerely yours

J. M. SYNGE

P.S. Please note change of address which is permanent.

Glendalough House, Glenageary,
Kingstown, Dublin

May 4th/07

Dear Dr. Meyerfeld:

I must ask you to excuse me for not writing to you for so long. I got very ill after the shows of the Playboy in Jan-

uary, and I am only just beginning to pick up with my correspondence again. I hope you were interested in my new play. It is certainly a much stronger *stage-play* than the "Well of the Saints" or any of my other work. If it was translated for the German — or any foreign stage — a few incidents such as the talk of the "bona fides" would of course have to be adapted in some way to make them comprehensible, but the main line of the story I imagine would be clear enough anywhere. We hope to play it in London in about a month — about the 17th of June — so perhaps you will be able to see it, as I think you generally come to England about that time. If I am well enough I shall go over myself also and I would be greatly pleased if I could make your acquaintance personally. My book on the Aran Islands has just come out, and I hope to have the pleasure of sending you a copy in a day or two.

With best compliments yours sincerely

J. M. SYNGE

(*Post Card*)

Glendalough House,
Kingstown. Dublin

May 22nd, 1907

Dear Dr. Meyerfeld

It is practically settled now that I shall be in London about June 10th and week following, so I hope I shall see you there. If you will kindly let me know your London address as soon as you arrive there I will send you my Aran Book. There is no use sending it to Berlin as you may have started.

Yours J. M. SYNGE

Glendalough House,
Kingstown, Co. Dublin

August 17th, 1908

My dear Dr. Meyerfeld

I was very much pleased to hear from you again the other day — I have long meant to write to you but this last year

my health has not been good, I have had to undergo two operations and to spend some three months in a private hospital, so I am sure you will excuse my long silence. I am gradually recovering again now and they say I shall soon be quite well again.*

I am pleased to hear that my "Well of the Saints" has been produced in Munich. I would be interested to hear any further particulars. We revived it in the Abbey Theatre last spring, and I re-wrote and improved a portion of the third act. Unfortunately I got ill during the rehearsals so I was unable to see the performances.

I am sending you a copy of my "Tinker's Wedding," slightly different from the version you saw in Manuscript. At present I am in treaty for the publication of my plays in America. During last winter, when well enough, I was working at a prose play on the story of Deirdre — I hope to finish it for our next season at the Abbey. I shall be much obliged if you will send the money to this address as before, and believe me with best wishes

yours sincerely

J. M. SYNGE

* Synge died a few months later, on March 24, 1909, leaving his last play "Deirdre" unfinished.

MAINE POEMS

By ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH

COAST CATTLE

WALKING slowly through the wild salt marshes,
Browsing slowly the dun cattle go,
Tides in the lagoons that curve about them
Rise and fall, inaudible and slow.
Where the hay is stacked above the water,
Dome on dome of yellowing marsh-grown grass,
The dun cattle move with the cloud-shadows,
Slower than slow shadows the cows pass.

In the hills the cows are set to wander,
Through the woods of spruce and white birch trees
(White as milk), they set the thickets stirring
Where they browse as though there were a breeze.
Sometimes they can feast on fallen apples
In lost orchards, tangled and remote,
And each cow moves to the sound of music
From the bell that hangs about her throat.

ON BUYING A MAINE FARM

THE house should be white,
The barn red,
The farm-carts blue,
There should be a hillock for the dead,
And a bed-room view,
Old apple-trees,
A rooster to crow,

Down by the cornfield
A sunflower row,
Cows each with her bell,
A fat plow horse,
A maiden birch wood
And a young cat of course,
Hard work in the field,
Good sleep in the bed —
And a ship weather-vane
To swing overhead.

SUBJUNCTIVE

(There is a tradition in Wiscasset, Maine, that a house was bought there as a refuge for Marie Antoinette.)

SUPPOSE Marie Antoinette *had* come to Wiscasset,
Escaped from Paris, escaped from violence, escaped from
fear,

Would she have lived, soberly and quietly,
Talking to the women in the square white houses here?

Where they saw gray water, she would have seen steel
flashing,

Where they saw autumn leaves, blood she would have seen.
The shivering white birches would have seemed like fright-
ened ladies,

Where the Wiscasset eyes found only moving green.

And when she saw the women go out into the barnyards
Then she would have felt her tired heart fail,
Remembering the Trianon and a dress of flowered satin,
And herself going milking with a silver milking pail.

ARE ACQUIRED CHARACTERS INHERITED ?

By T. H. MORGAN

FOR more than a hundred years the question has been discussed as to whether habits and physical characteristics acquired by an individual during its life are transmitted to its children. Lamarck's theory of evolution rests on the assumption that adaptations in the animal kingdom are brought about in this way. Although Darwin once referred contemptuously to Lamarck's nonsense, which he understood to imply that adaptation results from the slow willing of animals, he later accepted a view that is in all essential respects really the same as Lamarck's. In fact, Darwin went even further than Lamarck in attempting to explain by means of his hypothesis of pangenesis how changes in the body might be transmitted to the reproductive cells and reappear in the offspring.

Despite the high authority of Darwin's name there has been a steady falling away from this belief among biologists trained in modern methods of experimental research. It is true that among stock breeders and farmers there has always been, and there is still, a widespread conviction that acquired characters are transmitted, and in the folklore, both ancient and modern, of many peoples there are myths that turn on a belief in the inheritance of such characters. Phaëthon driving the chariot of the sun over Africa lost control of his father's horses and coming too near the earth, "it is said the people of Aethiopia became black because the blood was called by the heat too suddenly to the surface," and they are black to this day.

An American Indian legend runs as follows: "The Bear

and the Chipmunk once contended against each other, the former for darkness, the latter for light. The Bear cried, 'Lipa, Lipa, Lipa!' and the Chipmunk, 'Ma'a, ma'a, ma'a!' The Bear, finding that the Chipmunk was his equal in the possession of magic powers, finally became enraged, and would have killed his adversary; but the Chipmunk was too quick for him and ran into his hole just as the Bear made a dash for him. The Bear scratched the Chipmunk when going into his hole. This is the origin of the present stripes on the Chipmunk's back." Grimm's story of the Straw, the Coal, and the Bean tells why the bean to-day has a curious black seam where it was sewed up. Kipling's "Just-So Stories" may be only new myths, but they try to explain how the elephant got his trunk, and the zebra his stripes. Whether or not Uncle Remus's account as to why the possum has no hair on his tail, traces back to an old world myth, I do not know, but what child doubts that Brer Bear is responsible for the original depilation?

The well-known palaeontologist Cope, an ardent Lamarckian, relates a story "from that keen observer" Professor Eugene W. Hilgard, describing the origin of the twisted tails of the cats in his neighborhood. A female ("and very prolific") cat when half grown met with an accident that produced a compound fracture. Her kittens inherited the maternal twist and found favor in the eyes of their master, described as "my Chinaman." Cope also relates the following anecdote on the authority of an educated and reliable breeder of game fowls: "A game-cock, in his second year, lost an eye in a fight. Soon after, and while the wound was very malignant (it never entirely healed), he was turned into a flock of game hens of another strain. He was otherwise healthy and vigorous. A very large proportion of his progeny has the corresponding eye defective. . . . The hens afterwards produced normal chickens with another cock. Both strains had been purely bred for ten or more years, and none of the fowls has been blind unless from fights."

The myths relating to prenatal impressions are the most pathetic of all the inventions of human credulity, and they are as old and as widespread as the inheritance myths to which they are closely related. Jacob's slippery trick with the rods will be long remembered. "And he set the rods which he had pilled before the flocks in the gutters in the watering troughs when the flocks came to drink that they should conceive when they came to drink. And the flocks conceived before the rods and brought forth cattle ring-streaked, speckled, and spotted." The world is to-day filled with old wives' tales of prenatal influences. These mysteries, the ill-begotten offspring of ignorance, have contributed their baneful share to the social inheritance.

It is a strange commentary that, while zoölogists have never met with much success in their endeavors to trace the origin of structural changes to the inheritance of acquired characters, numerous proposals have come from physiologists and psychologists. There was some consternation last summer when the great Russian physiologist, Pawlow, reported the results of experiments that go far beyond what most Lamarckians have dared hope. Pawlow's conclusions — and as yet we have only his conclusions — are very surprising. They can best be given in his own words:

"The latest experiments (which are not yet finished) show that the conditioned reflexes, *i.e.*, the highest nervous activity, are inherited. At present some experiments on white mice have been completed. Conditioned reflexes to electric bells are formed, so that the animals are trained to run to their feeding place on the ringing of the bell. The following results have been obtained:

"The first generation of white mice required 300 lessons. Three hundred times was it necessary to combine the feeding of the mice with the ringing of the bell in order to accustom them to run to the feeding place on hearing the bell ring. The second generation required, for the same result, only 100 lessons. The third generation learned to do it after 30

lessons. The fourth generation required only 10 lessons. The last generation which I saw before leaving Petrograd learned the lesson after 5 repetitions. The sixth generation will be tested after my return. I think it very probable that after some time a new generation of mice will run to the feeding place on hearing the bell with no previous lesson."

Until we have a full account of Pawlow's methods it may be safer to wait before interpreting his results; but this is by no means a new topic, for already the effects of training and its possible inheritance had been examined by three American investigators who used the most approved methods that experience has taught are essential in obtaining data of this sort. In our laboratory at Columbia University Miss Vicari has carried out for two years a careful set of experiments with mice, extending over four generations. The records of each individual and its pedigree were kept. The outcome shows that no such effects as those reported by Pawlow appeared. MacDowell also carried out at Cold Spring Harbor extensive experiments on the possible effects of alcohol in inheritance as tested by ability to learn a maze, and, as a control, kept records of related rats that had been trained by the same tests used for the alcoholics. His data, recently published, show no improvement in the offspring of trained individuals over those not trained. And finally Halsey Bagg has published significant data on mice tested in a maze, data that cover three generations, and here too there is no evidence of improvement resulting from training.

It may be objected that the methods employed were not the same as those used by Pawlow, and, that we must wait for his evidence. This is not to be denied; but, on the other hand, the American data warn us not to generalize as to the inheritance of training. Our human experience, too, teaches caution; for how simple would our educational questions become if our children at the sound of the school bell learned their lessons in half the time their parents required! We might soon look forward to the day when the ringing of bells

would endow our great grandchildren with all the experiences of the generations that had preceded them.

The attempt to identify heredity with memory has been made over and over again. The most brilliant and irresponsible undertaking of this kind was that of Samuel Butler in his books on "Life and Habit" and on "Unconscious Memory." His contention was, however, neither the first suggestion of the sort, nor was it to be the last. A few years before him a German physiologist, Hering, had elaborated this idea, and Butler to his chagrin found out only later that he had been anticipated by ten years. To-day this question has more than an historical interest, since the memory-heredity theory has never been without an advocate. Books continue to be written about it. Orr in this country advocated something of the kind, but was rather vague in his applications. Semon in Germany invented a full terminology for his "Mneme." Rignano in Italy attempted to give it a more physical expression, as indeed had Haeckel much earlier. Ward in England has spoken as a philosopher in its favor, and Bernard Shaw as a dramatist.

The comparison between heredity and memory has taken protean forms; none of its advocates being able to do more than throw out suggestions as to what sort of "identity" they were talking about. Fantasy rather than prosaic science is the characteristic feature of all these theories.

That these speculations have produced almost no effect on present biological thought is not surprising, for a moment's consideration will show that, at best, the basis for the comparison between memory and heredity rests only on a vague analogy. In each case something appears and reappears. In the one case, a memory of the past in the brain as we say; in the other case, a repetition of a similar type of behavior in successive generations. It is tacitly implied that because memory is a familiar process to us we must know more about it than about heredity. The fact, however, is that memory is one of the many obscure fields of human

psychology. It is to-day more obscure to us than is heredity itself. Are we not justified, therefore, in looking askance at attempts to account for a phenomenon taking place in one realm of observation by an appeal to another, less well understood? It is not an exaggeration to say that some of those who have propounded memory theories of heredity have never been in close touch with the facts of heredity and development that are familiar to students of these subjects. Our present knowledge of the relations of parent to offspring is so different from anything ever imagined by the memory advocates, that their speculations appear to the zoölogist as crude as they are often grotesque.

During the last quarter of the last century, one of the most important branches of biology came to fruition. The microscopic study of cells and eggs and their relation to development and inheritance, made great advances and cleared up many obscure questions. These observations were carried out in complete independence of the speculations concerning heredity that had gone before; and the outcome has furnished a starting point for further interpretations that have led in our own time to far reaching discoveries. It is not possible to give here even a summary of the evidence, because its understanding requires familiarity with microscopic observations covering a very wide and unfamiliar field. But, in general, I may state that the work has led to the conclusion that the properties of the reproductive cells which are responsible for the characters of the body, are inherent in these cells; and that the transmission of these properties is independent of the body cells, and calls for no interference from them. This is summed up in the phrase "the isolation of the germ-plasm." The principal idea that this familiar phrase is intended to convey is exactly the opposite of that implied in the inheritance of acquired characters. The individual starts as an egg which is itself a cell. The egg divides and produces a vast number of cells essentially like itself. Most of these cells become changed,

as development proceeds, into the tissues and organs of the body, but a few of them remain as the reproductive cells of the individual in which they live. Here they multiply to become each in turn the beginning of a new individual with its contained eggs. In a word, the egg produces the body — not the body the egg.

All this is now conceded by everyone familiar with the evidence; but two further points are open to discussion. The first of these involves the possibility that the germ cells may be affected by the vicissitudes of the body cells, so that when their turn comes to produce a new individual they reflect in some way the changes that have been impressed on the body cells. If this takes place, the inheritance of acquired characters would not be incompatible with the cell theory although extraneous to the theory. The second point relates to the possibility that the changes in the external world that affect the body may produce a corresponding change in the germ cells. No amount of argument or *a priori* reasoning is likely to settle these problems; but fortunately there is at the present time a large body of evidence, and some of it experimental evidence, that is significant, and, I think, convincing. Here, if anywhere, we may hope to find proof on which to base a reasonable judgment of the situation. To this evidence, then, I propose to appeal.

The evidence is of various sorts, and may be roughly grouped under several headings. First, that of the supposed inheritance of use and disuse! This takes us back to Lamarck, but while he rested his case on generalities that were often fantastic, such as the origin of the giraffe's long neck, there is now a good deal of evidence that is significant and unfavorable. Darwin explained the eyeless condition of many cave animals as a result of disuse. Recently Payne has bred fifty generations of flies in total darkness and has found that their reaction to light had been in no way impaired. Darwin suggested that the wingless condition of some insects living on islands was due in part to disuse. Now, there have ap-

peared in our laboratory cultures of flies raised in milk bottles, three different races that have no wings. These appeared as single individuals with the wings entirely absent from parents whose wings had not decreased visibly in size in their long confinement. Each of the new types arose by a mutation; and the inheritance of the wingless condition shows that they owe their peculiarity to a change in a single hereditary element, and are, in this respect, comparable to the three hundred other mutant types that have also arisen, whose new characters have no conceivable relation to their confinement.

It is more difficult to obtain definite information as to whether or not the use of a part that increases its size or improves its functions is inherited. Imaginary cases of this sort are abundant, but since other explanations will cover them they do not serve our present purposes. There are no measurements, so far as I know, to prove or to disprove the claim that the children of blacksmiths have stronger arms than other children, or that the children of football players have bigger legs. If this happens, I cannot but think that our college coaches would have discovered and taken advantage of the fact despite the skepticism, or over the protests, of the professors of biology.

William Brewer supposed that the speed of trotting horses was due chiefly "to better training but also in part to special exercise of function." Later Caspar Redfield insisted that the wisest sons have been born to the more aged fathers, and that the records of racing horses show that the fastest colts have come from parents that have been trained for racing; but his statistics will not stand the scrutiny of an actuary. Pearl has shown the fallacies that lie concealed in his premises.

The loss of a part is supposed in popular traditions to lead sometimes to its absence in the offspring. The typical example is that of the cat whose tail was pinched off by a closing door. Her kittens were tailless. There are, I believe, authentic

cases of this sort, but it is also true that unpinched cats often have tailless kittens. In fact there is a special breed of these cats which when crossed to other cats transmit their peculiarity, and since from the nature of things the paternity of cats in general is always open to suspicion no great weight is to be attached to an occasional accident and the occurrence of tailless kittens — except in so far as it illustrates a curious faculty of the human mind to draw premature inferences. In rebuttal to the cat anecdotes it should be pointed out that some races of dogs and sheep have had their tails removed for generations and that puppies and lambs are born still with tails. Both Cope and Weismann cut off the tails of mice for several generations without producing bobtailed mice. We do not have to go to the lower animals to get evidence. The several kinds of mutilations and removals that man has practised on his own body for centuries have left no permanent record on the race.

From removals to distortions is a distinct step, since it has been said by some of the Lamarckians when pressed for evidence of the inheritance of loss of parts, that, after all, the part is gone, and could not be supposed to transmit its absence. This evasion does not cover the case when a distortion is in question. The stock case is the flat fish, which, according to Cunningham, owes its asymmetry to the habits acquired by its ancestors that came to lie on their sides at the bottom of the sea. One eye was thereby put out of commission, but, as a result of the muscles pulling it over so that it could peep around the corner of its own head and look up, the eye slowly shifted “in time” until to-day it too lies on the side of the head that is uppermost — otherwise, of course, it would have been expected to degenerate.

We do not have to go to Eocene times for evidence. Chinese women of high caste have had their feet bound and deformed for many generations, and now that the custom is being abandoned the children do not appear to have feet different from those of other Chinamen. Nearer home we do

not observe the effects of the corsets of our grandmothers on the size of the waists of our children.

Several years ago a famous French physiologist, Brown-Séquard, described some interesting facts about epilepsy and malformations in guinea pigs that he interpreted as due to the inherited effects of surgical operations. At the time, these experiments aroused great interest, and were much discussed, by zoölogists at least. The operations have been repeated on rather a large scale and offspring obtained, but with results so inconclusive that Séquard's work is largely forgotten, and not often quoted by those who themselves have new claims to bring to the attention of the public.

If we turn now to the experimental evidence of more recent date, we shall find several instances where induced changes have led to deformities and malformations which may "reappear" in the next generation, and hence may be said, in a sense, to be inherited. But the story they tell leads to a very different interpretation from the popular one of the inheritance of acquired character; and while it is not entirely clear sailing, yet the general trend of the work is instructive and furnishes, I think, more than a hint as to the way in which some of these results may have been produced.

I refer to the experiments of Stockard on the influence of alcohol, of Guyer on the influence of anti-lens serum; of Griffith and Detlefsen on the effects of long continued rotation; of Bagg and Hanson and Little on some of the effects of radium and of X-rays. To give a fair treatment of the interesting results that have come out of this work would require a detailed account of the special conditions involved in each case. To make a generalized statement that would cover them all would undoubtedly mislead the reader. I shall attempt, therefore, a compromise between these extremes.

Many of the facts can be accounted for on the view that the reproductive cells have been directly injured by the treatment, and since there is evidence that the chromosome mechanism is the basis for the transmission of the hereditary

elements, one may even go further and suggest that the chromosomes have been altered. Now, embryologists have been familiar for a good many years with the injurious effect of alcohol, of X-rays, and of radium on the chromosomes in causing irregularities in their distribution, and with the consequent injurious effects on the developing embryo, so that one need not go far afield to find evidence in support of the view that injuries produced on the germ cell may affect the individual that comes from it. How far the injuries induced by these agents are specific, and how far general is difficult to state at present; but since, as Stockard has pointed out, the organs affected are just those that are most subject to injury when eggs are treated by many kinds of reagents it appears that the results are general rather than specific. The organs affected are the most delicate parts or the parts that require in their development the most perfect adjustments. I am also inclined to favor such a view, which, if established, may explain why alcohol, and X-rays, and radium show their effects most often in the malformations of the eye.

The more difficult task remains to attempt to appraise those results in which a highly specific effect is claimed to have been produced. Guyer's experiment easily comes first in this respect. He removed the lenses from the eyes of rabbits, crushed them, and injected the mash into fowls. After a time the blood of these birds was injected into pregnant rabbits. The lenses of the offspring were often opaque and other abnormalities also appeared in their eyes. The effects were transmitted to later generations both in the male and female line. Here we have apparently a straightforward case of specific inheritance, unless, indeed, the injected serum is supposed to have affected not only the eyes of the embryo but their germ cells also. Crucial experiments would settle this point, but as yet they have not been forthcoming. Guyer's experiment has been recently repeated by Finley and also by Huxley and Carr-Saunders with entirely

negative results. We can safely wait, therefore, until further and more critical evidence is obtained as to the nature of the effect, if any, that was induced in Guyer's experiment.

The next best case is that of Griffith and Detlefsen. Rats were rotated for several months in cages. Some of the young born outside the cage showed irregularities in their gait, and when tested gave a different and specific response according to whether their parents had been rotated to the right or to the left. Detlefsen states that the disequilibrated rats showed frequent pathological sequelae, such as discharges from the ears; and this, he says, raises the question "whether Griffith has not merely presented us with numerous specimens of some vertebral disease." The disease once begun might be contagious, but he adds. "It is difficult to compromise this hypothesis with Griffith's contention of specificity."

This brings us finally to a point where something more definite may be said and therefore said briefly. Blakeslee and Belling have shown that if, during the maturing of the reproductive cells of a flowering plant, the common jimson weed, the plant is subjected to cold, the germ cells may be so affected that the distribution of the chromosomes is on rare occasions altered, and a plant may be produced that has double the normal number of chromosomes. This change carries in its wake some corresponding changes of character. Mavor also brought about irregularity in the distribution of the chromosome of such a sort that it is transmitted. Changes of both these kinds often take place when the egg is not treated, and they are transmitted in the same way, so that, at best, the special environment inducing them can only be said to make their occurrence more frequent.

Finally there is a considerable body of evidence showing that characters, whose development is known to be affected by environmental influences (which therefore might be supposed to be the very best kind of material to exhibit the effect of acquired characters) are not affected by the changes induced in their parents by the environment. There are

several striking cases of this kind that have been met with in the course of our experiments with vinegar flies. There is a race of these flies that have been long inbred, in order to make them uniform in a genetic sense, in which the eyes are entirely absent in most individuals, but occasionally one or both eyes may be present much reduced in size. If the flies that have these small eyes are bred to each other they give exactly the same results as when their eyeless brothers and sisters are bred together. As each stock culture gets older, more and more of the flies that emerge have eyes, and, towards the end, an increased number of the flies have both eyes present and almost full size. If some of these are used as the parents of a new generation, the results obtained are precisely the same as when eyeless flies are used. What better evidence could we hope to obtain to show that the presence of a character in the individual has no influence on the reproductive cells? This case does not stand alone but is duplicated by similar evidence from other characters subject to environmental changes in these flies, namely, bar eyes, abnormal abdomen, and extra legs, all of which are greatly affected by the environment, but the effects are not transmitted. Is it surprising, then, in the light of these detailed and controlled data that we should look askance at claims which pretend to demonstrate the inheritance of acquired characters from observations that are in most cases inadequate to prove the point at issue?

The experiments that Kammerer has carried on for several years relate, for the most part, to the kind of characters which I have just mentioned. He finds that salamanders spotted with black and yellow change to more black or more yellow individuals if kept on a black or a yellow background. Their offspring reared on a neutral background show, he believes, some influence of the effects produced on their parents, and so on. Until these results are repeated on material that is more thoroughly controlled, or on material where the effect produced can be stated in measurable terms

and not by pictures of selected material, it is in my opinion better to suspend judgment in respect to their interpretation. The careful work of Herbst that was undertaken to check up Kammerer's evidence has so far found no justification for Kammerer's interpretation. Much of the other work that Kammerer has brought forward as evidence of the inherited effect of the environment is open to the same objection — the inheritance of color changes in lizards, the change in the breeding habits of the midwife toad, and the development of horny pads on the thumbs of the male. That the environment causes changes in some of these characters need not be questioned, but that the effects produced are transmitted to the next generation, through the bodily changes produced, may be questioned, both because of the inadequacy of the evidence and also because in other cases where the materials are suitable for making such tests there is no evidence that such influences produce such results. Perhaps the most careful and thoughtful piece of analytical work that has been done in this field is that by Sumner, extending over five years, on the effect of heat and cold on the length of the tail, ears, and feet of white mice, as well as on the increase in the thickness of the hair in the cold.

Some of the mice were reared from birth in a cold room, others in a warm room. The average difference in temperature was 18 degrees centigrade. The tails of the mice in the warm room series were longer than the tails of those in the cold, for mice of the same body length. The length of the feet and of the ears was also greater in the warmer room, although the effect of the cold on the ears was inconstant. These two kinds of mice were then brought together in a common room of intermediate temperature, where each series was bred separately, and measurements were made of the offspring when the mice were full grown. It was found that the tail, foot, and ear length were greater in the mice of warm room parentage than that of cold room parentage but the difference was not so great as that between their parents.

This may be interpreted to mean that the smaller increase shown by the tails of these mice of the second generation from warm room parents was due to the intermediate temperature in which they were reared, while their length, which was greater than that of the mice of cold room parentage, was inherited from the warm-room parents. But how? Was it the effect of cold on the germ cells, or did it come from the longer tails of their parents? It is not easy to imagine that the effect was due to the direct influence of the cold on the germ cells since mice are warm blooded and maintain a nearly constant body temperature when adult, and as young mice they were kept warm in the nest and by the brooding of their mothers. Must we then conclude that the germ cells are so sensitive to slight differences in the size of the organs of the body that the effects are shown in the next generation? If so, might we not expect that all individual differences would reappear in the characters of the offspring?

But this question, at least, has now been settled by Johannsen's brilliant analysis on the non-inheritance of individual differences that are called forth by the environment. His experiments were carried out on material that was adequate to give a crucial answer to the question involved. In support of Johannsen's conclusion there is an extensive body of genetic evidence which can be interpreted as meaning that while much individual variability is due to minor genetic factors, and this is inherited, some individual variability is due to the environment and this is not inherited.

Is it possible, then, that Sumner's results were due to chance, in the sense that the two series happened to give the averages shown? It does not seem probable that this was so, but we can never be certain until the experiment is repeated on material that is first made pure for factors involving the length of the parts to be studied. Sumner is himself very cautious in his interpretation of his results. He says, "At no time have I declared my results to be proof of, or even evi-

dence for, the inheritance of acquired characters. Indeed, I have insisted that in the present state of our problems this latter expression has become hopelessly obsolete. As regards the various possible interpretations of my own results I have always expressed indecision."

Castle and Phillips performed an experiment on guinea pigs that would be expected to show the influence of the body on the germ cells if such effects are possible. The ovary from a black female was transplanted into a white female whose ovary had been removed. After the transplanted ovary had established itself, the white female was bred to a pure white male. The offspring were black, although the mother and the father were white. The eggs had not been affected by their sojourn in the body of a white individual.

It is not as widely known as it should be that most of the assumptions of the Lamarckians contradict the fundamental principles of Mendel's law of heredity. Mendel's law of segregation states that the hereditary elements received from the parents separate in the germ cells of the offspring without having affected each other, and, by implication, without having been affected by the character of the individual in which they were contained. An example will make this statement clearer. Suppose a white mouse is bred to a wild gray mouse. The hybrid offspring will be gray. If two such hybrids are bred together they give rise to gray and to white offspring in the ratio of three grays to one white. This ratio is understandable if in the hybrids half of the reproductive cells carry the element for gray and half that for white. Thousands of instances of this sort are known to-day. To reject the evidence would be scientific suicide; to refuse to accept the theory would be to throw reason to the winds. Mendel's postulates concerning the clear separation of the elements of heredity mean that the white producing elements in the gray hybrids have been unaffected by the gray color of the hair of the animal that carries them.

If the affairs of mice seem too remote from those of men to make a human appeal, there are many similar types of inheritance in man that tell the same story. A blue-eyed man marries a brown-eyed woman, and if she has come from a race pure for brown eyes, all the children will have brown eyes. If an individual of this parentage marries another with a similar parentage their children will be brown-eyed and blue-eyed as three to one. Still another case may seem more impressive since the character involved is one that dominates the normal and may appear therefore as something more positive in its nature. There is a type of malformed hand in which the middle segment of each finger is missing. If a short-fingered man marries a normal handed woman half of the children will have short-fingered hands and half of them will be normal. The explanation here is the same as before. The man was a hybrid (his father had short fingers and his mother was normal), hence he produces two kinds of reproductive cells. When he marries a woman whose reproductive cells are normal, two kinds of offspring are expected and two kinds are found. It may be added that the normal children show no trace whatsoever of the influence of the hand of their short-fingered father and never transmit this deformity to their descendants — the separation of the elements in the dominant parent has been clean.

It is scarcely necessary to elaborate this theme. The facts are not disputed by any student of genetics who is familiar with the evidence; and they furnish, in my judgment, convincing disproof of the loose and vague arguments of the Lamarckians.

The "will to believe" in the inheritance of acquired characters is widespread and an interesting feature of human behavior. The eagerness with which each new claim is listened to is only too familiar to those who concern themselves with the winds of evolutionary controversies. Waterman states that in the Indian legends the intention of the story-teller is not so much to relate how the event took place as to appeal

to the present condition of the animal as proof that the story is true, and I cannot but think that we have not entirely emerged from the same state of mental confusion. But the explanation of our willingness to listen to every new tale that furnishes evidence of the inheritance of acquired characters goes deeper than this. For some time I have tried to discover the motives that are responsible for this receptive state of mind. I can find no other than that it arises from a human longing to pass on to our offspring the fruits of our bodily gains and mental accumulations. While every scientific investigator has sympathy for this human weakness, he cannot allow it to influence him in his examination of the facts as they actually exist. In our hope for the best we forget that we are invoking a principle that also calls for the inheritance of the worst. If we cannot inherit the effects of the training of our parents, we escape at least the inheritance of their misfortunes. A receptive mind may be a better asset for the child than a mind weighted down from birth with the successes and failures of its ancestors.

THE BYRON CENTENARY

By HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

THE centenary of Byron's death raises once more the question of his worth as well as that Banquo's ghost of Byronic controversy, the problem of his personality. It is curious how generally British criticism has been concerned with the latter to the neglect of the former. Byron, the thinker and artist, has been passed over in English in favor of Byron the man. The result is that most British "criticism" is not criticism at all. The essays of Arnold, Swinburne, and Macaulay are, it is true, classic; but the first is peculiarly irritating in the condescension of its treatment, the second was retracted by its author, and the third, despite its freedom from cant, placed the poet in a totally false perspective out of which, in the English-speaking world, he has never been able to step. There is better criticism in Arthur Symonds's penetrating study in "The Romantic Movement in English Poetry," in the sane account of Oliver Elton in "A Survey of English Literature," and in Lord Morley's discussion with its emphasis upon the vigor of Byron's intellect. These critics have at least emerged from the penumbra of fallacious moral judgments.

On the Continent the record is different. Unconcerned with the Victorian ethical code, critics there have looked upon Byron as a literary force and not as an exercise in casuistry. They have done what we have mainly neglected to do — they have tried to understand his potency. Consequently one turns to Georg Brandes and Karl Elze, to Castelar and Estève to learn why it is that Byron was a name to conjure with. In Europe they have seen that Byron had ideas; British criticism is mainly concerned to prove that he had none.

Perhaps we are slowly escaping from the spell cast over us by Macaulay. Professor Samuel C. Chew has just published a study of Byron's influence on English literature, and Dora Neill Raymond has written on "The Political Career of Lord Byron." Both writers agree in treating the poet as thinker and artist, not as a moral problem — an obvious treatment, it is true, were it not that the wind sowed by Harriet Beecher Stowe and Lord Lovelace has reaped a whirlwind in which the original figure of the noble lord has long been obscured. Mrs. Raymond's book is a healthy corrective to the common view that Byron is merely a poet of emotional energy: she shows how keen was his criticism of contemporary politics, how modern was his attitude; and in her last chapters she exhibits the statesmanlike methods with which Byron handled the vexed problems of the Greek revolution. She misses much; but the approach is the right approach, and that is something. As for Professor Chew's study, it has long been needed; we have heard vaguely of the Byronic vogue in England, but we have until now had no opportunity to measure and to understand it.*

Yet it is awkward for the literary reputation of British criticism that we have had to wait a hundred years for these studies, the subjects of which may fairly be called obvious, and it is even more arresting that both authors are Americans. On the whole, the Anglo-Saxon world, though it is avid of information about Byron's personality, has not been interested in studying the most powerful literary figure that the nineteenth century contributed to European poetry. Investigation into Byron problems seems, on the whole, to have been tacitly surrendered to German and French universities. In America the Modern Language Association, which has research groups for all things literary in heaven

* Mr. Chew's book is published by Scribner, and Mrs. Raymond's by Holt. Other new Byron studies are Spender's "Byron and Greece" (Scribner) and Nicholson's "Byron" (Houghton). W. E. Leonard's "Byron and Byronism in America" is known to all students of this subject.

and earth, has none for Byron, nor does the group in Romanticism seem concerned about him. Journals of literary research on either side of the Atlantic have little to record. If the reading public has absorbed "Astarte," the professors are indifferent.

It is not that there is nothing to do. Thus we know very little about what Byron read or what spiritual nutriment he drew from his reading. His ideas are still to understand and to catalogue. We have scarcely studied the way of his imagination with the material over which it played. The vast field of Byron's influence on the literatures of Mexico and South America is virgin of inquirers. This situation seems to mean that the universities are content with the conventional judgments of the text-books, whereas the public, eager for personalities, is not yet saturated with information about this one.

These conventional judgments must be reckoned with in any attempt to learn what worth Byron has as a poet. Some of the older charges, it is true, have lost their significance. Talk of Byron's blasphemy, of his skepticism, of the immorality of his verses, in these days scarcely evokes a smile. What are the audacities of "Cain" to an age which has read "Penguin Island" and "The Mysterious Stranger"? Which of the faded ladies that mournfully look out at us in the editions of Byron we inherited — which of them is likely to lead astray the dwellers in Jazzmania? There are critical pronouncements more lasting than these.

That Byron is an uneven versifier; that he dealt too frequently in rhetoric and too little in poetry; that his themes are monotonous and his heroes always the same; that he attempted to write plays without knowing the theatre and to enter the critical arena without understanding what was going on there; that he admired and imitated Pope when he should have scorned Pope and written like Byron — these are the indictments that are brought against him. The standard criticism, moreover, with more truth herein than

elsewhere, has set aside his formal satires, his verse tales, and most of his dramas in favor of "Childe Harold," "Manfred," "Cain," "The Vision of Judgment," and "Don Juan."

Time is a sad leveller. But has time dealt more harshly with Byron than with others? Alas, poets of equal bulk and later birth have hardly fared as well. What is the voluminous Swinburne now but a handful of poems in anthology? Where is "Festus" that was to outstare the lightning? Where is "Aurora Leigh"? Where is "Lucile"? Browning wrote "Pippa Passes" and "In a Balcony," but it is also recorded that he wrote "Red Cotton Night-Cap Country," "The Inn Album," and "Fifine at the Fair." Where is Hipparchia, and eke Thaïs, and where are all the giant poets of yesteryear? Time has, indeed, sifted Byron, but it does not appear that the president of the immortals has dealt less harshly with others of the great ones of Parnassus. In Byron only is it made a fault that much which he wrote is not read.

The rest of the accusations are, it must be admitted, mainly true. As a versifier Byron achieved some of the worst work in the language. Any schoolboy (O useful myth!) can put an unerring finger on the brazen rhetoric and theatrical falseness of "Lara" and "The Bride of Abydos"; any tyro in college English can see that "Manfred" is as much like "Lara" as "Lara" is like "The Giaour." Nobody reads Byron's stage-plays nowadays unless he has to, and, except for "Sardanapalus," there is no reason why anybody should. And as for the controversy with Bowles and the denunciation of Wordsworth and the exaltation of Rogers and Campbell and Gifford — are they not there for the students of literary history to moralize upon?

Indeed, that is what the students of literary history have done. Byron used to be an awful instance of marital infidelity; he has latterly become the stock example of all the poetic sins. As a place to pin tags he is easy, accessible, and obvious. The critics have sat on him, the verdict is in, and

the trial is over. The only difficulty with the decision is that it finds most of his contemporaries, the great luminaries of the romantic age, also guilty on most of the counts.

For it is a fact that Byron, who was in his own day the scapegoat of a brilliant and careless society has become since his death the whipping post at which a brilliant and careless poetry has been vicariously scourged by literary critics too indifferent or too ignorant to see that the literary sins of Byron are in a startling degree the literary sins of Shelley and Coleridge, of Wordsworth and Scott, and even of Keats.

Thus it is cried unto high heaven that Byron wrote "there let him lay"; but criticism is discreetly silent concerning the grammatical offenses of the divine Shelley. Every text-book remarks that Byron wrote bad blank verse, but, though I once amused myself by compiling one, I have never seen any list of the manifold metrical infelicities of Keats. And in the same fashion it has been conveniently forgotten that three-fourths of Wordsworth is mere rhetoric, and very dull rhetoric, too. Nor, when recounting the monotones of the Byronic situation and the Byronic hero, has the critic permitted himself a glance at the monotones of the Scott situation and the Scott hero, or the Southey situation and the Southey hero, or the Shelley situation and the Shelley hero — if that poet's eternal wind, lightning, sunshine, cloud, and air ever precipitate into anything so definite. That is not the way to speak of Shelley — but neither is it the way to speak of Byron. The original verdict is not unjust, but the continued iteration of that verdict, coupled with the silence of criticism concerning the numerous infelicities of Byron's contemporaries — therein it is that the critics and the professors have betrayed their notable capacity for calf paths.

If this be special pleading I am tempted to say, make the most of it, but I do not believe it is so. For the faults commonly alleged against Byron are basically the faults of the epoch, which, as they are most vehemently set forth concerning him, are made to appear his alone. Byron did not possess

the artistic conscience of Shelley or Keats, though he certainly had more of it than did Wordsworth, and quite as much as Coleridge or Scott; and yet, when all is said, the only impeccable workman of the group was Landor, who perhaps does not belong in this galley at all. The plain truth is that the Romanticists care very much less for workmanship (in our sense of the word), and very much more for ideas (in their sense of the word) than either the critics or the anthologies will allow.

Poetry, or if you will, verse, came to them much more naturally as a medium of expression than it comes to men nowadays; it was a broadsword, a thing to smash heads with and to get mad about. It was neither a fencing foil nor a Tanagra statuette. The doctrine of the Parnassians would have been repugnant to them; the practice of the Imagists they would have understood even less than do we. Consequently, if a man had something to say (and most of the great Romanticists had something to say), they cared very deeply in the large sense whether he had the vision and the faculty divine (and here Carlyle's pronouncements on the function of the poet, or the romantic re-valuation of the Elizabethans ought surely to have set us right), but they cared very little in the pettier sense for impeccability of line or flawlessness of form.

Byron was, it is true, an imperfect artist. Most of his contemporaries were, in the same sense, imperfect artists. It was inevitable that they should be so. Literary art, for perhaps the first time in English history, had come to grips with society and was struggling with it. For perhaps the only time in English history the poets had undertaken the task of social reform which nowadays is the burden of the novel. How to move the great, shapeless mass of Europe by divine inspiration — that was their problem. Every poem was a piece of propaganda, every utterance was a pamphlet, every lyric a political platform. The consequences for poetry were enormous. On the one hand, poetry possessed an elec-

tric vitality which it has not since possessed. On the other hand, it digested only imperfectly this strange and heavy food; it had to abandon the courtly aloofness which had distinguished it since the days of Spenser, and which it did not recover until the days of Rossetti and Pater. If it lost its striving for perpetual perfection, the gain on the whole was greater than the loss. And this situation was the situation of every great poet from Blake down to, and including, Keats, whose gospel of beauty was, like Shelley's gospel of love and Byron's gospel of individualism, a social preachment.

Hence it was that the great and stately controversies of the age were set forth in great and stately poems, full of clichés and rhodomontade. A man who believed, like Shelley, that society should be wholly destroyed so that he might recreate it according to Plato and William Godwin inevitably had to reiterate one and the same thing in "The Revolt of Islam," "Prometheus Unbound," "The Witch of Atlas," "Hellas," "Alastor," and "The Triumph of Life." A man who sincerely believed, like Scott, in aristocracy and the aristocratic virtues necessarily launched forth half a dozen knightly narratives, all as much alike as the over-criticised narratives of Byron. Verse to Keats was a vehicle for high and vehement argument. It is useless to expect of a debater the cold precision of Landor. The Romantic era was, indeed, one long didactic poem, a poem illuminated by lightning and punctuated by cannon shots. But a battlefield is not the place to look for Edgar Poe, Gautier, or translators of Chinese lyrics.

And Byron, who was as much opposed to the current order as was Shelley, who wrote narrative poems like Scott, who argued ardently in verse like Keats and rhetorically like Wordsworth, shares therefore in the great faults of a great age. He has the impatience of an orator, and the orator's contempt for finicky concerns of style. He was angry with mankind as Shelley was, with the difference that Byron saw mankind as it really is, and Shelley saw it as it ought to be.

Now, art to an angry man is a weapon, not a ritual; and when, in that gigantic warfare, the sword got hacked and the shining armor badly dented, it seems a bit ungracious to complain that the muses do not have their daily toilettes.

There is, then, much in Byron of his own time, but there is also much in him that comes from an earlier epoch than the age of Waterloo. It is true that he was the child of the Revolution, but the phrase means also that he was the child of the eighteenth century. Byron is at once the foremost of the Romanticists and the last of the sentimentalists, progeny of Shaftesbury and Rousseau.

These eighteenth-century qualities in Byron go deeper than his love for rhymed couplets and his fondness for formal satire. They are essentially part of him as they were part of the age in which he lived. If in literature his period was ushered in by "The Ancient Mariner," in society it was begun by the Tory reaction, the handbook of which was Burke's "Reflections on the Revolution in France."

While therefore on the Continent nations were manoeuvring through a kaleidoscopic series of changes into something like modern Europe, England was not merely standing still, she turned resolutely backward. By 1815 she was an isle of eighteenth-century bliss midmost the beating of a steely sea. Ideas of progress were taboo. An arrogant and dissolute aristocracy governed the country in the best manner of the dead century. Society was brilliant and complacent, and the wage-earner, like the French peasant in *La Bruyère*, was a dumb and driven beast. It was the age of the First Gentleman in Europe — that is to say, the qualities of a gentleman included bravery, stupidity, cold selfishness, and a fantastic sense of honor. The morals of the Regency in England are the morals of the Regency in France. In short, it was the age of the wit, the dandy, the profligate, and the prize-fighter; and they were in their several trades equally brutal and equally out of date.

In such a society, closed to ideas, suspicious of change,

tolerant of inherited evils, poetry was merely a branch of polite letters, the poet a man of the world, who was expected to combine the aesthetic maxims of Sir Joshua Reynolds with the literary deportment of Lord Chesterfield. The amazing results were the breakfasts of Samuel Rogers, the exile of Shelley, and the social success of Thomas Moore. The astounding fact about Byron is not that at his worst he is worse than Campbell or Gifford, but that, nourished in this idle and artificial world, he transcended it, and in sheer rebellion wrote "Manfred" and "Don Juan." The best in Byron is his naked cry for sincerity in an insincere and brutal time.

The supreme picture of this period will always be "Don Juan." "Don Juan" is, so to speak, curiously eighteenth-century. It begins like Cr  billon with a witty and immoral *conte*. The loves of Haidee and Juan are out of "Werther" and Raynal's "Histoire des Indes." The harem adventure is like the Orientalism of Montesquieu, the siege of Ismail is done with the cold and brilliant ferocity of a despairing Voltaire. The concluding cantos, which are truly modern, marry to immortal satire the society which lives for us in Byron's own letters to Lady Melbourne, and in which the Duc de Richelieu would have been very much at home.

Nor is this all of the matter where Byron is concerned. Typical of eighteenth-century manners is the social pirate who is sometimes a gentleman. He is in the novels, the plays, and the history of that time. It was apparently a great age for unscrupulous social climbing, and the typical adventurer, hardly a scoundrel, not yet a gentleman, is best described as being, in an age suddenly conscious of society, one who was as yet imperfectly socialized. He might rise from nothing to a parasitic success like Cagliostro, Casanova, or Mesmer. He might be an important political figure like Alberoni or Dubois. He might become a great military captain like Marshal Keith, a great painter like Romney, a great financial magnate like John Law. The important thing is that he

is temperamentally cut loose from his moorings, held by no sentimental allegiances. If he was not the golden swash-buckler of the Renaissance (one thinks of Cesare Borgia or Sir Walter Raleigh), he was as individualistic, more of a gentleman, less of an enthusiast, more of a rogue and less of a villain, too cautious for grand larceny, but sometimes capable of petit larceny on a grand scale.

Byron is like these men and understands them. Despite the antiquity of his family there is a dubious quality in his social status which accounts in part for his determination to play the great lord. His pecuniary affairs are as uncertain as those of Casanova. When he gets money he spends it lavishly, and then haggles over the price of a poem. He has frequently the motions of a man who lives by his wits. His picturesque career in the Near East, his conquest of London society, his superb and solitary gesture in behalf of the Greeks — there is here something of the condottiere, of the rascal, and of the great man. In the complex industrial world of 1824 it was superbly anachronistic to have a nobleman hire a war-vessel to go crusading against the Turks like Don John of Austria. And Byron, who, in the age of Godwin, denied all social responsibility, put on in the age of Metternich the *panache* of Cyrano, and donned it with the gesture of a *grand seigneur*.

Because his poems came to him so immediately, this half-aristocratic individualism passed at once into his stories until much that we call Romantic is found on examination to be only the belated eighteenth-century pretending that the world will never change. Thus the arrogance of Manfred is the arrogance of a French nobleman. Lara is perhaps what the Duc de Richelieu tried to be — a man of one virtue and a thousand crimes — and certainly Don Juan is blood brother to Gil Blas, the Chevalier de Faublas — and Rousseau. And if one could imagine Voltaire in a dialogue with Albrecht von Haller, would it not be uncommonly like Cain's interview with his brother Abel? It is regrettable, but

to get on in the world and to despise, in true gentlemanly fashion, the people by whom you get on — this lesson is in Byron, too.

That other side of the eighteenth century about which there is just now much to-do — the sticky side — that is in Byron also. He is a great sentimentalist in both the technical and the general senses, whereat insular criticism is astounded and seeks a cause. Surely the cause is not far to seek. Byron is not solitary. If it is natural that his interpretation of nature comes from the deists, it is also reasonable that the sham misanthropy of his gloomy gentlemen springs from Rousseau, who thought so highly of human life that he despised mankind. People — in fiction, at least — were acutely conscious of their passions before "Childe Harold," because sentimental doctrine had taught them so to be. There are persons in Steele's comedies quite as maudlin as Conrad. Richardson's Lovelace can give lessons even to Manfred in the art of self-analysis. Des Grieux, Julie, Saint-Preux, Paul and Virginia, Mellefont, Karl Moor, and Werther have all preceded Mazeppa and Hugo and Selim. The Byronic hero was not new, he was simply done over from the toy misanthropy of the late eighteenth century.

If there be truth in this view, some light is thrown on the causes of Byron's extraordinary European success. The Congress of Vienna restored the Bourbons, God, and the gentleman — that is, it destroyed the French Revolution. But it could not destroy the Industrial Revolution. Consequently the literary defenders of God and the Bourbons — people like Joseph de Maistre and Chateaubriand — soon found that no one was attacking them, because the struggle was really elsewhere.

The aristocrat's standard had now to contend with the money standard — that is, with a spending standard. But to spend meant first to accumulate, by fair means or foul. Economic robbery was the only answer. Napoleon, who was frankly no aristocrat, was just as frankly a great robber

captain; and the social problem became, for the ruling classes who hated Napoleon, the fascinating problem of throwing over predatory enterprise the glamour of the ancient régime. The pages of Balzac and Stendhal and Thackeray picture the epic pathos of adventurers trying to become gentlemen, but the pages of Byron pictured the gentleman in the glamour of romantic piracy.

Wherefore the barons and the bankers who, with their wives, found themselves so astonishingly at the head of anachronistic governments, thanked God they were not as Napoleon, adopted his system of economic plundering, and compensated for the drabness of the bourse with the excitement of "The Corsair" and its kind. Over the cash transactions of the age of Louis Philippe there stole out of books the gilded glory of the age before the social deluge. Society, which had been stripped obscenely bare by the great Corsican, knelt appropriately at the feet of the grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme. Were his heroes not all of ancient lineage? Did not each of them do as he pleased? Was every one of them not a law unto himself? Were they not all noblemen, even in the midst of debauchery and crime? The unction was flattering, and the age laid it to its soul. Fortunately there is more to Byron than this.

His stark individualism is not merely aristocratic and anti-social, it is Northern and stubborn and proud. The core of it is Scottish. The poet who had something of the careless fascination of the Stuarts, had also the obstinacy of King James. Indeed, that Byron is a Stuart, a Gordon, and half a Scotsman is a fact often forgotten in discussions of him. His mother was descended from Lady Arabella Stuart, sister of King Charles the First. He spent ten impressionable years in Scotland, two summers in roaming the Highlands, and a certain Scottishness went with him to Newstead Abbey. He could refer with pride to Lochin-na-Gair and the Highlands, remember the exploits of Scottish chiefs, and refer to the Campbells at Waterloo, and to Caledonia in Greece. It is

clear that his pride, his brooding over theology, his parsimony and extravagance, his love for rhetoric, and (as he himself tells us) his enthusiasm for wild nature are among the traits which may have their sources in his Caledonian blood.

It is possibly absurd to assume that there are national traits in literary expression, but if we choose at random four or five literary Scotsmen and observe their common characteristics, it is illuminating to see how much Byron has in common with them, and how many things fall into focus that were scattered and meaningless before. It is at least a curious coincidence that Robert Burns, Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Carlyle, and John Davidson, and Byron, should all be artists of imperfect utterance, never quite certain whether the thing under their hands was poetry or rhetoric; that in each of them there is the same proud individualism; that there is in the group a harsh and masculine quality (weakest in Scott) which, when it comes from a John Knox, we instinctively feel to be Scottish; that each of them was in his way a great and biting satirist; and finally that, saving for Scott, and perhaps not even with that exception, the thought of these five men should come again and again to the solution of a theological riddle. God is with each of them a thing to worry about, whether in Scott that anxiety softens into a proud ethical idealism, or in Burns turns into angry denunciation of religious hypocrisy, or in Carlyle and Davidson results in queer readings of life, or in Byron, with childishly imperfect weapons, seeks to storm the last citadel of heaven in the name of man.

Indeed, a kind of exasperated earnestness comes from their lips. One thinks of old Covenanters in Scott. One thinks of Burns's "Address to the Deil." One remembers Davidson's wrathful denial of a God, and Carlyle's wrathful affirmation of Him. The life of these men depends upon the pertinacity with which they determine what God is. They have therefore something of the instinct of great preachers; their phrases are bronze and resonant, and they will employ,

if necessary, the clangors of oratory provided that they can thereby rid themselves of what they are destined to say. They are as far from Pater and Swinburne, it is clear, as they are removed from Tennyson and Coleridge. And if now we remove from Byron much that is superficial and accidental, it is surprising to see how much more he is like the Scotsmen than the Englishmen.

He has, to begin with, the fierce flippancy of Davidson and Burns. He has Scott's belief in high descent and the aristocratic virtues. He has Carlyle's belief in the individual man, and Carlyle's contempt for the human race. His satire is swift and scathing, his humor (except when he is consciously following Italian models) is boisterous and rude. Rhetoric is to him the same immediate weapon that it is to Scott except that his great phrases have the loud clamor of Carlyle. But beyond and above all this, it is notorious that Byron could never shake off his early Calvinism. This was the problem with which he wrestled in the maturest period of his career; and if, to us, his dialectics were worse than Paley's, and his reasoning powers bad, we cannot therefore deny the agony which drove him to the mountains and the sea, which made him write "Manfred," "Cain," and "Heaven and Earth," and "The Vision of Judgment," out of his heroic scorn for snivelling respectability.

No, this blind and dogged attack in Byron upon the problem of good and evil is nearer Scotland than it is to the Thames, and it carries with it those secondary characteristics that may be summed up as an impatience with the medium of art. By this I mean that trait in Scott which led him to leave his novels half-done, which in Carlyle crowds him to the reiterant expression of wrathful scorn, which led Davidson to mistake scientific terminology for the last secrets of metaphysical poetry, and made of Burns, except when he was following a set pattern, so uncertain a critic of his own verses. Ideas are more than words to Byron. He cannot stop to refine. Life is greater than style, and

a man's soul is weightier than "a nice derangement of epitaphs."

If the eighteenth-century aspect, and the Scottish aspect, of Byron have been neglected, the orthodox catalogue of his qualities is known to everyone, and scarcely needs repetition. The real question is, how much of him to-day is still alive. And all that can be said of him here is to remark how, in his greatest work, he is eternally modern, still our contemporary. The façade of the building is tawdry, the decorations rococo. Many of the rooms, from the walls of which the plaster has fallen away, revealing nothing but lath beneath, hear now only the echoing footsteps of a solitary and curious seeker. But the foundations are firm, the general plan is sure, and the essential outlines are unshaken.

Byron is the first modern man in British poetry — that is to say, the first man to whom, as to us, society was at once a responsibility and an irritation. He has our interest in the large political situation and our scorn of petty politics, our hatred of sham and phariseism and plausible platitude and hollow respectability. I think that he had more courage than we possess, especially when it came to denunciation. Certainly, cogent as were the reasons for flagellation, no poet has dared to say of contemporary Europe what Byron said of the age of Castlereagh. He invented realism before Zola; the scenes of shipwreck and war in "Don Juan" are done with a grim restraint of horror which is in our manner of art. Force is, we feel, not wholly mortal, and certainly across these hundred years there is force in Byron still, force to reanimate flagging spirits in the eternal struggle for liberation.

Mainly he has to-day to give us something that was in him a defect, and that is his own tonic lack of respect for Art. We think that Art died with Oscar Wilde, and looking back upon the purple curtains of the eighteen-nineties, thank God we are not aesthetes, ignoring meanwhile the fact that we have merely fallen into the Intellectual Decadence. We are to-day connoisseurs of poetic clevernesses, hushed and

holy devotees in the temple of Freud. Poetry, which was once a giant shillalah, has become once more a curious tool for the carving of mental cherry-stones. Nobody has believed in it as a weapon since everybody ceased to believe in it as a god. Yet, in the march of ideas, great poetry has always been a way of getting things done — like pamphleteering. So it was with Dante and Milton, with Wordsworth and Goethe, with Shelley and Byron. Their verses bit and swirled and scratched. Verse-making was not to them a craft, it was an armory. Byron, with all his faults upon his head, never committed our own peculiar sin: he never put the muses to lapidary work on the emotions. He is therefore a greater man than we are, because of him it may be said as Heine said of himself in “Enfant perdu” —

Doch fall' ich unbesiegt, und meine Waffen
Sind nicht gebrochen — nur mein Herze brach.

POLITICAL READJUSTMENT IN CHINA

By HAROLD SCOTT QUIGLEY

CHINA is a great mountain encircled at the base with brambles and pitfalls. Even in peaceful times the vastness of the problem to one who would know the country is likely to be neglected for the petty but constant annoyances, like dirt, odors, and noises. In times of transition such as this an extended perspective is still more difficult to maintain. The conversation of foreigners in China is apt not to dwell upon art or philosophy or history but rather to run *ad nauseam* to vituperation and ridicule of a people that will endure the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" without a protest. The mountain looks down calmly, pityingly.

At this moment China has a central government in fact as well as in name, the first since the death of Yuan Shih-k'ai in 1916. Until last June, Li Yuan-hung was gyrating as President to the jerking of strings manipulated by Generals Ts'ao K'un and Wu Pei-fu. When the time came a stronger jerk than usual lifted President Li — in Peking he is known as "Old Lady Li" — out of office. After a few months without a President the well-bribed National Assembly elected General Ts'ao President and is now proposing to vote General Wu Vice-President. General Ts'ao is an astute politician of the old school who worked himself up from a very humble beginning to the post of Inspector General of the three most central provinces, Chihli, Honan, and Shantung, drove his political opponents out of Peking, and now holds a genuine authority over a considerable part of central China. General Wu is the best military mind in China; he has had his differences with the President, but he has never been accused

of disloyalty, and to-day he is pushing vigorous campaigns in Szechuan and Fukien in an attempt at forcible unification of all China. A third figure, General Feng Yu-hsiang, "the Christian General," in command of a large body of picked troops in Peking, completes a strong triumvirate, which constitutes the actual government of such parts of the country as recognize any sovereignty in Peking. Roughly these include the central provinces and exclude Manchuria and the provinces south of the Yangtze Kiang.

Manchuria is governed and governed well by an ex-bandit, General Chang Tso-lin, who refuses to accept the mandates of Peking because he cannot get along with his former colleagues in the Chihli military clique. Marshal Chang has a rich empire, greatly coveted by Russia and Japan; he can prosper without Peking, and he does. His political principles are identical with those of Marshals Ts'ao and Wu; their objections to one another are purely personal. South of the Yangtze the situation is very badly tangled. There is no "South," in the sense that there is a "Centre" and a "North." The southern provinces rally to no single leader, but general contends with general with no apparent object beyond his own pecuniary gratification. Alone among these harpies Dr. Sun Yat-sen maintains an apparently more and more hopeless fight, as "President" of South China, for a unified South as a basis for a unified and liberalized China. Even he has been reduced to measures that bear intolerably upon the people under his authority in the extremity of his effort to remain a factor in the confused civil war that is rending the whole country.

The central government of China to-day is a military oligarchy, and every province the sinecure of a military governor. In no single province has the so-called "civil governor" more than nominal authority. Military government is firmly established. In two years at Peking the writer saw two presidents and ten premiers come and go. There is a National Assembly in Peking, and there are provincial

assemblies in the provinces, but they are packed with hirelings of the military leaders, the *tucbuns*, for whom they spend their time in venal intrigue. There are hordes of civilian officials, to the majority of whom office is not a public trust but an avenue to wealth and a means to provide their relatives with jobs. There are political parties which are not for the voter but are constituted of ambitious politicians to promote the ends of the clique with which, temporarily, they may be associated. Civil administration is palsied, though policemen are as plentiful as lamas in Mongolia. The coolie soldier holds the police in utter contempt. His uniform has become his unchallengeable passport. If deprived of it by discharge he becomes by easy transition a bandit. Whether as regulars or irregulars, these coolies prey upon the people, causing agony and impoverishment, only known beyond the homes of the sufferers when foreigners are involved.

Public finance is the plaything of "military necessity." Peking receives but a moiety of the taxes due it from the provinces. Receipts of the government railways have been appropriated to their own purposes by *tucbuns* controlling the areas of their operation. The only assured sources of revenue of the national government — the customs receipts, administered by foreign powers, and receipts of the salt monopoly, partially under foreign administration — are almost entirely mortgaged to the service of various debts. Consequently, the Peking government has been compelled to default on a number of foreign loans and is in the position of a bankrupt though its potential resources are great. Naturally, its governmental functions have had to be curtailed, and its railways have suffered serious deterioration. It is several months in arrears in the payment of its civil and military services. At periods of three months festivals occur when an agonized effort must be made to find funds sufficient to provide a dole lest a starving bureaucracy burst through the door. So far these nerve-racking crises have been weath-

ered with the help of trifling loans begged from door to door of the Chinese banks, for which ultra-usurious rates of interest have been paid in advance. Probably this will continue to be the way out of financial *impasses* so long as the bankers are willing to take huge risks for huge profits.

Chinese politics are filled with Gilbertian incident and airs that call for a Sullivan's interpretation into Western harmonies. The twists and turns of an Oriental politician's mental processes are incomprehensible to foreigners, but the results that flow from these cerebrations are not concealed from reporters who furnish newspaper readers many a smile. In one case the teachers of Peking brought blankets to the corridors of the Ministry of Finance and slept there until they were given a portion of their salary, six months overdue. Ministers are almost daily securing leaves of absence on pleas of illness or running off to Tientsin when some disagreement has arisen between them and their colleagues. Shortly before his forced flight President Li Yuan-hung refused to substitute a nominee of General Feng Yu-hsiang for his own appointee as Chief of the Hatamen Octroi. The reason, given as a simple matter of fact, was that the revenues of the Octroi, which had previously been devoted to the maintenance of the President's office would be diverted to Feng's army. It was reported, and the report was taken seriously by the public, that shortly before the outbreak of war between himself and Chang Tso-lin in 1922, Wu Pei-fu proposed to Chang that the side which was driven back fifty miles from its original front lines should admit defeat. President Hsü Shih-chang was compelled to retire in 1922, but his valedictory to his friends contained no bitter references to his detractors. He said that he was an old man, that he knew little of politics, that he was now ready and glad to return to the study of the classics, and that he would welcome all friends who would come and discuss literature with him.

A contributor to a Tientsin newspaper shows a poetic

understanding of Chinese politics in these stanzas from his "When the *Tuchun* Comes to Tea":

Then said Copley of the Customs, "Kindly tell us, *Tuchun* dear,
Why you don't disband your *ping shib*, for, from all we see and
hear,

'Sack the troops!' is now the slogan, and on patriotic scores,
Don't you think you really ought to make a start at sacking
yours?"

"But I have!" the *Tuchun* answered, "It was only yestermorn
I dismissed a hundred thousand, though my heart was fairly torn
And to blunt the pang of losing them completely and for aye,
Sure, I kept them on the payroll; it's myself that draws their
pay!" . . .

"But we hear," observed the Salt-man, and support the Doctor
lent,

And the Consul's trusty henchman and the Banker bowed assent,
"That the title of the *Tuchun* is abolished by decree
Of the Sovereign Folk of China. Tell us, Sir, do you agree?"

"Do I not?" the *Tuchun* answered. "I suppressed it years ago.
Then became the Grand Panjandrum of the Province, don't you
know;

Then the Super-High Factotum, then the Ultra-Noble Nob;
They can call me Bottle-Washer — if I only keep the job!"

Two questions continually recur to one who considers this confused state of affairs: How has it come about? and towards what is it tending? To answer either of them one must draw conclusions from a history measured in tens of centuries. Prior to the Manchus, twenty-one dynasties had risen and fallen in China. Between one dynasty and the next, if any considerable interim occurred, there was turmoil. With the re-establishment of a strong central authority the confusion ceased. China's social structure, built upon the teachings of Confucius, changed but slightly. With the fall of the twenty-second dynasty in 1911 confusion recurred.

Instead of applying the remedy proved by history to be efficacious, the leaders of the revolt wrote "Republic" over the doorway to the most ancient of living societies and waited for that magic word to revolutionize its hoary institutions.

The ideal was great. So were their institutions in the eyes of the Chinese people. Central among them was the clan system and auxiliary to it the Imperial House and the professional civil service. The first has operated to develop a family loyalty unknown outside of China. The village, sometimes inhabited by a single clan, oftener by a number of families, has long been governed by the heads of its families, men whose authority has rested upon the precepts of the Confucian classics. In the village the father's will has been law because no son might question the command of the father. Village government has thus been patriarchal, a very conscious and just thing in itself but quite unconnected with the government of province and empire. Moreover, its effect upon the individual has been to stifle his political initiative just as habitual obedience postpones the growth of individualism in a child. Clearly such a foundation will not support a democratic structure such as the republican leaders have sought to erect upon it. But it is a thoroughly sound foundation, and it behooves those leaders to suit the superstructure to it if they would preserve the most vital and conserving element of Chinese civilization.

Providing a political organization that acted as a perfect complement to the clan system stood the Imperial Dynasty and the professional civil service. Together they carried on the necessary administrative functions in entire isolation from popular control save as it was expressed through time-hardened traditions which even an Emperor might not neglect. There was no idea of representative government. Although the provinces were practically autonomous, their governors and magistrates obeyed the decrees of the vermillion pencil without question. "The Emperor's mouth was

golden, his words were jade." The ranks of civil servants were recruited by literary examinations, and the resulting bureaucracy was efficient, but appointments were often vitiated by bribery or nepotism. To many officials the people under them were fair spoil, the only approach to their services the client's prestige or the infamous "squeeze," China's bloated counterpart of American "graft." The people endured a system that ensured them comparative peace and security in their still more bitter struggle for existence.

It is no matter of marvel, therefore, that "Republican" China has thus far failed to justify its title. In China as in the West the aphorism of Mill, "that whoever has the strongest power is more and more tempted to make an excessive use of it," has proved true; and in China as in the West the strong will continue to harass the weak until some still stronger force puts an end to the present wretched conditions. Japan had been feudal for centuries when the Shogun was overthrown. The *daimyo* were accustomed to power and the people to accepting their authority while worshipping a titular fountain-head of law and justice. With Satsuma and Choshu in the rôle of Tokugawa, modern Japan has emerged from its chrysalis without essential impairment of its accustomed extra-legal leadership. There is little difference in principle between the visits which the Chinese premiers formerly paid to Ts'ao K'un and Wu Pei-fu and those of the Japanese premiers to Matsukata and Saionji. In China, however, feudalism was abolished two centuries before Christ. In China, moreover, the revolution left no permanent headship, actual or titular. Unchecked by sovereign or people China's multitude of quasi-feudal governors, charmed with their new prerogatives, decline to kowtow to any ruler, be he president or emperor.

Towards what do existing tendencies point — catastrophe or reconstruction? Corrupt, disorganized, bankrupt, divided, China may appear to be in worse plight to-day than she has been at any previous time since the "Little Emperor" was

forced to become a prisoner in the magnificent palace of his ancestors. The time is ripe for a great organizing leader, but none as yet has appeared. Dr. Sun Yat-sen stands out as a prophet of real constitutional reform, but his influence is ineffective to-day outside of Kuangtung and Yunnan. In North China there is no corresponding figure though there are progressive men of exceptional ability who have contributed to the country's rise in foreign esteem. On the other hand, there is some ground for hope that unification is proceeding. Gradually the mutually repellent fragments seem to be grouping together. They may fly apart again at any moment, however, since the unifying force is personal or military. In any country but China one might safely predict a gigantic and decisive civil war, but in China war is made on a retail basis and is likely to be prolonged indefinitely.

Yuan Shih-K'ai had the greatest contempt for representative institutions. Ts'ao K'un and the whole fraternity of *tuckuns* share his point of view. One speaks with trepidation of constitutional progress in China, but at least it is safe to believe that some water has gone under the bridges since 1916. A group of members in the National Assembly has worked hard to complete a permanent national constitution to take the place of the provisional document set up in 1912. This was promulgated last October simultaneously with the presidential election. The Province of Hunan has adopted a constitution modelled upon those of American States, and similar instruments have been drafted in Chekiang and Kuangtung Provinces, while in a half-dozen other provinces constitutional movements are showing some strength. In Shansi Governor Yen has instilled new vitality into village institutions by encouraging moral living and neighborhood consciousness. In Kuangtung the counties have representative assemblies, and the city of Canton is a chartered municipality with a progressive young mayor and a group of commissioners. The courts are gradually becoming specialized.

The question is often raised whether the young Chinese

who go into official life are endeavoring to practise their own reform preachings or are falling into the old ways of nepotism and "squeeze." It is too early to offer a final answer. Young China as yet holds few important posts. It is in a minority even in the lower ranks of the civil service. In a degree it finds itself obliged to conform to the old ways. But it is rebellious against them and an outspoken critic of practices forced upon it. Desiring to stand well in the eyes of foreign nations it is making an effort to shake off the thralldom of its ancestors. Individuals give way under the strain of the fierce competition for a livelihood; a good many have become wealthy by ways that are dark. It remains to be seen what will result when the Western-trained men get into control.

Timidly and spasmodically, two influences from outside are being brought to bear upon China's political chaos. One emanates from the various economic groups, the other from the world of education. Speaking generally, industrial and agricultural methods are still those of the ancient world, and business still counts the coppers. In Manchuria, for example, the Chinese have failed to take advantage of opportunities which have enabled the Japanese to prosper. They are too anxious to begin taking profits to undergo the expense of machinery which would, after a few years, enable them to secure large returns. They mine at levels reached with pick and shovel and sell the ore to the Japanese who carry it through the subsequent industrial processes. In Dairen fully three-quarters of the oil mills that convert the soya bean into oil and bean-cake are Chinese. But the business houses that handle the products and the ships that carry them to other ports are Japanese. The "squeeze" enters also into private business relations. From five to ten per cent is demanded as a secret commission by the purchasing agent on every contract. Foreign firms have to bow to the inevitable, but they lose only their self-respect. The financial loss falls upon the buyers who expect to be gouged by their own employees. Another obstacle to the development of clean-

cut, large-scale business is the tendency to draw relatives into the firm and to ruin it in providing for them.

Nevertheless, the voices of the Chinese manufacturer and merchant are beginning to be heard in protest against the interruption of transportation, the stalling of trade, the commandeering of farm products, the misuse of public funds and the general demoralization of the country's political organization. Men like H. Y. Moh,¹ C. C. Nieh, and Chang Chien have grasped the Western ideas of quantity production by the latest scientific processes and with the application of strict business principles. They are slowly organizing a revolt of the bourgeoisie against militarism and officialism. Sixty-five Chambers of Commerce form the nucleus of their strength. Already the Chambers of Hankow and Shanghai have spoken plain warnings to the *tuckuns* who are playing fast and loose with the country's resources. They have the power to refuse funds and to stop the wheels of industry. As yet they have accomplished little, but time and, it may be hoped, foreign encouragement, are likely to place men of their own kind in authority over this nation of shopkeepers.

The Chinese coolie is experiencing the stirrings of discontent. The labor agitator is at work among the sailors and dockers, the "ricksha-men," and the industrial laborers. Hongkong housewives were forced to get along without servants during the strike of sailors and longshoremen in 1921. The whole Yangtze valley, the industrial heart of China, is a prey to strikes, and in practically every strike the laborers have won. The government has recently become frightened and has taken a hand, with the methods of mandate and gunfire. There were rumors in January, 1923, of a general strike of protest against the evil political conditions. Though the method of the strike is new in China the remarkable success it has experienced bespeaks an easy transfer of the sense of family solidarity to that of the economic group. On the other hand, the hand-to-mouth existence of the Chinese coolie, induced by the fearful over-supply of un-

skilled labor, leaves no fighting margin, while the struggle for a livelihood will afford a plentiful supply of scabs unless, as hitherto, intimidation proves a successful deterrent.

Whether or not a combination between capital, proletariat, and peasantry may be expected to develop as a really effective force for political reform will depend upon the foresight exercised in bringing about the industrial revolution now in its first stages. It will be fortunate for China, if, as now seems probable, this comes on slowly. Otherwise the development of industry may, by throwing great numbers out of work, cause the laborer and the peasant — the latter depends to a considerable extent upon the hand wheel and loom — to combat the capitalist rather than to combine with him for political reform. The many mercenary armies may drain off the surplus labor and use it, as to-day it is being used, for serving private political ends. On the other hand, Chinese workers are very mobile and would adapt themselves to variations in the labor market if properly directed. They are the equals of any people in physical dexterity, unusually patient and able to endure heavy toil on a light diet. If their customary ways of life be not too rudely interfered with, if factory methods be adapted somewhat to the men rather than the men entirely to the machinery, the Chinese should make highly effective workmen. H. Y. Moh, China's leading manufacturer of cotton goods, makes the proud boast that he has never had a strike in his factories because he has considered always the interests of his men. There is an important field of research awaiting and urgently demanding the thought of students of the social sciences and of actual business men who wish to avert in China the class struggle that characterizes all industrialized countries. The most useful service that a young Chinese can do for himself and for his country is to make a study of the business opportunities and social problems there and prepare himself to deal with both. A strong group of men, thus equipped, who kept themselves free from political entangle-

ments, would prove the most effective force in establishing social and political order and freedom in China.

The "Literary Revolution," the "New Thought Movement," the "Student Movement," the "Renaissance," "Young China," and other terms applied to the same or to related movements during recent years have acquainted the West with the ideals of the educational group, the most vocal in China. This group wants a simpler spoken and written language, education brought to the humblest door, the benefits of Western science without its evils. It demands that the republic be reformed and maintained and that China become independent of foreign control, an equal among the nations. The majority of its leaders have had a Western education, and the inspiration behind them all is Western science and scientific method. Naturally, the schools and universities are the principal centres of activity, but political, professional, and business circles include many who sympathize with and encourage professors and students. Much fun has been made at the expense of Young China which has assumed responsibilities far beyond its years and has grown arrogant towards its ancestors and everyone else. The fact remains that Young China is exercising a remarkable influence both at home and abroad.

The results so far are not imposing, but the prospects of accomplishment are infinite. Already the language of the newspapers and magazines has been simplified to correspond with the ordinary speech, and the number of these popular vehicles of expression greatly increased. Strangely enough, the "Renaissance" leaders have not shown a corresponding enthusiasm for the simplification of the characters, although a phonetic alphabet has been devised and made a legal feature of primary school education. There can be no rapid broadcasting of education in China until the law for a phonetic alphabet is put into effective operation and the new alphabet extensively employed in the newspapers and cheaper books. It must become a source of greater pride to

the Chinese that every coolie shall be able to read (as is already almost universally the case in Japan) than that a few can make bold and beautiful characters. Until the literary revolution adopts the simplified alphabet it will be neglecting the most direct means to a democratic system of education.

The most recent product of the "New Thought" is an organization for research designed to work out methods for the application of science and scientific method to the special problems of China. It is recognized that to study science is not sufficient and that to study it from text-books only is exasperating. China feels no necessity of remodelling her art, philosophy, or literature along Occidental lines, and she does not recognize the superiority of Western social organization. She does concede her need of science, but experience now shows that she has not made good use of her opportunities to get it. Hence the effort to employ experimental methods, to study China's problems rather than those of other countries, and to grasp the historical significance of the scientific point of view.

In the political field, educational forces have not been able, in fact they have not tried, to modify the traditional principles of action. In isolated instances, however, they have, either alone or by arousing public sentiment, largely determined governmental action. To them must be accorded the principal share of credit, so far as China is concerned, for the restoration of Kiaochao and the Shantung Railway. They have taken the stump, paraded, stormed official residences, and called numerous strikes in their various campaigns to put public education on a sound financial footing. In some cases their actions have been puerile and ostentatious, and they have failed strangely to show any constructive interest in the curse of civil warfare or the corruption in official life. Nevertheless, their purposes have been worthy and their efforts on the whole the most enlightened and altruistic that have been made since the republic was established.

Contemporary conditions in higher educational institutions are transitional and unsettled. There is a noticeable lack of trained and inspired leadership such as Southeastern University at Nanking is receiving from Dr. P. W. Kuo, a graduate of Columbia University. Largely on this account the students have frequently rebelled against university rules and disobeyed the orders of administrative officers. They have a national organization and publish a number of daily newspapers and other periodicals. They are usually radicals in politics and skeptics in religion. They are unmatched as readers of motives though less capable of distinguishing between fine language and real depth of thought. They are intensely critical and are likely to place their own instructors who return from the West with a smooth flow of English above those whose more halting presentation may convey a keener insight into their subjects. They are earnest in self-analysis as they seek to determine their proper careers and appreciative of their professors' advice. Among themselves they tend to self-sufficiency or cliquishness rather than to a broader college unity.

The tendency to early specialization is marked. The student of applied science is as contemptuous of history and philosophy as his contemporaries in American universities where his major professors were taught that a single course in economics is quite enough of "that sort of stuff" for a scientist. One cannot but sympathize with the Chinese student, who must be a skilful artist in characters and a polished writer of prose filled with literary allusions as well as an adept in the use of English, have some acquaintance with French and German, and an applicable knowledge of Western thought and methods. Something must be slighted, apparently, but it is unfortunate that so little consideration has been given as yet to the organization of a well-rounded curriculum taking less account of American or European conditions and more of China's needs. The present drift of things is creating specialists who know neither their own nor

Western civilization, and who cannot apply even their specialized knowledge. The foundations of Young China's education need to be broadened though the process add five years to the requirement for the desired degree. At present the Chinese student is attempting to master two civilizations in the time taken by the American student to know one. No wonder that a frequent complaint in the college clinics is that their "brains won't work," and no wonder that they are men without a country when they have completed their Western education. Western universities could help directly to check this evil by insisting that Chinese students satisfy the same requirements as their own. Too many allowances are made, and the Chinese themselves are becoming wary of the easy Ph.D.

Foreign professors can do their Chinese students another service by encouraging them to keep constantly in mind the problems of China which they may be planning to deal with on their return and, if possible, to do their research not only on Chinese subjects but out of Chinese sources. It is lamentable, in view of the mines of research material that lie in reach of the Chinese student in his own country — closed to more than a handful of Western scholars because of the difficulty of language, but of deep interest to them as well as essential to a satisfactory treatment of the problems they concern — that the foot-notes of Chinese dissertations written under Western professors contain scarcely a reference to Chinese sources. It is highly desirable that some agency should be created by the Chinese government to which Chinese students might refer requests for source material with some expectation of prompt action. It is regrettable that there is no library in all China worthy to be called a modern research library. If scholarly ideals, and the methods learned in the West are to be kept alive and productive of permanent benefit to China, there must be such libraries. Great Britain or Japan, in search of an object for the expenditure of the Boxer indemnities, which they are proposing to

return, could not do more wisely than to erect in Peking and other cities great libraries accessible to Chinese and foreign scholars. The spirit of scientific research is but a feeble flame among the hundreds of returned students who have taken higher degrees in the West, and it will remain so until the needed materials are collected in accessible form. Higher education is dependent upon research and will be crippled until better provision is made for it.

Academic expression is wonderfully free. There are no barriers to the discussion of any subject. The novel is especially welcomed; the more gods it dethrones the better. The newspapers do not, as in Japan, record daily the arrest of teachers or their deprivation of freedom of speech. Thought is quite unfettered. Unfortunately, it is also likely to go unfed. The teachers of Peking are always from three to six months in arrears of their salary. There is a considerable sprinkling of parlor bolshevists among them. Many owe their positions to political influence and play politics to hold them. They are not interested in religion except as it may seem to them to impede the progress of scientific study or assist in maintaining foreign control. Their subjection to student opinion hinders the development of high academic standards.

It is no longer a moot question whether the Chinese are capable of becoming productive scientists. Liang Ch'i Ch'ao is revolutionizing the interpretation of Chinese history; Hu Shih is doing the same in philosophy and literature; V. K. Ting and Dr. Wu Lien-teh have done creative work in geology and medicine respectively — to mention only a few. It is true that the development of science has been slow, but that was to have been expected and will not have been a misfortune if it results in unique contributions to scientific thought. The disturbed political conditions hamper research sadly. There is a lack of mature guidance and a consequent lack of humility natural to the transition from dogma to experiment. The temptation to spread their energies over too wide a field has proved a fatal lure to some men. Com-

petition is not sufficiently keen as yet, nor is public recognition sufficiently awakened. There are, however, interest, determination, and definite evidence of growth and unlimited possibilities.

Harassed by domestic ills and interested in the transformation they are watching within the country, the people of China seem to be paying but little attention to events outside. Conversation seldom turns to China's foreign relations. But if one may express what he feels to be the prevailing sentiment in the country towards foreigners and their governments, it is that they must be tolerated but they should attend, if possible, to their own business. For the prevailing political anarchy the foreigner is, by many, held responsible. The Chinese resent his constant harping upon the theme of domestic reform, for which, he argues, all efforts to regain Manchuria and to consolidate China's well-established position in Tibet and Mongolia should be postponed. The assumption of superiority which the foreigner, from merchant to missionary, leaves off in Japan but puts on in China, is not admitted. It is not clear to the Chinese, nor to anyone who will look at the facts, that any class of foreigners has entered China with entirely altruistic motives. The Chinese are quite willing to acknowledge benefits received, but they do not accept them as charity.

The Chinese government to-day, as hitherto under the republic, seeks to carry out its treaty obligations and to protect the lives of foreigners. Considering the extent of territory in which the foreigner has the right to travel and, in the case of missionaries, to reside and hold property, it is remarkable how few have been the cases of failure to effectuate the treaties. The recent bandit troubles have not been essentially attacks upon foreigners but efforts to use foreign captives as hostages to assure the incorporation of the "bandits" in some army unit where food and clothing and shelter might be secure. In other instances, foreigners have been injured in resentment against the refusal to recognize

some local decree or in connection with the discharge of functions, such as railway administration, which have brought them into opposition to some rule-defying military subordinate. It would be difficult to point to acts of wilful disregard of foreign rights.

Instances of attacks upon foreigners have been more numerous within the last several years, in part because the "Shantung Question" aroused sentiment not only against the Japanese but also against their abetting associates at Versailles, but principally because since the death of Yuan Shih-K'ai the country has become more and more divided and authority more and more attenuated. The provincial armies have expanded enormously until to-day there are a million and a half men under arms. The foreigner is far safer than the native since the armed coolie knows that if his superior "loses face" he will lose his head. If a Chinese householder wants to transport a cartload of his well-nigh worthless furniture safely through a zone of civil war he adorns it with a foreign flag, preferably American. The danger to the foreigner is, of course, greater when authority slackens after defeat and looting becomes general.

It is quite obvious that present conditions in China will prevail for a considerable period and that foreign interests will suffer with the rest. What foreigners can do to help matters is not so obvious. An effort has been made, through the formation of an international financial Consortium, to provide funds for the development of railways, roads, and industry. But political conditions have so far presented insuperable obstacles, and no loans have been arranged.

It would seem to be highly unwise for the Consortium to change its present policy and determine to back the present Peking government with loans for administrative or military purposes. Such a change would tinge its proper economic character very deeply with politics, would greatly increase the probabilities of foreign intervention and would not assure a permanent settlement of the present disorder. It

might be possible to create order throughout China by the establishment of a new dynasty, but the Chinese have discarded monarchy, and no foreign-created president will be stronger than the bayonets that back him. The military authority who would advise the dragooning of China with foreign troops has yet to announce his plan.

Must China wait for the application of foreign capital until political conditions become stable? The alternative is private enterprise. Where governments are corrupt and transitory, merchant and manufacturer and banker are relatively reliable and permanent. True they are timid but so much the better under present conditions. There are no political boundary lines among them. They detest the militarist leeches. Foreign encouragement would lead them also to seek a more influential position in political affairs. In the light of American experience and American economic theories it would seem natural to expect American capitalists to foster the evolution of a strong capitalistic group in China.

Whatever the foreigner thinks of China and the Chinese, he learns by living for a time among them and participating in their institutional life that they are not one of the peoples that Aristotle would have classed as instinctively subject. The stuff of their make-up is of an enduring toughness. Their well-tried methods are not always applicable to the new problems, but they possess a wonderful patience for working out an adjustment. They have a right to insist that they be allowed to judge what is to be discarded from, what to be added to, their intricate and deeply interesting social organization. The times are out of joint, but the foreigner's despair is not reflected in the eyes of the Chinese. They know that China is eternal.

TWO SONNETS

By PRESTON CLARK

EMBARKATION

NOW in the dust my cap and bells I throw,
Having lost the trick that made their old appeal;
Yet, at the last, reluctant to turn heel
And say "It is finished — yes the thing is so."
Like children my old joys return to me,
Like children ask me yet to stay a while,
Pleading with thoughtless grace and elfin smile,
For one more game, whatever it may be.
I bid farewell and go upon my way,
More lonely now but with my strength all mine
To spend or save as beauty may design
In strengthening man to meet each new dismay.
So I go forth with childhood left behind,
To give the world the beauty I may find.

BEAUTY

IF beauty is a thing of happy chance,
Good fortune without meaning, source, or end,
A game to see how this and that will blend,
Without a law to mould the circumstance:
If beauty comes and passes like a dance,
Having no strength to build or power to mend,
Leaving each friend uncertain of his friend,
And thus being nothing in the world's advance,
Why does the sight of beauty move us so,
Even to silence when the twilight hour
Changes the world beyond imagining?
Why does the thought of beauty make us know
That we are kin to an immortal power,
That what we are contains a deathless thing?

LOCKING THE BARN DOOR

By LAURA WOOLSEY LORD SCALES

EVIDENTLY we are thinking and talking a great deal these days about divorce. Is it reasonable? Is it necessary? Is it Christian? From the magazine to the newspaper, from the church to the law court, we are concerned with it. We are, in fact, kept very busy demonstrating the importance of locking — or not locking — the barn door after marriage is done for. After marriage is done and love is gone, it begins to seem as if somebody ought somehow to have done something better about it. But there never was any point in locking a barn door except for the value of the horse. Do we, then, know too little about our horse? Do we put marriage too much to worn-out uses? Do we keep too careless a watch over it?

We also talk a good deal about the ways of our young people. To be sure, those of us who live in constant sight of them do not stand in need of all this flow of conversation and fine print, for we have other ways of being reminded of their free manners, their untrammelled talk, their "petting parties," their scorn of conventions, or their terrific speed. But the general cry is, What to do about it?

I am wondering if one reason why these young folks fly about so fast from nowhere to nowhere in their high-powered cars is because they, too, know so little about the horse. That he is old-fashioned and slow, they know from seeing him driven by others, uncertain of footing, and subject to distempers which the wayside garage cannot patch up. He is a lot of trouble. Here or there one or two of them may recollect even in the biggest city an old-time, snow-bound winter when for a day or two the horse trotted into his own

again. One or two rushing along in the summer-time may glimpse from the highway a misty, green-arched lane overgrown beyond the motor's powers; and a sudden, strange longing may catch them for quiet and the horse and reality. But the horse seems almost outside their world.

Yet Fashion, being the fickle creature she is, now that the horse is no longer expected to carry all the burdens of the world, has made up her mind apparently to re-introduce him as a strong, free runner after fun, adventure, health, and joy. Dame Fashion knows: new ways bring new demands for the horse. Following her, we may find that there are changing possibilities for our horse (long since proved, when intelligently and kindly used, to be the best of friends) — our old-fashioned, new-fashioned good horse of marriage.

"We'll talk of marriage instead of divorce!" Easy to say and not so surely done. For, along with birth and death, marriage is an experience shared so commonly by so many of us that we are too close to see it clear. It usually seems simpler to try it than to theorize about it. Yet, just as the horse was terribly frightened at first by the glare of the motor headlights, so marriage under the searchlight of the new sex-hygiene, the new psychology, the new life of women, stands blinking and trembling, wondering where its future may lead.

It is always easier to see what should not be; and there are various "don'ts" to marriage — various things it ought less and less to stand for as we come to interpret the times. The all-embracing "don't" it might appear unnecessary to mention even in passing, so few mid-Victorians seem left in the world, and so definitely has the great scene of the first embrace passed from the last page of the novel to the frontispiece of the weekly. Yet some of us have seen the rite, still electric with excitement, when at Commencement time the seniors in a woman's college at their class supper run around the table to the shouts and wild enthusiasm of their peers in token of having arrived at that high peak whose beacon is a diamond. And so the first warning may

take its place: Don't marry for the sake of being married. Marriage is not an end in itself. The cover of life's book does not shut down at just that point.

Nor is marriage solely an emotional act or series of acts; rather passion and marriage are to each other as the angle to the circle. Looking on from either side at such a shoddy counterfeit of marriage stand the libertine and the puritan. "Why then bother to marry?" says one. "Why lower oneself?" says the other. "It's so peasant-like to marry," breathes the heroine in an up-to-date magazine; while through the pages of one of our latest novels stalks the unnatural wife in virtuous protest against the rude male. One credit in the balance of over-done talk of sex surely lies in exposing such travesties of marriage. And fortunately with books at hand like Maude Royden's "Sex and Common Sense," words on this subject need not be piled up here. She has not only cleared the air with common sense but with spiritual grace has let in the sunshine.

Another warning: don't marry for life's fleshpots. Marriage is not primarily a board and housing proposition. "Wal," said an old countryman, twice a widower and recently married again, "I mostly finds it cheaper to marry 'em 'n hire 'em." "I'm crazy to marry," said the more honest working girl, "but I ain't so low down yet I'll do it for the price of a meal ticket." Bad pies, dressmakers' bills, and Easter hats — there is marriage dressed out for us in the "funny" paper. Yet so the old automobile hulk stood on the joke page amid the farmers' jeers — until an improved gasoline engine succeeded in pulling it off. A college president once said to me, "Do you think things have really got so bad as this? I've been talking with some of our boys and girls, asking them why they want to marry, and one of the girls told me she wanted to get away from home and her mother, and one of the boys said he'd got to have some good times and he'd decided it was cheaper to marry than be treating all the time. What do you make of it?"

In protest against such notions or necessities, there are rising up all over the land clubs — Working Girls' Clubs, Y.M.C.A. Clubs, Business and Professional Men's and Women's Clubs, Men's and Women's City Clubs, College and University Clubs — homes where single men and women of all sorts may live in dignity, beauty, and friendliness. Also, all over the country, women are earning their own living. They are in schools, offices, factories, stores, banks, churches — everywhere. They can buy their own movie ticket or hotel dinner, and, partly because they have the price, custom no longer keeps them waiting for some kind man to come and furnish them. These changes bring their problems along with them. As fast as one moves in to stay, a problem walks the streets in consequence. "These clubs — and what about the home?" "This economic independence of women — and what is to become of the children?" We read of these dilemmas in "This Freedom" and other books of the time, and we see them with our eyes. Here as elsewhere in modern machinery, maladjustment plagues us. But at least in our inevitable processes of reshaping things, we may be thankful for the chance to push this sordid idea of marriage upon the junk heap.

Again, don't marry to add to your other possessions a human one. Marriage is not acquiring property in a personality. Too often acquisition is either dull for safety's sake, or uneasy with fear. When its dull face is turned, speaking in a parable, an up-to-date young housekeeper acquires an electric washing machine, a smart, shiny thing which seems a sort of toy. Instantly her life and habits change. She owns the wonder of the hour, and watch what she can do with it! Her thoughts and talk revolve around it, and she is quite tiresome to her friends — until one day she discovers that is it not really sport. Monotony is not banished, and the creature cannot work alone. Her once shiny machine is now a utility — a mere possession like her others. And so she settles down, and comfortably and indifferently goes her domestic way.

A man once said to me, fear making him uneasy as he spoke: "No, I can't make up my mind to marry. I've never been sure I was fit to or wanted to take on a wife." Take on a wife! What a prospect he saw! Down a familiar vista of forced tête-à-têtes at Mrs. Grundy's teas, of sitting out "stuck" at a dance, of planning the pleasures for the country cousin's visit, he saw at the end a picture to which all these others were but as the tossing of a ball in the air beside Sisyphus' daily agony — a continual tea party, a lifelong load, his two hands only between the lady and a vacuum. So it might be if one were an owner responsible for another's personality, if marriage meant the necessity of providing another with all interests, resources, or activities, if along with women's growing restlessness there had not been added to the household life other outside interests. Now we are at the crossroads. It is seventy-five years since the first meeting in this country was held for women's rights, fifty years since college education for women got tremblingly but thoroughly under way, five years since women were citizens with the vote. Seventy-five years ago a man presided over the meeting because a women did not know how; fifty years ago it was assumed that women's mentality as well as physique would prove inferior to men's; only very recently have women taken part in business and professions. Life to-day is different; and while women emerge from subjectivity in their ideas into ideas and works that league them with the outside world, misfits in homes are plentiful. But for marriage this may not in the end be loss if husbands and wives find common interests as they walk together in the wide spaces of the world.

Such are the dangers of marriage. What are its developing tasks and uses? Well-worn almost into words of one syllable, the great, inclusive use is handed down by the experience of the ages. Though marriage is not the end of life, it is a way of living which is the best means yet found for fulfilling life. Let us say to our young people — *do* marry. Why?

First, for the sake of freedom. This may or may not mean physical or material freedom — varying from that of King Cophetua's beggar maid to that of the country parson's wife. Freedom is, however, essentially an ethereal thing. The psychologists have been teaching us that freedom is a good deal like rest — not quitting the busy career but fitting oneself to one's sphere. Freedom, like the kingdom of heaven, is within us. It is insured by having a clear line of desire and purpose, not letting emotional wires stay crossed. To operate steadily along one central trunk line is not easy. Nowadays sex is supposed to be always at the game of muddling our purposes; public opinion breaks and fouls them; and our own hybrid structure, animal, human, and spiritual, comes near to completing the break-up of our personalities. Yet both for peace and progress a clear, clean personality is what we covet. And outside circumstances have surprisingly little to do with it. Marriage may be a liberator — pretty much ousting sex and withstanding pressure from public opinion, for against the baffling force of public opinion two united are as a whole battery of artillery. For opening up aim and purpose in life along one straight path, there are few more active workmen than the three whom marriage sets to work — ambition, hope, and love, and these, it is found, do especially well when a little child leads them. This is not merely psychological or parabolic talk. The simplifying of desires that comes with marriage brings relief; working, not single-handed but supported by an ally, brings a sense of power; and so freedom comes.

Marry for the sake of self-expression — self-expression of an enlarging self. In our mental habits we know from painful experience that an idea is not an idea until it is put into thought or word. So with the self; it must be brought into use. All the modern education of young children has been developing around the need for self-expression. Let him say it himself! Let him do it in his own way! This opening of the gates to let the child's individuality out was

considered a delightful thing until it appeared that such gates opened only in one direction, and that the child when let loose could not pass through a neighbor's gate but only bumped into that neighbor's stone wall of selfishness. So the social psychologist had to come to the rescue; and now the accent in education is on socializing the child. An individual is not most himself when only himself. He must be himself in relationship. In such a scheme of education, obviously, marriage is the university, the place at the top for the most difficult teaching—and the most rewarding.

"From a social standpoint," Professor John Dewey says in his "Democracy and Education," "dependence denotes a power rather than a weakness; it involves interdependence. There is always a danger that increased personal independence will decrease the social capacity of an individual. In making him more self-reliant, it may make him more self-sufficient; it may lead to aloofness and indifference. It often makes an individual so insensitive to his relations to others as to develop an illusion of being really able to stand and act alone—an unnamed form of insanity which is responsible for a large part of the remediable suffering of the world. . . . Power to grow depends upon needs for others and plasticity." Power to grow through interdependence! Growing is the great unspoiled game of life. Given yourself, x , how soon can you make it x^n ? And x^n represents not merely the unknown self raised to self-expression, but something added to x , a socialized self having twice the value. "Power to grow depends upon needs for others and plasticity"—this is the very core and essence of marriage.

Beyond the game of growing, there is a further excitement, the great satisfaction. We think of creative power as our highest capacity. Marry, then, for the sake of a creative life. It implies the transforming of things through us until we give them out as a new identity—a process so difficult that we have to be driven to it by necessity or love—love of beauty or truth or goodness or love of a

person. In marriage conditions are especially helpful for it. Our natures complemented one by the other seem then to come full circle. We have new power, ready for use.

The creative life has many expressions, physical and spiritual. There is the giving of children to the world — the first and great mystery of creation, so essential and inevitable that the whole being is tuned to the desire and need of it. We do not have to talk about children to give them importance. Words here are idle to add to their beauty, mystery, or appeal. There is the giving of beauty, of ideas, of goodness to the world — the making of things spiritual. These come from no fixed place; the wind bloweth where it listeth. But the home, which is not a house or even a person, is a place of the spirit. Whatever is lovely and true and good has to work at the making of it and be part of it if it is to prosper. To make one is to create a thing that, like radium, is quick with life-giving energy. From it all good works may proceed, with faith there to nurse them and love to call them out. Behind the strain and fret which we too often see, married love offers the Spirit a home where it may work.

Such marriage as this cannot be cut across by divorces or "petting parties." These would have no chance. But, of course, it presupposes love. For without love there is in marriage no freedom or growth or spiritual power. Which seems to suggest that we have been putting the cart before the horse. Yet how, except by our idea of marriage, recognize or test love? The inducement to it does not come out of a cheerless outline of this sort. Nor does a chemical analysis of blood and bone and tissue make us in love with a dimpling child; but thanks to the physiologists and anatomists the child is kept well and dimpling for us to love.

However we are to get it, what we want to-day is a straight valuation of our thoroughbred — so nice an understanding of marriage that the barn door will lock automatically, or rather that the lock doesn't matter at all,

CAPTAIN MARRYAT

By MICHAEL SADLEIR

IT is strange how hardly one may contrive to recreate the being that was Frederick Marryat. As schoolboy rowdy, playing tricks on ushers; as eager truant, haunting the London docks and riverside that lay so near his early home; as midshipman or wildly brave lieutenant or tireless, rather boastful captain; as busy novelist or harassed editor or dissipated buck; even as kindly, pious but despotic father in the short peaceful autumn of his days, Marryat eludes but tantalizes curious posterity.

We know that he was born in 1792 in Catherine Court near to the Tower of London; that in Blackfriars he lived his boyhood through. We may surmise what influence on his young mind had wharves and merchant ships, Trinity House and the old Navy Office; for thrice he ran away from school to sea, before his father, bowing to the inevitable, got him a berth as midshipman and saw him sail away — a scrap but fourteen years of age — under Lord Cochrane in the *Impérieuse*.

It is often assumed that, because Frederick Marryat wrote little in description of his childhood and because in several of his books the hero's parents are presented as grotesque or violent with their children, he was himself unhappy as a boy. Maybe; but the unhappiness was as likely due to his own temperament as to mishandling by his elders. Throughout his life he showed from time to time a strain of rather peevish vanity which is the more observable for its strong contrast to his other qualities of courage and broad-minded humor. He was, in all probability, a difficult and thankless child — turbulent, but at the same time clever almost to slyness;

generous but often vengeful; as heedless of the feelings and comfort of others as of his own.

And yet when one reads his first book, "The Naval Officer," one is not quite convinced by his later declaration that, while the adventures of Frank Mildmay were indeed actual experiences, the character of that young ne'er-do-well was in no sense the character of his creator.

Marryat's portraits show him fresh-colored, with open, clear-cut features, bold, lively eyes, and a strong chin deeply cleft. He was of middle height, sturdily built, and of great muscular strength. The rupture of blood-vessels, from which ultimately he died, had since early manhood been his most serious physical weakness, and there can be no doubt that the hardships he endured and the reckless life he preferred intensified the risks of this complaint.

The severities of the service at the time of his initiation were such that only boys of physical strength, of resource, and of courage could have suffered them. Marryat, it may safely be surmised, had enough of strength, too much of resource, and all that is possible of courage. He seems to have thrown himself into a sailor's life with something of the reckless, insensitive bravado that characterizes his novels. Where an oppressor could with prospects of success be met in open combat, Marryat so met him; where, for one reason or another, guile and the aid of others became necessary allies, Marryat plotted and found adherents and achieved revenge.

To find fault with him for a blindness to the finer shades of human relationships were pedantry. The boys with whom on frigate, flagship, and sloop he lived in boisterous competition saw life in broad outline and a little brutally. Each was for self, save within certain traditional limits of honor and comradeship. Captains and first and second officers were despots and often cruel despots. To flout authority or cheat a tyrant of his prey became, and naturally, the duty of a midshipman.

But because Marryat had a mind more complex and more skilful than the majority of his fellows, he reacted in a manner peculiarly his own to the atmosphere so strangely blent of blows and kindness, of drink and daring, of rigid honor and private lies, of rough generosity and callousness, that pervaded the navy of his time.

In matters of naval tactics and policy he became liberal and aggressively outspoken. He condemned waste of life in action on sea or land, an attitude that to-day seems commonplace but needed courage to maintain at a time when a commander could reckon the value of an engagement as much in terms of losses suffered on board his own ship as by the number of casualties inflicted on the enemy. Again and again, he shows in his books a horror at the brutal floggings to which some captains were deliberately inclined. Again and again also, he attacks the system of impressment not only as itself a barbarism but also as in the worst interests of the very service it was instituted to benefit.

On the slave trade his views were equally enlightened and humane. In several of his books he takes occasion to show his hatred of the traffic in helpless human beings.

But if Marryat was driven by the injustices and cruelties he witnessed at sea into a position of defiant humanitarianism, he did not in other ways escape their coarsening influence. His power for laughter must always have been great, and in that laughter as we hear it in his books there is a note of brutality that can easily be accounted for, if we imagine him arming his sensibilities against the shock of their surroundings with the weapon of an unfeeling mirth.

For there is often a contrast between the ardent humanity of Marryat's principles and the cruelty (occasionally even the "caddishness") of his humor. This is not to impute insincerity to his professions of a benevolent faith. He was an impulsive and generous friend, whether to cause, or to individual; nor did he ever shirk the possible evil consequences to himself of theories espoused or victims cham-

pioned. But he had a love of horse-play, characteristic alike of the service in his time and of the great writers of the eighteenth century from whom he held direct inspirational descent.

A certain hardness in self-interest Marryat can be forgiven. His naval record was so fearless and so fine that he might well have counted on more ample recognition than he received. Here is transcribed the statement of his services drawn up by himself and forwarded after the Burmese War, with all the documents concerning the Bassein expedition, to those in whose hands lay naval patronage. The phraseology is taken verbatim from Marryat's actual manuscript:

AS MIDSHIPMAN

1. I was mentioned by Lord Cochrane in his dispatches when a youngster, for gallantry and good conduct.

2. Certificate from Lord James Townshend of having led the way in a hurricane which dismasted the Frigate.

3. Certificate of conduct in taking on the 2nd explosive vessel at Basque roads.

4. Certificates of saving and attempting to save the lives of 7 men at different times, by leaping after them at sea.

5. Served the Walcheren Expedition and sent home with the fever.

6. I have been considerably more than 100 times personally engaged with the enemy and have been twice wounded.

7. During the time I held the command at the opening of the Burmah war, I was 14 times thanked by the Governor in Council and mentioned in public dispatches. I was then made into a death vacancy dated May 1824 — but was not confirmed to it, my commission bearing date July 1825 — by which 26 officers were put over my head.

If it can be proved that in any one instance, an officer who had done his duty in time of war, was not confirmed to a death vacancy occurring during the war, I waive my claim but otherwise I consider I was hardly treated.

But he had enemies in high places (made doubtless by his

outspoken views on naval administration) and all that the eloquence of his achievement could produce was a C. B. and the appointment to the *Ariadne*.

These favors came too late to be relished. Already he was turning author in disgust. "The Naval Officer" appeared in 1829; in 1830 he resigned his ship and came on shore to make a name and a career.

It was a man angrily conscious of unjust neglect, who from an arduous life at sea now plunged into four years of fashionable extravagance. We may regret that more details of this time of prodigality are not on record. They should explain much that occurs in his "land" novels, particularly in "Japhet in Search of a Father." He became equerry to royalty; he gambled Sussex House in Hammersmith against a thousand-acre farm in Norfolk; he drank and rioted the seasons through. The money flowed like the champagne, till both began to flag. Marryat but worked the harder at his writing and played the harder in his leisure hours. It suits our imagined picture of the man, this strenuous life of literature and elegance. He was a great worker and loved to live. The "Metropolitan Magazine," which started publication in 1831, gave him scope for characteristic writing and paid him well. "The King's Own," published in 1830, had brought him reputation even among the coteries.

At intervals of about two years came other novels. In 1833 he fought a fight for Parliament and lost. Thus the days passed in busy scribbling, divided only by the glittering nights of wine and crowded rooms.

Suddenly in 1834 he moved to Brighton. In 1835 more precipitately still to Brussels. There, while the crisis passed, he edited his paper by letter and sent with each instalment of his serials eager, petulant letters to Howard his sub-editor, railing at Howard himself, at publishers and public; joking his friend about his smart clothes and his love affairs; now boastful, now diffident; a strange engaging blend of reckless boy and scheming, tireless man.

A few hitherto unpublished extracts from Marryat's correspondence will illustrate his mood at this time. The first is from a letter to Howard of July 11, 1833:

I hope your waistcoat is a fine one as I know you like fine feathers. It was I who recommended White, who wished to send you something, to send you a waistcoat, as it will last longer than Bologna Sausages or Ardennes Hams. The first lady who asks me what to send you, I shall recommend to despatch a PAIR OF BREECHES.

And six months later he wrote to Howard:

I tell you very candidly that your advice is the very last I should take in an affair of this nature; but instead of advice it was your duty to put me in possession of the real facts instead of concealing them as you have done. . . . As for Otley's word and honor I value it as much as Mr. W——'s. However, as this is an act of treachery on the part of a publisher quite unjustifiable, I shall, if I come to England again, settle the account on my arrival.

Lower down in the same letter:

I have introduced you fairly into the literary world and you are now independent of me. As long as you were not so, I submitted to what few would have done, but now the case is different. I tell you candidly that every time you have given way to your temper, you have alienated me more and more, and when I left England this last time, I resolved gradually to withdraw from an intimacy which would inevitably end in an open rupture.

Finally, though at a slight sacrifice of chronology, reference may be made to Marryat's well-known letter written late in 1836 to Otley himself, which communication finally severed their connection. The merits or demerits of this dispute between Marryat and his publishers, Saunders and Otley, are of less importance to students of Marryat than either the phraseology of this admirable letter or its immediate publishing consequence.

Saunders and Otley had just launched an illustrated edition of Marryat's novels and had published "Peter Simple" and

"Jacob Faithful" with plates (in the latter case, colored plates) by Buss. These volumes are among the most beautiful examples of early Victorian book-making, and there is no doubt that the series would have been continued had not relations between author and publishers been broken off.

In 1836 Marryat had come to London, sold the "Metropolitan" and with his thousand pounds retired to Belgium once again. We have brief pleasant glimpses of him with his children, about whom and about garden flowers that he has seen he writes to his mother, who lived on at Wimbledon. The next move was to Switzerland.

At this point, as easily as at another, may be said the few words that must be said of Marryat's domestic fortunes. He had married in 1819, but there is no reason to suspect any unhappiness between him and his wife until 1836 or thereabouts. Then, indeed, conjecture is inevitable. The memoir by his daughter is far too reticent to leave suspicion unprovoked. Its very silence suggests that after his departure for America in 1837, Marryat did not see, or at any rate live in common with, his wife again. We only know that she survived him and was still alive when Florence Marryat's book appeared in 1872.

The problem is of importance for the light that its solution would throw on Marryat's character. Here are a few sentences from a long letter written to Mrs. Marryat, probably in 1835. She was in Belgium; her husband in Brighton and in London:

Dearest Kate,

. . . Thursday: I went on to Lady Blessington's to call upon her. I met D'Orsay coming out and found her ladyship at home. We conversed for an hour and then I went away, having engaged myself to meet some celebrities at dinner tomorrow at 8 o'clock.

Friday: I dined at Lady Blessington's and met Count D'Orsay, the Russian Ambassador at Naples, Sir Robert Wilson and Lord Allen. It was a very pleasant party. It rained during the evening

and D'Orsay drove me to St. James's Street where he got out and then lent me his cab and horse to drive home.

Sunday: I came down to Wimbledon and found there the Bishop of Rochester and his wife Lady Sarah Murray. At dinner we had the Engelmanns and Sir Charles Pepys, the Master of the Rolls. A quiet party. The Bishop read prayers and we went to bed. To-day he read prayers again and preached the charity sermon. In the afternoon Mr. Engelmann preached. In the evening the Bishop read a sermon and then we all went to bed again. My dearest Kate I *like* going to church and like going twice a day, as I hope that with God's assistance I may become a better man. Do not think that because I visit Lady Blessington and others that I prefer their company. I do not, but I must mix in the world as it is, employed as I am.

Surely these pathetic, naïve phrases have implications that bear out what has been written above of Marryat's nature and of his early riotous years on shore? He has been carried off his feet by all the tinsel and the flattery of fashionable London. His wife — shocked and, it maybe, neglected — has charged him with godlessness or worse. Continually from her severe retreat in Belgium, she frigidly complains and cautions him against the worldly and their snares. Like a school-boy tactlessly reproached, longing for approbation but resentful of control, he makes his awkward, lovable defense. He cannot conceal that he has sought indulgence just where it is forbidden; vanity must have its due. But here the boy gives way before the man, and he excuses himself on grounds of "business"! He is a clumsy sinner, Marryat the boy; and Marryat the man, a very ordinary one.

Unhappiness in marriage would explain his restlessness during the next few years. Financially embarrassed he may well have been, but there was spiritual as well as economic stress in his alternate fits of feverish extravagance and obstinate seclusion. When finally, in the teeth of every friendly exhortation, he withdrew to Langham and was no more seen, the student feels a need for proper motive that neither money trouble nor bad health can quite supply.

From Switzerland he sailed in 1837 for America. Of his troubles there; of the toasting in Toronto of the "crew that cut out the Caroline" and the bitter offense this gave to Americans; of the anonymous letters of abuse that in consequence followed him from place to place; of the public dinners that endeavored to belie them; of his second journey to Canada in the hope of war-service against the rebels — enough has elsewhere been recorded.

In 1841 he was in London once again, and in 1843 withdrew finally from London to Langham in Norfolk to devote his time to ardent but unprofitable farming. He refused obstinately to leave his retirement, though continual invitations reached him to this or that festivity of his old friends. He rode over his land on a pony; walked the country-side; taught his children and romped with them. His daughter, in her memoir, gives a very charming picture of these quiet years, describing Marryat in capacity of parent; showing him at work on his "Stories for Young People"; engaging a governess and softening her wrath against wrong-doers; sending long playful letters to his many child friends; entertaining farm laborers; urging now Stanfield, now Maclise, now Forster to come and visit him.

Perhaps this determined peace showed Marryat conscious that the end was not far off. His health was bad; his eyesight failing; the rupture of blood-vessels became more frequent. As fortune seemed slowly to withdraw her smiling face, the man whom she once had favored dropped his swagger and impulsiveness, growing serene and admirable. The veils of selfishness and ambition that had at times obscured his real nobility of character fell away. The Marryat of those closing country years is at once a moving and a lovely figure. He bears his ill health patiently and sweetly; he works devotedly at little tales designed to teach courage, resource, and charity. There is no hint of maudlin reformation in his change of life — rather does he stand out, calm and strong, like some fine rock against which waves have dashed and great gales

torn for long enough, but now, in the serenity of a sunny sea, towers proudly and at peace.

Not even further money loss nor that more bitter grief that came with the drowning of his eldest son from the *Avenger* in December, 1847, could force him to do more than bow his head in dignified despair. Through the slow summer days of 1848 he faded quietly from the life that he was now content to leave. Early one August morning he was dead.

Marryat's works are utterly the man himself. Although at times he made deliberate attempts to assume a literary as opposed to a natural personality, he never succeeded. Actuality and the rough and tumble of daily happening soon shook him from the elegance of authorship into the fighting attitude of one determined to face life and master it.

This careless gallantry, with its neglect of fashionable sensibility and impatient pursuit of kaleidoscopic incident, drew upon Marryat the reproof of critics of the day. They found fault with him for coarseness and for a dubious morality; they looked in vain for those qualities that in their modish view made literature. Their censure was for profanity and sailors' oaths; for Mildmay's intrigues with Eugenia and Carlotta; for scenes of horrid realism (for example, that of the amazing death of Jacob Faithful's corpulent mamma, or the unpleasant eating of Ben's mother in "Poor Jack"); for the bastard of Jack Easy's wet nurse, a classic nowadays for its very insignificance. To-day such criticism reads a little foolishly, for prudery and pleasant euphemism are no longer looked for in the lending libraries. But then it was inevitable.

At every period of modern literature, the coteries have fancies to which poor authors, begging favor, must conform. In Marryat's day the shibboleths were refinement and poetic feeling. He, being both vulgar and material, was shrugged aside as far beneath the notice of his cultured age. There were, of course, perceptive men, writers themselves, who held to Marryat and revered him. "My beloved *Jacob Faithful*," says Thackeray in "The Roundabout Papers";

while Henry Kingsley makes admiring mention in "Ravenshoe" of "The King's Own" and of "Mr. Midshipman Easy." But the professional appraisers thought otherwise and did not scruple to express themselves.

When, in the twilight of his Norfolk days, he turned to brief, improving stories for the young, these critics saw their chance and took it cleverly. This low-class writer, for all their careful indifference to his work, had a large public. The fact was troublesome but undeniable. At last a reason could be given. He was partly a maker of adventure stories; wholly a children's writer and not a novelist at all. He was a minor Cooper; a tolerable successor of the Barbaulds and the Opies. Not "Masterman Ready" only, nor "The Children of the New Forest," nor "The Little Savage," but all his books, were books for boys and girls.

This ingenious method at once of explaining and of shelving Marryat was skilfully exploited. The 'sixties and 'seventies saw reissues of his works "arranged for reading by young people" — in other words, most thoroughly revised. The fine, elastic English of a most English author was sliced and cut to save the critic's face and sooth parental prejudice. Marryat went nurserywards in knickerbockers, but with him went some part of English literature.

The tragedy of this unscrupulous conspiracy is that it triumphed. Marryat has remained a "juvenile" and is now losing his hold even on boys and girls. Perhaps the opportunity of bringing him once more into the parlor may be seized. The nursery casts him out because he knew not wireless nor aeroplanes; the library will do well to take him in, because he studied men and tramped life's highways and sailed her seas in wind and sunshine, and knew to fill his pages with fresh air and color them with health and make them musical with words.

For it is as a stylist that Marryat first claims the notice of the modern reader. His easy, rakish mastery of words, which swings his narrative along with something of the graceful

swagger that must have distinguished his beloved frigates, carries the mind right back to Fielding and to Smollett, for between their day and the eighteen-thirties was little enough of word-economy or of the writing that sought point and humor and let elegance go hang.

A Marryat anthologist would remark, for honorable inclusion in his collected extracts, the superb opening paragraphs of "Mr. Midshipman Easy" (perhaps the only ones in literature that read the better for the puns that they contain); and the first two pages of "Snarleyvow," a book published years later. This same anthologist would take care to secure examples of Marryat's engaging tendency to break off, to wink at the reader in a sort of breathless undertone, to confess the troubles or the shifts of authorship, gaily to boast, pertly to moralize, and then without change of countenance to take up his story once again and go rollicking on.

Sometimes his love of mischievous inconsequence leads him to interpose several pages of saucy irrelevance. The reflections on the incompatibility of fat and of ambition; the warnings to ardent readers that he himself is corpulent and dull and not at all a dashing spark like Bulwer-Lytton; that he is bored with authorship and bites his pens and stimulates his genius with brandy, are slapstick comedy of first-rate quality, and are among the brightest passages in "Newton Forster."

Even at moments of grandiose description, Marryat's pace and litheness do not desert him. At the beginning of the second volume of "The Naval Officer" is a picture of Tristan D'Acunha at once vivid and impressive, but never outside the framework of the narrative. Chapter xv of "Joseph Rushbrook, or, The Poacher" (the novel which during serialization he would refer to as "the hebdomadal little Joey") contains a description of a sleigh pursued by wolves. The incident is both thrilling and sombre, but handled so deftly that something of the speed of the flying sleigh infects the writing and enlivens it.

Of comic or pathetic portraiture, examples could be multiplied. Any one of the half dozen principal stories contains passage after passage of swift humor. Some curious character is introduced; his clothes and features flashed upon the reader's consciousness; some trick of speech or quaintness or deformity insisted on; and when the odd figure has been whisked away, the mind retains the facts of his absurdity or of his pathos, nor easily forgets them. The Dominie and old Beazeley in "Jacob Faithful"; Corporal an Spitter in "Snarleyow"; Cophagus, the chemist in "Japhet"; the sailor Huckaback in "The Pacha of Many Tales" and half a hundred others live in their twenty lines of Marryat more unmistakably than many characters on whom are lavished ten thousand words by authors more pretentious but less true in judgment.

With his sinister characters Marryat has been known to fumble. Vanslyperken is good; but Schriften in "The Phantom Ship" has a very tedious and persistent villainy, that cannot be forgiven even to a being partly supernatural. Perhaps this failure and that success have a significance beyond their individual application. "The Phantom Ship" is a serious attempt at a romance of terror; "Snarleyow" is rather a parody of the same *genre*. Marryat, who went through life sneering at beliefs he was ashamed to share but cared not to deny, could ridicule his superstitions but could not ennoble them. It is characteristic of the man, and part of his appeal to this self-conscious age of ours, that he most felt what he most seemed to mock.

A sense of the ridiculous being so large an element in Marryat's power of observation, it is not surprising that, like Dickens, he is no novelist of heroines. Drunken old women or wantons he can draw, with fun and kindliness — almost with affection. But before young girls of gentle breeding he stands fatuously conventional. His sentimentality that can detect the lovable behind the seemingly grotesque, can only smirk and moralize, confronted with the candor and serenity of

girlhood. Only Amine in "The Phantom Ship" and Poor Jack's Bessy in her final chapters are of all his heroines anything but pretty dolls. But Bessy is a child of poverty and Amine a Dutch miser's daughter. They are not English virgins of the upper class, so that to them are permitted enterprise and strong emotion that would be thought unfeminine or worse in the sheltered damsels of the England Marryat knew.

From his amateurishness with maidenhood may be drawn permissibly an inference beyond the obvious one that Marryat, a caricaturist rather than a novelist of manners, was, where foibles were not clearly marked, without material for ridicule. Indeed, such a conclusion would be unjust to him, for he can draw conventional young men and kindly old people and make them natural. Rather is it fairer to suggest that his experience of well-bred girls was very slight. His life was lived among men and among the lighter types of womanhood whom men, when they are pleasure-seeking with their friends, prefer. That his married life was unsuccessful has been hinted; in such circumstances he might well take refuge where would be little likelihood of studying young persons of the kind that, for his public's sake, his heroes must be made to love.

But Marryat is quite novelist enough to bear responsibility for his faults. Some critics have excused his weaknesses as natural in a bluff naval chronicler. Such kindness is in fact cruelty, for the best books have deeper value either than the rough and ready stories of exciting incident that mid-Victorian prejudice considered them, or than the quaint records of a vanished period of life at sea that some more recent commentators have thought fit to term them.

The blemishes, when all are told, are not so serious. His heroines are pretty dolls. This has been said and tentatively explained. His younger heroes have at times a precocity and an insensitive conceit that are an irritation. What has been said of Marryat's own youth and character will prepare the

reader for an undue emphasis on the achievements of adolescence. Jack Easy and Peter Simple possess, undoubtedly, characteristics that their creator thought or wished to think, his own. That young Tom Beazeley in "Jacob Faithful," and Timothy in "Japhet" should be so wise, so impudent, and so successful is probably good realism; the vagrant life of those early days must have taught resource if it taught nothing else. In the same way the little girls in "Poor Jack" — one a milliner at fourteen, the other housewife at nine — likely have parallels to-day that live unchronicled.

More damaging to Marryat's reputation as a man of sense is his evident delight in those Admirable (but priggish) Crichtons who frequently befriend, champion, and humbly admire the cheeky boys jaunting across the world in their unthinking teens. Mesty, the negro worshipper of young Jack Easy; O'Brien in "Peter Simple"; Anderson in "Poor Jack" — here, indeed, are a trio of horrible perfections. Their creation and the relish with which it is achieved, imply that Marryat, like many another jovial good liver, was at no time indisposed to preach morality and preach it with pomposity.

The tendency grew, of course, more obvious with age. The transition from apparent hedonism to frank didacticism occurs about 1840. The concluding pages of "Joseph Rushbrook," and several passages in "Poor Jack" show clearly the change of habit. One can only deplore a transformation that lost the world a genial rake and menaced it with yet another pietistic bore.

No further hostile criticism on Marryat's work suggests itself, unless one dwells (unreasonably) on his inclination to repeat scenes and happenings.

That he is fond of punning and of knockabout will endear him to a public greater than that which is distraught by such innocuous amusements. The rest of Marryat is sheer delight.

One may go to him for cynical good sense; for knowledge of the world; for gaiety and laughter; for swift, uproarious

pantomime; for plots that ripple easily to their end or swirl over rocks or slide dangerously between steep banks; for vivid pictures of a vanished world; for agile, simple English. He offers all of these and more. Even to sociologists and students of conditions in the past, he will supply those incidental data that the history books ignore. In several of the books are actual figures of the international exchanges after the European wars. In "Joseph Rushbrook" we find paper roubles rejected by an angry Irishman as too parti-colored and too dirty to be anything but soup tickets. Elsewhere are descriptions of convincing and authentic pirates; of Vauxhall and of fashionable life; a picture of a Greenwich whitebait dinner (just such an one as that for which Peacock wrote his Latin poem); and the portrait of an ambitious ungenerous hostess of the 'twenties who, finding a *conversazione* cheaper than a rout, did just what Mrs. Proudie was to do in mid-Victorian Barchester, and chose the former.

Marryat sleeps under a faded but conspicuous tomb upon the Norfolk coast. A heavy base supports a marble urn from which, also in marble and pathetically, issues a dying flame. The low rococo house in which he lived has given place to one of brick, solid and sensible enough, but sadly "dunch" after the Gothic prettiness that was and should be Langham.

The books remain. They are a monument that cannot fade, a dwelling place for their creator's spirit that cannot change. It is a melancholy pilgrimage to that remote spot in the north of Norfolk; but those who would pay homage at Marryat's more enduring shrine will have no melancholy, but the joy that comes with reading literature.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

QUESTIONS OF WAR RESPONSIBILITY

THE GENESIS OF THE WAR, *by* HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH, *George H. Doran Co.*

THE WORLD CRISIS, 1915, *by* WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

OFFICIAL GERMAN DOCUMENTS RELATING TO THE WORLD WAR, *translated under the supervision of* THE CARNEGIE ENDOWMENT FOR INTERNATIONAL PEACE, *2 vols., Oxford University Press.*

THE question of War Responsibility is still with us. Its significance may be passing from the political to the historical stage, but obviously the end of making books that throw light upon it is not yet. This question assumes various aspects: responsibility for the outbreak of the war; responsibility for its protracted continuance (whether by failure of arms or of diplomacy); responsibility for its ending (which raises the German thesis of betrayal). The three books under consideration deal with the first two aspects; and they provide documentary evidence of the first importance, despite the fact that it can hardly be regarded as definitive.

The works of Asquith and Churchill are in the nature of memoirs, explanatory, naturally, of the policy and actions of each while holding high office in the British government. The first deals with the attempts of Great Britain to preserve peace from 1911 to 1914 and especially with the preparations for the war which, despite their pacific endeavors, the members of the government constantly dreaded. It is candid and convincing, at least as regards the honesty and good sense of the Asquith cabinet, although its "revelations" are carefully circumscribed. It leaves the reader with the impression that Mr. Asquith might have strengthened his case no little had he chosen to be less discreet. Mr. Churchill's recent volume is an important survey of the military and naval events of the year 1915, which he regards as disastrous to the cause of the Allies and to the whole world.

"By the mistakes of this year the opportunity was lost of confining the conflagration within limits which, though enormous, were not uncontrolled. Thereafter the fire roared on till it burned itself out." The major portion of the book is concerned with the failure at Gallipoli and its causes.

The "German Documents" provide a different type of source. They consist of the text of the reports of two German committees appointed in 1919, with numerous ancillary documents. It is well known that the German National Constituent Assembly in the summer of 1919 created a committee of inquiry to investigate the responsibility for the war. The committee interpreted its mandate with some breadth and formed four sub-committees to study, respectively, the responsibility for causing the war, the reasons why it was not ended sooner, acts of disobedience or disloyalty to responsible political authorities, acts of cruel or harsh conduct during the war. These two volumes now published under the auspices of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace contain the reports of the first two sub-committees dealing with the responsibility for causing the war and for its continuance. They cover 1,338 printed pages, and, as they are presented to us, are skilfully edited, with a comprehensive index and an invaluable digest of the voluminous diplomatic and political correspondence which is appended. A very small portion (120 pages) of the first volume is devoted to the crisis of 1914. The importance of the work therefore lies in the mass of documents here made available for study of the attempt of President Wilson to open up a path to peace at the end of 1916 and of the factors which led the German government finally to yield to the demands of the Admiralty and General Staff and decide upon the resumption of the ruthless submarine warfare.

We have, then, at our disposal material which may help us to answer three questions: Who really started the war; could an earlier defeat of Germany have been secured by the Allies through the adoption of a different military and naval policy in 1915; could the war have been ended by negotiation in 1916?

It is not likely that tentative opinion already formed on these questions will be radically altered by this material. Mr. Asquith shows conclusively, I think, that the British government, engaged as it was in plans of comprehensive social reform and

anxious to settle the Irish problem, was willing to go to all possible lengths in order to avoid a European war. He underlines once more for us the efforts which were made through Sir Edward Grey and Lord Haldane to secure a political *détente* with Germany and the concessions which were offered to the German government in the discussions of Mesopotamia and the Portuguese colonies. He also emphasizes the military and naval development undertaken after 1911 in Great Britain, in view of the continued threat of a war which, Asquith insists, they knew might result at any moment from some unforeseeable accident. The book answers adequately the charges which persons of various opinions have brought against the British cabinet, whether of blindness to the danger, of stupidity, or of aggressiveness.

On the other hand, Mr. Asquith has nothing which can be called evidence to show that the Berlin civil government planned the war or even regarded its outbreak in any other light than that of a disaster. The statements of the witnesses called by the Reichstag sub-committee — including Bethmann, Jagow, Zimmermann, Helfferich, Falkenhayn, Tirpitz — all confirm the general conclusions of the Kautsky "Documents." Those conclusions, in sum, are that while the German government was determined to support Austria if she were attacked by Russia and while it encouraged Austria to deal with the Serbian problem as seemed best to her, it was none the less anxious to prevent the general war. It is clear that the so-called Potsdam Conference of July 5, of which Wangenheim told Morgenthau, by no means decided that the general war was inevitable. It is equally clear that the stories of secret German military preparations during the three weeks preceding the outbreak, in default of credible evidence now lacking, must be regarded as *canards*.

The question as to whether the war might have been ended sooner is very definitely treated by Mr. Churchill. His thesis is that as a result of the hesitations and blunders of the year 1915, the war became a circumstance too great for human control. "Thereafter events passed very largely outside the scope of conscious choice. . . . But in January, 1915, the terrific affair was still not unmanageable. It could have been grasped in human hands and brought to rest in righteous and fruitful victory before the world was exhausted, before the nations were broken, before the

empires were shattered to pieces, before Europe was ruined." He excoriates the principle of the war of exhaustion for its brutality and unimaginativeness, as well as the plan of frontal attack for its lack of promise. "Yet on these two brutal expedients the military authorities of France and Britain consumed, during three successive years, the flower of their national manhood. . . . It will appear not only horrible but incredible to future generations that such doctrines should have been imposed by the military profession upon the ardent and heroic populations, who yielded themselves to their orders." His book is a *mélange* of opinions and facts, based upon first-hand information and supported by a wealth of documents. There has been no better presentation of this side of the controversy which later was to be espoused by Mr. Lloyd George and to be ably, if briefly, expounded by Captain Peter Wright. To a layman it seems convincing, but we must not forget the other side which supports the strategy of Robertson and Haig. Not yet can the question of responsibility for the continuation of the war through military mistakes, be categorically answered.

The important diplomatic correspondence between Ambassador von Bernstorff and his government in 1916, contained in the "German Documents," and the letters exchanged by the Prussian Foreign Office and the Admiralty Staff, throw a flood of light upon political conditions in Germany at the time, and make possible an all but categoric answer to the third question of responsibility: Could the war have been stopped by negotiation in 1916? Germany was obviously feeling the strain, and there were serious doubts in the minds of her rulers as to her ability to carry on through another winter. Von Bernstorff was clearly anxious to make a peace of negotiation and willing to go far towards placating the Entente. This fact he constantly impressed upon Colonel House. But von Bernstorff had lost his influence in Berlin, and he was kept in the dark by his government. Not until January 29, 1917, two days before the public announcement of the resumption of unrestricted submarine warfare, was he told the German peace conditions.

In Berlin, von Bethmann and von Jagow were as eager to secure peace as in 1914 they had been to prevent war; but they lacked the courage to face public opinion and to meet the combined opposition of the Admiralty and General Staff. They dared

upon his breast, as it were to support his chin; a common action of *consideration*." The diarist became well acquainted with our distinguished historical painter Col. John Trumbull, who was in London in 1794 as secretary to Mr. Jay. Farington found him quite bitter against Great Britain: naturally, since in 1780 while studying with West, and during the excitement in England over the execution of André, the Colonel had been arrested as a Yankee spy and imprisoned for eight months. Also quite naturally the Colonel "spoke of Tom Paine with aversion." So, for that matter, did another Colonel, who called him "a dirty little atheist."

The diarist gives an etymology which will be new to Connecticut readers. "The name of Yankee is derived from the Yankow Indians formerly settled in Connecticut. That Race now scarcely exists. To put an end to the wars that subsisted between those natives and the European Settlers, Laws were ordained which served to *incorporate them, marriages being allowed*." Reader, have you perchance inherited some drops of Yankow blood, along with the Yankow name?

Farington went to see a rattlesnake on exhibition in Bond Street, and gives a shuddering description of the creature which once adorned the American flag and which made a rather disproportionate impression upon early British writers about this country. It even crawled its way into "The Deserted Village."

Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake.

The diarist also went to see the skeleton of a mammoth exhibiting at the Royal Academy. It was dug up in Orange County, N. Y., and belonged to Rembrandt Peale, who nobly expressed an intention of carrying it through Europe, "beginning with London, the Metropolis of England." (I wish I could recover Peale's portraits of my maternal grandparents, lost in some dummy asylum.) Under date October 28, 1796, Frank Philips, who has been in America for five weeks, reports that it takes five or six days to go from New York to Philadelphia. But what though? Since "Madeira is the wine chiefly drank" [sic] at 6 shillings a bottle. And now you have to pay 6 — not shillings but dollars —

for a bottle of doubtful rye. Under such conditions who cares that, as Philips records, "The Rivers are all muddy?"

And finally on December 15, 1796, Farington saw the Blue Boy knocked down at Buttall's sale for thirty-five guineas. It cost Mr. Huntington £157,000. "What were my ancestors doing?" asked Bill Nye when he read that Manhattan island was purchased from some sachem for \$25.

HENRY A. BEERS.

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THE CREATIVE LIFE

THE DANCE OF LIFE, *by* HAVELOCK ELLIS, *Houghton Mifflin Co.*

AFTER reading "The Dance of Life" once, I thought: how agreeable to sit down and write copiously about it. After reading it twice, a more decent humility prevails. To "review" Mr. Ellis's fertile and fructuating book would be as impossible as to review life itself. For it speaks to those interior questionings and honesties where the happiest wisdom is silence. Yet, for an action to be comely (Mr. Ellis somewhere suggests) it need only be fitting to its particular relationships at its particular moment. The relation that has grown up between this book and myself is such that I would feel cowardly not to testify. And perhaps the man who has crowned his old age by this noble résumé of a life's thinkings would find no impropriety in a salute from a young ignoramus desperately but sincerely groping for those liberations of spirit that help to make life artful. It is by its echo in young and undisciplined hearts that Mr. Ellis's book will prove its virtue.

To make life artful. . . . It is living itself considered as an art that is the acorn of Mr. Ellis's foliage. Indeed one has long suspected that the artists — using the word in no narrow sense — inkle truest happiness, for they have discarded (unconsciously, for the most part) the merely conventual and nonessential. Without the peace, the humility, the rigorous aversions, the charitable humors which we can learn from them, there is ill chance of our becoming more than mere botchers at this greatest of skills. Disobedience to the artistic instinct of the soul, its troubled but divinely judicious intuition of harmonies, is the most cruelly punished of human errors.

The dance of life! I have feared that to modern connotation Mr. Ellis's title may sound misleading: for the word *dance* has acquired slipshod and rowdy suggestions. The rhythms and measures he divines are more majestic and more obscure, more truly jocund yet also more tranquil, than those our mind is wont to image. One of the most beautiful things our time has invented is the slowed motion-picture: just so we must conceive the pattern of the universe scanned on a scale that makes manifest its exquisite hesitation and pause. The recurring rondo of our joys and follies is a part of it, as much as the sprinkled movements of the sky. I was once one of a group of boys and girls that used to meet, in Oxford, to caper the old English country dances. In the rustic figures of "Jenny Pluck Pears" and "Gathering Peascods" and "Up Tails All," in "Dargason" ("or, The New Sedany"), and "Three Meet" ("or, The Pleasures of the Town"), accompanied by those adorable gay and wheedling old musics, we youthfully frolicked in a merriment that was immortally harmless, hale, brimming with utter fun. In some unquestionable way one knew one's self attuned to the full meaning and melody of life. This was play — that is to say, art — at its most innocent best: I have never approached any happiness like it. When I remember the perfected charm and gusto of that jolly sport, whether indoors or on green lawns or damp riverside meadows, I realize what Mr. Ellis means when he suggests the primitive sensibility of the dance as the germ of all thought, all morals. So I beg for faith in the instinct of the true artist. That is sufficient for me: I am a solifidian.

But all advances in thought, as Mr. Ellis summons many testimonies to prove, are assisted by fictions. And this book itself, so full of brave encouragement, is, I daresay, fictive enough. For though he urges us to believe that perhaps the art-instinct is the *primum mobile* of the spirit world (just as some one element may be fundamental in all matter), yet we know ourselves too well to be over-hopeful. Is there any sensitive person who has not found himself continually hampered and thwarted in his justest impulses, calloused by the friction of competing hopes, crazed by the tragedy of needless and meaningless hastes and bickerings, thus tottering on an errant course rather than proceeding with the clear sobriety of art? Civilization, though it often extorts our re-

luctant admiration, yet is also maddening. I have seen a New York taxi-driver spinning his cab round a crowded corner, unconsciously roll his eyes with just the bewildered frenzy of a dog that isn't yet quite certain whether to bite or not. I have ridden in suburban electric trains where the continual crashing of metal doors, jarring of windows, jolting of starts and stops, racing of belated passengers to leap aboard at every station, all combined in a hullabaloo so shocking that unless one retired into a secret core of indifference one would surely go insane. Only too well we know our lives to be absurd and unwholesome; and we seek passionately, impossibly, to be made significant and whole.

These contradictions and paradoxes of life as we know it, Mr. Ellis patiently and generously considers. With the occasional sprinkle of bitterness that is palatable in philosophy, with the nicest simplicity of manner, and (more important still) with an eye cleansed by feasting on the wideness of Time and Space, he takes us through the four great arts that are most urgent to our condition: the art of Thinking, the art of Writing, the art of Religion, the art of Morals. Ever since I first encountered the book, I have wished there were some way of making it compulsory study for parsons. For though it gives little consolation to Churches, it has profound energy for those who esteem religion as the noblest form of aesthetic.

The fiery particle will not be put off with quibble or evasion. It is, it *is* important and needful that one should at least try to live life as an art, that it should be exempt from pitiable haggings and cowardly surrenders. And Ellis's special charm, perhaps, is that he keeps rediscovering to us those most precious of all secrets—our own thoughts, those we buried, forgot, or fled from in dismay. The notions we were a little leery of, that we folded neatly and hid under a stone while we went bathing in the clear swift stream of life, we here find again and recognize as the most important. His pages on the essential unity of science and art, for example. He insists that they are homoiousian (a word he does not use, but I do, for I love a good rollicking pedantry now and then). Those passages are the richest delight to anyone who has been privileged to guess the imaginative poetical spirit that irradiates all genuine scientific inquiry. Everywhere he is on the side of the angels; and while he says very little that is novel or startling to any alert

thinker, yet he says quite enough to galvanize many a merchant in intellectual hand-me-down and shoddy. And his substance is charmingly organized and thought out. The chapter on literary art is truism to any intuitive lover of language; yet how admirably and winningly put. Always we find him taking the cudgel against stultifying rule and rigidity, the picayune pettifogging spirit that would construe the text of life as a proof-reader corrects galley slips. In the "Art of Morals," for instance, how eloquently he buttresses every artist's contention (sure to be misunderstood, of course) that to the philosopher there is no such thing as "morality," as vulgarly apprehended; for morality ceases to exist when it becomes conscious. Morality, of course, is merely what is manerly and customary: and Mr. Ellis frankly would have us all as "immoral" as Jesus was.

What, then, if we try to lay penpoint upon it, is the cardinal bearing of this great book? I think it is this, that each of us (if capable of thought at all; and he excellently insists that not all are so capable) is an artist creating his own truth from the phenomena life gives him. The kingdom of heaven is within us indeed, and each must be his own Buddha, his own Christ, his own Leonardo. This dark and pricklesome necessity surely does not imply any relaxing of our imperilled responsibility, rather an all the more stringent devotion to our little ember of artistic conscience. Out of these fantastic intractable materials that life has poured about us we must compose our picture as best we may — like prisoners of war carving cunning toys of corncobs and peanut shells and chewing gum. Time — which is, I suppose, the canvas we paint on, the clay we knead — flows fast and faster — so fast, sometimes, we dimly suspect ourselves very close to the place it comes from. Every instant is an emergency, and we are apprenticed to the art of living before we know enough to have any choice. As so often on railroads, the brakeman doesn't call out the names of the stations until after the train has started. By the time we learn where we are going — it sounds very like Nothingness? — it is too late to cancel the ticket.

Any man who writes as plainly as Mr. Ellis of the real issues of life, is certain of a few sniffs and hoots. But he helps us towards the only task worth while, the only task that can bring us peace — the attempt to deal not as hucksters, but as poets, with the rough,

blazing, infinitely precious fragments of life. He helps us to face the exquisite riddle with greater piety and courage, and to turn our necessity to glorious gain. Perhaps it is not inappropriate to say of his book, as he says of Lange's "History of Materialism" that so moved him years ago, "it can never be forgotten by any one who read it in youth."

I must say again, as I have said elsewhere, that the publisher of this book (which has already gone through several printings) should consider himself in honor bound to reissue it in a cheaper form. Those who need it most and will get most happiness out of it are not likely to be able to pay four dollars a copy.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Roslyn Heights.

KHALIL OF ARABIA

TRAVELS IN ARABIA DESERTA, *by* CHARLES M. DOUGHTY, 2 vols., *Boni & Liveright*.

"IT is not comfortable to have to write about 'Arabia Deserta,'" says Colonel T. E. Lawrence in his introduction to this reprint of "a book not like other books, but something particular, a bible of its kind." A less modest reviewer, and one far less expert in Arabiana, is tempted rather to protest that what is not comfortable is to have to do such a thing within the cramped limits allowed him. For, in Doughty's own words, "the book is not milk for babes: it might be likened to a mirror, wherein is set forth faithfully some parcel of the soil of Arabia, smelling of *samn* and camels."

What *samn* may be there is a magnificent index-glossary at the end of these two big volumes to tell you. Yet unless like Doughty you be "a disciple of the divine Muse of Spenser and Venerable Chaucer" you should scarcely sit down without an unabridged English dictionary as well. A tincture of Romance roots, to be sure, will help you over such words as *bever*, *dedale*, *scelerat*, and *umbratile*. You are not to conclude, however, that *bind*, *shed*, *coast*, *slops*, or *newel* mean what you imagine. And what of *wezand*, *javel*, *vernile*, *maffling*?

But these irrelevancies give no clew to the miracle of evocation that lies between these sober black covers. Not alone is it "a compendium of Arabia," as Doughty characterizes the Sinai

Peninsula. Not alone is it a Baedeker of Jebel Shammar, Kasim, Nejd, and the Hejaz. Not alone is it in one a geography, a geology, a zoölogy, a botany, a materia medica, an ethnography, an archaeology, a history, a philosophy, of the Arabian Desert. Not alone is it withal a new Arabian Nights, full of pictures, legends, characters, and adventures. It is a piece of artistry in no way to be likened to any other travel book ever written. In short "the book is not milk for babes: it might be likened to a mirror, wherein is set forth faithfully some parcel of the soil of Arabia, smelling of *samn* and camels."

What Doughty does not mention, but what you catch glimpses of in the mirror, is the image of a tall, fair, grave, honest, humane explorer who had the courage to do a thing which no one had done before him and which no one has done since. For you do not go into Arabia as you go into China or Abyssinia. You go either in disguise, professing to be a follower of the Prophet, or you go with many young men carrying rifles and machine-guns. Doughty did neither. He went alone, speaking a broken Arabic, never pretending — at a time of war between the House of Islam and the House of Nazareth — to be other than a Christian and an Englishman. He had a revolver, to be sure, but he showed it only once, when it was taken from him. Yet although hands, sticks, stones, knives, spears, and matchlocks were lifted against him, although he was more than once beaten and robbed, although continually cursed as a Nasrani, a follower of the Nazarene, and an enemy of God, although poor, ill, half-starved, and never certain of his life, he wandered for two years among the Arabs of the oases and the Beduins of the desert, known as Khalil (the Friend) the physician. In that time, he tells us, he did not make \$10 by the practise of his art of healing. But he made friends not a few, and he made himself — immortal is hardly too loud a word.

How he went down from Damascus with the Haj, the annual caravan of pilgrims which before the days of the Hejaz railway used to march from Syria to the Holy Cities; how he stopped at Medain Salih, where he discovered and copied the Nabatean and Himyaric inscriptions of the vicinity, which Ernest Renan afterward published; how he turned thence into the desert, finding at Teima another valuable inscription — now in the Louvre —

and putting on the map of northern Arabia the volcanic peaks of that burnt country; how he made his way to Hail, the capital of Ibn Rashid, Emir of Jebel Shammar, just rising into a dangerous rivalry with the Wahabi power of Nejd; how he spent three months as a prisoner in Kheibar, a feverish oasis of negroes near Medina; how he was driven out of Boreida and Aneiza; how he all but lost his life at the hands of a mad Sherif and a cut-throat camel driver but by sheer dauntlessness of character made them take him to the Sherif of Mecca, then summering at Taif; and how he ended his last stage in safety at the British Consulate at Jidda, must be read in his own extraordinary story.

The manner of it has a savor of the seventeenth century; but in its realism you see "mountains looming like dry bones through the thin air," you hear the "small black solitary bird of a slender form, less than a thrush, with certain white feathers" and "her short descant ringing . . . in perplexed desert ways, in the awe and Titanic ruins of desolate mountains, with a silver sweetness," you feel "the sun entering as a tyrant upon the waste landscape," you experience the "startled conscience within a man of his *mesquin* being and profane, in presence of the divine stature of the elemental world — this lion-like sleep of cosmogonic forces, in which is swallowed up the gnat of a soul within him."

Then there are vivid portraits of those who come and go in the desert with "implacable eyes," with "flagrant great eyes," with "great understanding eyes." To the eyes of one stars were not hidden in the daytime, while at night he was able to detect the moons of Jupiter. And the eyes of another had looked upon India and Afghanistan. "Bokhara was a *villeggiatura* for this holy man in his circuit . . . and the Sultan of Islam had bestowed upon him his imperial firman . . . with the sign manual of the Calif upon a half fathom of court paper."

Engrossing as all this may be for the amateur of cunningly wrought English or for the seeker of vicarious adventure, it is more than engrossing, it is indispensable, for him who attempts to unravel the riddles of the hither East. "How new to us," exclaims Khalil, "is this religiosity, in rude young men of the people! But the Semitic religion, so cold, and a strange plant in the (idol-
atrous) soil of Europe, is like to a blood passion in the people of Moses and Mohammed."

Less new, perhaps, is that "faith of the desert" which made Khalil prefer to the towns the "black booths" of the Beduins — who receive the stranger unquestioning, who when he has eaten one of their dates or sipped once of their camel milk regard his safety as a sacred trust, who send him on from Sheikh to Sheikh with a *rafik*, a wayfellow. Yet more than once Khalil was threatened or deserted by his *rafik*, because an oath made at night, or sworn to a Nazarene, is not binding. And Khalil learned to his cost not only that "the traveller should sail with every fair wind in these fanatical countries, and pass before good-will grow cold," but that the most hospitable host may not welcome anew the guest with whom he lately shared his "house of hair" and whom he protected against the eternal danger of the desert.

"Factions and indebtedness," says Khalil, "are the destruction of the Arab countries." And "no desire nor hope of common advantage to come can move or unite Arabians; neither love they too well that safeguarding human forethought, which savours to them of untrust in an heavenly Providence." And somewhere he remarks that five hundred men banded together could do what they would in Arabia.

That, I fancy, is not unknown to Khalil's fellow countrymen. Nor should they forget what more than once saved Khalil's life: "Remember Jidda and Damascus." It was in Kheibar that he heard what happened at Jidda and Damascus — where Christians were molested and where Moslems were made to pay an unexpected but never forgotten penalty. Perhaps, though, that was too long ago, and in the desert they now repeat what happened at Gallipoli, at Kut-el-Amara, at Kars, and at Infidel Smyrna.

H. G. DWIGHT.

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THE HUMOR OF TOPSY-TURVYDOM

W. S. GILBERT, *by* SIDNEY DARK *and* ROWLAND GREY, *George H. Doran Co.*

MR. SIDNEY DARK's new life of William Schwenk Gilbert is full of fresh side-lights on the career of that humorist who has been called the English Aristophanes. This comparison is not wholly felicitous, for Gilbert had neither the vulgarity nor its comple-

ment, the lofty idealism, which characterized the chief exponent of Attic Comedy. He was too much of a Victorian to treat the coarseness of the human body as a contrast to the nobility of the human spirit, although the logical result of his Topsy-turvydom philosophy would have demanded that Aristophanic incongruity. Gilbert did not reach for the stars, but neither did he descend into the gutter; rather he contented himself with inverting the ordinary values of life much to our amusement, if not especially to our edification.

The journalistic experiences which started him on his career no doubt definitely set him in the rut of the superficial. His contributions to "Fun" remind one of nothing so much as the "collyums" and comic drawings in our contemporary newspapers. When Gilbert writes of his landlady, "We told her last week that if she didn't take care we would put her in 'Fun,' and now we've done it, and we don't care," we irresistibly think of the old "Bowling Green"; "The Men We Meet" might easily be another caption for "Among Us Mortals"; and there is an F.P.A. touch to the Bab Ballad which ends:

Words like these, outpouring sadly,
You'd perpetually hear,
If I loved you, fondly, madly;—
But I do not, Phoebe, dear.

Gilbert, too, was conscious of the strain involved in "doing a stint," or, as he called it, "the discomforting necessity of having to turn out a quantity of lively verse on a certain day in each week."

It is only natural that under such circumstances his muse should occupy itself with local customs and manners, with the church, the law, the stage, the army and the navy, as seen in the years from 1860 to 1875 through the eyes of an English gentleman. It is not surprising to find in his early work a marked bias against the French (especially against Napoleon the Third) and a flaunting kind of jingoism, which was to reach its apotheosis later in the operas: the song "Here is a flag that none dare defy" in "Ruddigore," and the famous "He is an Englishman" from "Pinafore," which Gilbert bluntly refused to turn into "He is American" for over-seas consumption. Ralph Rackstraw's boast

of his steadfastness, "in spite of all temptations, to belong to other nations," has, to be sure, a sly thrust at an excess of patriotic zeal; but the English genius is never so much at home as when criticising the nice little tight little island — or when preventing foreigners from doing so.

This contradiction is but another phase of the exterior fierceness and interior kindness which are so British and so Gilbertian. Gilbert's thoughtfulness of others, his interest in the lesser Savoy artists, his warm friendships, and his humanitarian "objection to taking life in any form" are clearly brought out in Mr. Dark's book; but there is no attempt to gloss over his irritability, his quick temper, and the difficulty his business associates had in dealing with him. King Gama's song in "Princess Ida" about being a "disagreeable man," who tries to correct other people's foibles and then wonders why they don't like it, was one of Gilbert's own favorites, perhaps because the application of it was so personal. King Gama is an amusing illustration of the inconsistencies of human nature. It is so amusing in fact that one's mind is not much disturbed by its implications — a result which springs quite naturally from Gilbert's theory:

For he who'd make his fellow-creature wise
Should always gild the philosophic pill!

Gilbert gilded the pill so heavily that there was generally only a small proportion of philosophy left at the centre of it.

The gilding itself was attractive, however. It brought thronging audiences to the Savoy operas, and it still assures avid readers for all books relating to the triple alliance of Gilbert, Sullivan, and D'Oyly Carte. Mr. Dark's addition to Savoyard literature is an important one, but it is to be regretted that so many minor errors have crept into the work. The chronological table at the back of the book is correct as to *premières* of the plays, but in the text the dates of "Trial by Jury" and "Pinafore" are wrongly given. The Comedy Opera Company came to an end with "Pinafore" not with "Patience"; "Patience" was first performed on April 23, 1881, not on April 3, 1888. The original casts of all the plays except "The Mikado" are given — which is somewhat like a playbill of "Hamlet" with no actor specified for the Prince of Denmark.

Still these mistakes can easily be corrected, and it is churlish to carp at a book which gives the world so much new and interesting Gilbertiana: the reminiscences of Henry Rowland-Brown; the innumerable charming and personal letters included in the chapter on "Gilbert's Friendships"; and the six "lost Babs" in the Appendix. Mr. Dark shows excellent literary taste in giving the preference among them to the ballad of "The Three Bohemian Ones," which relates how three scapegrace sons came into their father's property by a stroke of good fortune. The moral follows the tale:

Vice triumphs here; but, if you please,
It's by exceptions such as these
(From probability removed)
That every standing rule is proved.

By strange exceptions Virtue deigns
To prove how paramount she reigns;
A standing rule I do not know,
That's been more oft established so.

This is the essence of Topsy-turvydom as applied to Sunday School philosophy. But the moralist need not exercise himself over suspected irony here, for after all, as Gilbert himself would probably say, "it really doesn't matter, doesn't matter, doesn't matter."

HENRY TEN EYCK PERRY.

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NEW KNOWLEDGE OF ANCIENT EGYPT

THE TOMB OF TUT-ANKH-AMEN, *by* HOWARD CARTER *and* A. C. MACE, *George H. Doran Co.*

THE LIFE OF THE ANCIENT EAST, *by* JAMES BAIKIE, *Macmillan Co.*

THE excavators of the most celebrated tomb have done their duty well in so promptly giving a full account of their work, to supersede fevered telegrams and the flood of private books. Let it be said at once that the writing is excellent and in good proportion, and the abundant photographs will suffice until some immense final publication may satisfy those who can afford luxuries. No one could reasonably expect more, or even as much, for the present time. A regret may be mentioned, that the pages of the New York

edition differ widely from the London edition; so references will be complicated.

The subject itself is familiar to all the world; but some aspects of it which escape the public need to be impressed on the conscience. First, there was the long and weary clearing of thousands of tons of chip and rock, during six years, with no certainty of any great result, and with scant encouragement in discovery. Very few scholars would have had the perseverance, and perhaps no other man would have risked the cost. Now that it has succeeded, it is foolish for Europeans or Egyptians to clamor over the result. Such labors confer the absolute right to management, and an honest share of what can be spared. In the recent hindrances it is clear that the finder has done nothing outside of his completely legal position.

The pestering of publicity and tourists was a serious impediment to proper work, and it may be accepted that those who had the most right were the least wishing to divert the explorer's time and attention. Those who demanded or struggled to claim a visit, condemned themselves by so doing. The chapter on visitors is a picture of selfish indifference to the work.

Another chapter, and the longest, is given to what no outsider can realize — the great responsibility of preserving things. Had the clearance been done by a hasty or ignorant person, not half of the fragile objects would have survived, and everything would have suffered more or less. It is perhaps only in the last ten or twenty years that such preservative management would have been provided. No materials but stone, glaze, and pottery can be trusted. Metal work has its dangers; gold must never be rubbed, or barely wiped. Silver and bronze need skilled treatment to leave them in good condition. Wood always shrinks on exposure, and the innumerable objects of stuccoed and painted wood will shed all their covering in a few weeks or months. It was needful to inject melted paraffin wax under the stucco to preserve it. Stuffs are changed to a powdery brown texture if exposed to air, and celluloid solution must be sprayed on to strengthen them. Even stonework has its dangers; if in the soil, it will acquire salt, and long water treatment is needed. If finely faced or painted, then each block must be handled with cloths, to avoid the stains of the hot fingers. In short the public who only see things safe in museums must look on

them like patients recovered from a hospital, and respect the surgeons and doctors who have taken the risk of life or death for the specimen. Certainly such operations should never be interrupted.

Beside the plates with the text, there are thirty-four more at the end — mostly of objects that have not been published already, or only imperfectly. The printed casket, the decorated sticks, and the taper stands are among the most surprising. On the sticks the designs done in granulated gold are extraordinary. Hitherto such work was only known in the twelfth dynasty, and there with a probability of its being foreign work. Can these later examples also be foreign? The motive of the triangular pile of globules is usual in the older work.

All of this gold and beautiful structure is very amazing, the more so to those who have not been familiar with the ancient descriptions of such treasures. There is a great display of skill, of taste, and of magnificence. But do not let anyone proceed to judge Egypt by these things as being its highest products. In many respects they are below the work of a century earlier; in all respects the work is below that of the twelfth dynasty. The pectoral of the corslet, with four figures, is worse than a third-rate piece of the early days. The throne is very attractive, but the overbeaded headdress of the king would never have been thought possible earlier. The alabaster vases with complicated handles could never have been used, or the weight would break the handles when tilted. They are on the same footing as court swords that will not draw and cocked hats that will not go on.

The civilized world must congratulate these explorers on their successful achievement of such an enlightening discovery; little did I hope when Mr. Carter and Mr. Mace began work with me in 1891 and 1897 that they would be associated in a triumph which will always be remembered.

Mr. Baikie's book, "The Life of the Ancient East," is an excellent view of the modern results of studying the East. The earlier part is on Egypt, dealing with Abydos, Amarna, and Thebes, which are comparatively familiar subjects. Then follows a long account of a Mesopotamian city-state; hardly Babylonian, as Babylon was of no account then. It was one of the many small capitals, which were often warring one with another; its triumphs have been recorded in sculptures which show us the phalanx of

warriors with over-lapping shields, helmets, and long spears. Not a single example of that panoply has been yet found, and we should not have credited that remote age with such weapons. So easy is it to mistake our ignorance for that of others. These early city-states are going to be the great enlighteners of the next generation. Already last winter documents, earlier than any yet known, were found in two cities. One of these had the confounding result of proving the reality of dynasties which critics had condemned as mythical.

Next comes the account of Khammurabi and his laws. The drastic penalties in early laws, decreeing death for so many offenses, were, after all, a necessary part of early society. Given a mixture of half-controlled people, only emerging into a state of legality, by killing off the unruly, the rowdy families were removed, and the progress of the more able part was secured. The story of the discovery of the Assyrian empire follows. There Schliemann's Troy with Mycenae and Knossos, gives the outline of the resurrection of the grand ages which underlie all classical culture. Lastly, Gezer is described as a type of pre-Israelite Palestine. The book is altogether an effective account of those labors which have put an entirely fresh span of man's past before us, and revolutionized all our ideas of his abilities.

FLINDERS PETRIE.

London.

OF SPIRITUAL INTERESTS

FAITH AND HEALTH, *by* CHARLES REYNOLDS BROWN, *Thomas Y. Crowell Co.*

TWELVE TESTS OF CHARACTER, *by* HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK, *Association Press.*

BEAUTY IN RELIGION, *by* A. MAUDE ROYDEN, *G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

A PUBLISHER recently remarked on the large sale of books upon religious themes. The daily newspapers have been devoting more space to theological controversy in the past few months than the oldest among us can ever recall. Most thoughtful people are weary of a rather noisy brawl over matters which seem incidental, if not irrelevant, to real religion. Here are three volumes which have to do with genuine spiritual interests.

Dean Brown publishes a new and enlarged edition of his already highly esteemed book. He has at least one equipment which makes

him among Christian ministers uniquely fit to handle this theme of the treatment of sickness by spiritual means — in his student days he attended the lectures of Mrs. Eddy in Boston, and took a full course in her organization, and possesses a diploma certifying his fitness to practise as a "healer." His fifty-odd pages on "Profit and Loss in Christian Science" are a valuable contribution to our understanding and appraisal of this widespread cult. And his volume covers a far broader field, passing in review the healing miracles of Christ, modern "faith cures," the Emmanuel Movement, the method of M. Coué, the healing power of suggestion, and concluding with two constructive chapters upon the Gospel of Health and the function of the church in regard to disease. Amid a mass of literature on this subject, Dean Brown's book stands out as probably the best single volume for its sanity, its fairness, and its positive contribution.

Dr. Fosdick has gathered twelve essays which have appeared in a magazine and issued them under the caption "Twelve Tests of Character." Some of his sub-titles are striking: "Harnessing the Caveman" and "Possessing a Past Tense," for example. These are practical applications of Christian principles to life under current conditions by one who has a robust and infectious faith in God and man, a wealth of illustrative material at his command, and a delightful style which prevents him from penning a dull page. This book ranks high as a popular stimulant to Christian living.

Miss Royden is the foremost woman preacher of our age in the English-speaking world, and her utterances do not suffer by comparison with those of two such masters of pulpit eloquence as Dean Brown and Dr. Fosdick. She has a singularly fresh and suggestive way of treating her subjects. In this collection of addresses on the general topic of "Beauty in Religion" she deals with the aesthetic appeal of Christ's teaching and the creative power of Christian love. She declares that "you do not get a great religious experience out of bad art, out of cheap, dishonest, sentimental music, out of shoddy emotions." She employs Shakespeare and Shelley to illustrate the poetic qualities in the message of Jesus, and she makes a number of interesting comparisons. Some of her statements are surprising. For instance she tells us: "I learned to be a democrat out of Shakespeare long before I learned it out of

the gospels," and she goes on to show how free from snobbishness is our greatest dramatist and how thoroughly he is imbued with a sense of the worth of the human soul. She possesses a charming gift of humor. "When I find an assemblage of a hundred clergy more interested in whether I wear a hat when I preach than in what I say from under the hat, it makes me laugh, but it also makes me weep," is typical of her treatment of ecclesiastical concern with trifles. But unfortunately Miss Royden has apparently passed into the pulpit without a thorough theological education, and one is not edified when she informs us that Jesus' address to Deity — "Abba, Father" — is "almost a pet name . . . almost more like 'Daddy' than 'Father.'" A slight knowledge of the original tongues in which the biblical authors wrote is still a valuable preparation for one who is to spend a life-time in expounding the religion of the Bible. "Abba" is merely the Aramaic form of the Hebrew word for "Father," as every divinity student who has taken no more than a year's Hebrew knows. Its use on the lips of Jesus and of the Christians of the first century is no evidence whatsoever of their undue familiarity with and lack of reverence for Deity. Pet names for God are no part of the historic Christian tradition. By all means, let both women and men who offer themselves as public teachers of the Christian religion undergo a reasonably complete education in the Book which is the standard expression of the life with God and man.

HENRY SLOANE COFFIN.

New York City.

THE REVOLUTIONARY SPIRIT

REVOLUTIONARY NEW ENGLAND, 1691-1776, by JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS, *Atlantic Monthly Press*.

SAMUEL ADAMS, by RALPH VOLNEY HARLOW, *Henry Holt & Co.*

THE schoolboy who translated Boston's supplicatory motto *Sicut patribus sit Deus nobis*, "O God, how sick we are of our fathers," had not, of course, been reading these books. Yet the present-day defenders of the Revolutionary fathers against any interpretation that tends to belittle their cause or asperse their motives might be tempted to attribute the sentiment of the mistranslation to Mr. Adams and Professor Harlow. For both these men, though starting from utterly different premises and pursuing widely separated

historical methods, agree in the negative conclusion that the revolutionary spirit in New England was not a spontaneous popular uprising against British tyranny.

Mr. Adams, as the dates appended to his title show, regards the American Revolution as the evolutionary product of forces working through the entire first three quarters of the eighteenth century. These forces were not so much political as economic and social in character. Not that Mr. Adams neglects the political events in his comprehensive treatment, but rather that he interprets them as the clumsy attempts of the British government to adapt itself, without sufficient colonial administrative experience or adequate organs of imperial control, to a situation which, by the very nature of the circumstances, it could not understand. His thesis is that the colonies, as a frontier community in respect to England, and increasingly under the influence of the frontier elements within itself, developed the social psychology which has always characterized the frontier — self-reliance, radicalism, jealousy of the political dictation, and resentment at the financial control of the cultivated, creditor class of the older and more settled regions; while this class, in turn, feared that political power might be transferred to a section whose philosophy and outlook were revolutionary, and “trembled for its investments in the too rapid expansion that the frontier always brings.”

With a great wealth of illustration Mr. Adams traces the divergent interests of the people of English speech and traditions on both sides of the Atlantic, showing the social and economic motives which underlay the quarrels over impressments, paper money, religion, land titles, Indian defense, the review of laws, the regulation of trade, the independence of the governors, and a dozen other subjects of controversy. He believes that the parting of the ways had come as early as the decade 1740-1750, which he calls “the great divide”; and while not excusing the British ministry from its “colossal blunders” from Grenville’s day on, in trying to recover the authority which had been so seriously impaired in the American colonies, he, nevertheless, finds the colonies themselves chiefly to blame for creating the crisis. They had “frequently wished to have their cake and eat it too.” They had wanted to keep the advantages of commercial and military protection which they enjoyed as a part of the empire, and yet had

too often refused to bear their share of the responsibility for its maintenance. They had thought too much of their "rights" and too little of their duties. They had "sat, so to speak, permanently on the opposition bench" and had become thoroughly imbued with the rather exasperating habit of the opposition, namely, unlimited indulgence in criticism with immunity from responsibility. "It is as certain as any 'might have been' in history," says Mr. Adams, "that if the colonies could have agreed upon a just and sane Indian policy, could have united effectively for military action, could have decided upon some method of taxing themselves for joint American military expense, and thus presented a possible form of administration and a united front to England, that country would not have embarked on her policy of the next decade (1760-1770), a policy as unwelcome and vexatious to herself as it was to the colonies."

It is a superficial and unhistorical judgment, therefore, according to Mr. Adams, which finds the "causes" of the American Revolution in the resistance of the colonies to the regulative and coercive Acts of Parliament from the close of the French wars to the meeting of the Continental Congress. The real cause lay in the increasing resistance of a frontier community to any form of absentee control during the half century or more preceding the revival of the Sugar Act and the proposal of the Stamp Act. The parliamentary measures were more the result than the cause of the separation. They were the attempts to recover a slipping authority, and not the designs to impose a new tyranny. They were almost uniformly unwise, but, at least until rebellion was patent, they were not meant to be punitive. Above all, however, they were the long delayed and futile effort to put a stop to a social (and, consequently, political) development that had been going on, in the New England colonies at least, almost from the day of their establishment. "One might as well interpret an eruption of Vesuvius in terms of the action of human beings on its vine-clad slopes," says Mr. Adams, as to interpret the "civil war between England and her colonies in terms of royal governors or parliamentary acts."

Professor Harlow's delineation of Samuel Adams might be regarded as a kind of inset in Mr. Adams's volume, a magnified piece of detail. For no man was more responsible for the emergence

of the "frontier" spirit of revolution than this "incomparable politician," whom Adams himself describes as "a Puritan of the Puritans, uncompromising, unswerving, wedded heart and soul to the revolutionary cause, utterly impractical in the ordinary business of life, but a remarkable manager of men and organizer of movements." However, it is doubtful whether the author of "Revolutionary New England" would accept Professor Harlow's novel and startling interpretation of Samuel Adams as a "personified paradox" and a "neurotic crank," nursing an "inferiority complex." Professor Harlow, believing that "objective causes fail to give any adequate explanation of Adams's behavior," says that we must seek the real causes "in the secret places of the heart." He calls his book "a study in psychology and politics," and makes it abundantly evident that the politics of Adams were only an expression of his abnormal psychology. The man was a failure in his essays in theology, law, and business, and the brooding over his failure developed to the point of neurosis. As "neurotics almost invariably fix the blame for their failures upon something or someone apart from themselves," Adams found relief from his perturbed mental state in a crusade against the British government, whose conscious villainy and tyranny became for him an *idée fixe*. Having discovered in himself, after nearly forty years of rebellious inefficiency, a congenial aptitude for political manipulation, he "turned to politics with an abundance of fervor untempered generally by sound reason," and drew after him men who interpreted his fervor as the devotion of an "heroic patriot," whereas it was rather the "projection" of a "neurotic crank."

The fact that when the Revolution was over and our independence attained Adams lost his energy and leadership, is added proof for Professor Harlow of the "neurotic" interpretation of Adams's "patriotism." When the object of hatred was removed, the powers of action grew feeble. But it may mean no more than that Adams was a politician but no statesman. Like Robespierre, whom he resembles in his Puritanism, his didacticism, and his capacity for sustained suspicion and hatred, Adams found himself without programme or resources when the work of disintegration was succeeded by the task of construction. He sank to an insignificant place beside even so inconsiderable a genius as his former satellite John Hancock, "the gilded acrobat of Massachusetts politics."

Professor Harlow does not condemn the Revolution in this merciless psychoanalysis of Samuel Adams, "the promoter of the American Revolution," any more than does Mr. Adams in showing that the causes of the Revolution are not to be attributed to a sudden resolve of George the Third to spread a tyrannous rule over a docile people. But both these authors invite us to some modification of judgments upon the respective merits of the colonial and the imperial case. Their books are a contribution to that juster perspective of the American Revolution which recent scholarship is seeking to furnish, and which, in spite of a deplorable temporary chauvinistic reaction in some quarters, we believe will prevail.

DAVID SAVILLE MUZZEY.

Columbia University.

TYPES OF LITERARY CRITICISM

CREATIVE SPIRITS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, *by* GEORGE BRANDES, *translated by* RASTUS B. ANDERSON, *Thomas Y. Crowell Co.*
SOME AUTHORS, *by* SIR WALTER RALEIGH, *Oxford University Press, American Branch.*

FOUR AND TWENTY MINDS, *by* GIOVANNI PAPINI, *Thomas Y. Crowell Co.*

ESSAYS IN EUROPEAN AND ORIENTAL LITERATURE, *by* LAFCADIO HEARN, *Dodd, Mead & Co.*

THE PRAISE OF FOLLY, *by* BLISS PERRY, *Houghton Mifflin Co.*

THESE five books invite classification; for they represent widely differing methods of literary criticism.

Here is the business-like work of the late nineteenth-century school. The older critical essays inspired by judicial animus had at that time followed into oblivion the Macaulayese habit of writing a monograph under cover of a review; and the serious attempt impersonally to describe, interpret, and appraise the book in question was deemed the duty of the critic. There could be few better examples of dignified workmanship of this type than the volumes before us of Brandes and Sir Walter Raleigh. From these leisurely essays, so well "nourris," the reader will gain all needed information; he will be able to put each book or person discussed in proper relation to country and period; he will find definite estimates well documented and considered. Books like these, by experts in the critical craft, instruct and reward the reader.

And here, in Papini's "Four and Twenty Minds," is a volume

of quite different character; a method more flexible, more personal, abandoning once for all the *ex cathedra* tone, and absolutely frank in registering likes and dislikes. The result, it must be confessed, is readable. Papini's "slashings"—to use the poor translation of the untranslatable and intensely Latin word, "stronculture"—are amusing, even if they do not particularly inspire confidence, as in the case of the really fierce attack on Croce. The warmth of the favorable essays, which sometimes introduce personal friends of the younger Italian generation, little known to us, is pleasant to meet. So far as that goes, several of these studies have a solidity of texture rather surprising to a reader who may have found the famous "Life of Christ" rather distastefully journalistic. Real insight, keen and sober judgment, are not lacking in such studies as those on Don Quixote, de Gourmont, or Calderon. In their refreshing range over Europe, America, and the Orient, the essays indicate a far darting intellectual curiosity, and lure one to extend one's own international journeyings. The sharp attacks, too, connote often more than personal animus: the raid on Shakespeare and Hamlet is challenging and suggestive; and though a note of animosity may vitiate the study of Maeterlinck, a reader is not likely to forget the cleverness of the depreciation. On the whole, however, the impressionistic method does not wear as well as the other. The trouble with this book is that the very discarding of manner becomes itself at times a mannerism, and that the style gives too much the effect of an attitude deliberately or self-consciously struck.

The other books are between the extremes. Mr. Perry on the whole adheres with impeccable taste to the quiet old method. His intimacy with his subject is conveyed with well-bred tranquillity; however, he is more or less impressionistic, flexible, confidential in manner. Lafcadio Hearn is the surprise; these brief articles of his, lovingly recovered from the journalistic flotsam and jetsam of the New Orleans "Times Democrat," are curiously formal, old-fashioned, and proper. They show Hearn measuring his literature against Victorian respectabilities, and assuming pained surprise at anything offensive to the Young Person. Yet despite his cautious manipulation, the essays—otherwise so slight as to be hardly worth preserving—are prophetic. Remembering America of the 'eighties, one perceives in them a demure trend towards

the personal, confidential method which prevails in criticism to-day.

But these books deserve separate consideration.

Brandes's "Main Currents" is, of course, a book which no student of literature ignores; and his present volume has the old quality of breadth, fairness, and insight. Nine of the essays are reprinted; the last three are here Englished for the first time; we owe a debt to the indefatigable love for the North of Mr. Rastus Anderson. The book carries us back into a century which seems greater as we recede from it; and it is almost startling, so swiftly have we travelled, to find here personal impressions of Mill, Ibsen, Renan. The present reviewer can vouch for the veracity of the portrait of Renan; though her girlhood memory would stress in his countenance the vestiges of the priestly type, subtle and acute, in combination with a peasant ruggedness.

But it is not only in portraiture or in critical method that Brandes belongs to the nineteenth century. Of that century is his attitude — an attitude prone, despite its scrupulous fairness, to find enemies where we find friends and friends where we find enemies — native to those days of "scientific" analysis when there was no Pirandello to scoff at our reach after reality, when realism seemed simple and attainable and truth could be apprehended by renouncing the Pope of Rome. His work is sound rather than delicate, solid rather than brilliant; and the forces that impel him are of the past rather than the future. But if his old-fashioned liberalism detracts from the absolute value of his writing, it adds to the historic value; for thus criticism, dealing with its own contemporaries, illustrates the age it discusses and becomes part of the literature on which it comments. It is regrettable that the proof-reading of this important volume is so shockingly bad.

Qualities substantial as those of Brandes mark these posthumous essays of Sir Walter Raleigh: a worthy legacy from one of the most serious students of letters our times have known. If Brandes gives broad outlook, Raleigh gives perspective. Avowedly out of sympathy with the international point of view, he complains earnestly of Matthew Arnold's preference for treating European subjects; and after two attractive essays on Boccaccio and Don Quixote, he brings us home, to follow a noble procession of English authors down the centuries. His best work perhaps is

on minor figures; and our reviving interest in biography quickens our enjoyment of such essays as those on Howell, Harington, or Savile. The longest study in the book — that on Sir Thomas Hoby, author of "*Il Cortegiano*" — is invaluable for any student of the early sixteenth century. By the way, a good contrast in critical methods may be noted by placing Raleigh's detailed essay on Harington beside the pungent pages on the same worthy recently published by Strachey; and it must be owned that the briefer study is the more vivid.

On more important themes, Raleigh is direct, sincere, and able. He sympathizes with types as remote from his own as Boccaccio, as divergent as Dryden and Blake. Every critic naps sometimes, and surely the few pages on Shelley discredit unduly the persistent flaming vitality of the poet's revolutionary conceptions. The question whether these conceptions are sound is irrelevant; how look at Soviet Russia and dismiss them as obsolete? This essay, however, was originally published before there was any Soviet Russia, in 1902. From a critical point of view, perhaps the essay on Blake is the most adequate in the volume, and till we get the concordance to the prophetic books which Sir Walter urgently demands, we may have no more balanced estimate of Blake's extraordinary significance.

Yet the impressionistic touch may be in its way as valuable as the heavier dissecting instrument. Sir Walter Raleigh's criticism has integrity, sanity, and weight, but it lacks illumination. And it marks no advance in analytical power, such as more recent methods with all their exasperating and flamboyant qualities do at times suggest.

As for Hearn, this sensitive work of the 'eighties shows his fineness of calibre, and his eagerly roving mind. He recoils disgusted from the French naturalists, rejoices in the discovery of Loti, reveals a dawning passion for that Orient which was to become his spiritual home. But it is sad to find him succumbing to current clap-trap; infatuated with the sentimentalisms of Edwin Arnold, and exalting "*The Light of Asia*" over the "cold poetry" of the other Arnold. Hearn, of all men the most fastidious!

It may be noted that several of these books have a European outlook. Most of the European essays deal with France; but our Danish critic draws within our circle of vision a number of those

Northern writers whom we ignore too much. Here is Tegner, of whom we are luminously told, "With Bellman and Runeberg he must be classed"; here is Wergeland, "the European poet who ranks next to Shelley"; here is Paludan Müller. Of this last, Brandes writes: "He does not belong, like Grundtvig and Ingemann, Heiberg and Möller, Hauch and Christian Winther, Aarestrup and Bödtcher, to the great Oehlenschlägen group"; and one reader at least is abashed by her abysmal ignorance. We need to know all we may about these people, about writers of all countries, if we are to realize that psychological unity which creates an international life in defiance of governments, and is the best hope for the future.

But after cosmopolitan wanderings, we return at the end to the purely American book of Bliss Perry, and have no reason to blush for either our literature or our critic. A slight book, if you will; a sheaf of Commencement addresses and *pièces d'occasion*; but pleasant, fine, and sane; showing on every page the sure touch, the trained insight, the disciplined taste, of the true citizen in the republic of letters. Professor Perry's own work, with its gentle candor and unobtrusive scholarship, is a quiet contribution to that improvement of our critical standard for which he pleads in the last and most important essay in the volume.

VIDA D. SCUDDER.

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FROM HANDEL TO MALIPIERO

MUSICAL CHRONICLE, by PAUL ROSENFELD, *Harcourt, Brace & Co.*

GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL, by WALTER NEWMAN FLOWER, *Houghton Mifflin Co.*

COME, gentlemen, choose your rapiers! Which will you have? One newly tempered, untarnished; or one whose hilt has been veritably remoulded by the tenacious hands of numberless gal-lants? Opposing decisions have recently been made by Mr. Rosenfeld and Mr. Flower: and each, we may venture to add, has borne himself right bravely in his battle.

Mr. Rosenfeld has chosen the virgin rapier, in his "Musical Chronicle." Readers of "Musical Portraits" will remember that this is not the first time he has described the new and unfamiliar. There are few books in which is packed so much that is strange

and only half understood in the realm of music. Bloch, Stravinski, Szymanowski, Satie, Ornstein, Prokofieff, and Bartok stalk through these pages with more or less imposing strides; their music, so uncouth to the average ear, is intimately and intelligently analyzed; and it is not Mr. Rosenfeld's fault if one feels that a purchase of the book should really be accompanied by a neat little orchestra or at the very least a live string quartet, wrapped up in brown paper, and ready for use in conjunction with the text. It is rather to Mr. Rosenfeld's glory that we are made to desire such an accessory. His over-florid writing is in the end successful in that it makes us curious to hear the music. And yet the reader is somehow appalled. There is such plethora of approval. So many warring elements are harmonized in the author's brain. Composers exist tranquilly side by side between the covers of this book — though if they met on the street they would tear out each other's hair. What would Bloch have to say to Cyril Scott? (We know what Cyril Scott had to say to the former: "Really, my dear Bloch, are you still using bar-lines?") Can you imagine Milhaud encountering Bruckner, Franck making merry with Bartok, d'Indy with Malipiero? There is something terrifying in the ease with which the author claps Horatio Parker and Leo Ornstein in the same volume, conferring praise on the most imposing ideals. One is frankly glad to read the denunciatory passages, "Tchaikovski Program," "Prize Song," and "Prologue to the Annual Tragedy."

In "The Fate of Mona," however, there sounds a note of praise for which we are altogether grateful. It seems very long since anyone has dared to say anything of "Mona" except the usual "Yes, but so inferior to 'Hora Novissima'"; and this after four Metropolitan performances. Remembering accounts of the first performances of "Carmen" and "The Barber of Seville," one remarks the unswerving accuracy of judgment which led the musical world of New York to pronounce after one fortnight that "Mona" was a failure. Of course, it is incontestable that a revival of "Mona" would lack the sweetness and light produced by recent revivals like "Marthe" or "La Forza del Destino." It must take its place with other failures like "Otello," "Falstaff," and "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue," until on some happy day we shall be interested in something else beside the suppression of good opera.

Mr. Rosenfeld's book is well worth reading as any capable handling of a new rapier is worth watching. No one will agree with him on all points, and more than one will be irritated with a certain monotony of metaphor; but he is on the lookout for the new and interesting, and he is eager to impart his enthusiasms to others.

Mr. Flower has chosen a well-worn foil indeed. Few would have the temerity to attempt the crowded biography of one of the most famous of all musicians, Händel; a man about whom so much has already been written that Mr. Flower devotes not a little of his time to a merciless excision of the sham appendages, often the most picturesque incidents, surrounding his hero. Yet it would be unfair to give undue prominence to the destructive element in his work, exemplified in his historic repudiation of the Water Music story, noted probably by every reviewer of the book. Händel's life was full enough of vigorous incident to endure some pruning away of picturesqueness. His biographer disposes of myths in short order and devotes the greater part of his energy to the representation of his hero storming through the world, overcoming obstacle after obstacle. That he was even greater as a man than as a musician is the impression which one gets from his book, although the author, a devout Händel-worshipper, would protest violently against such a statement. Yet Mr. Flower has neglected one curious side of his character illustrating the very boldness which elsewhere is so satisfactorily stressed, namely, his tendency to conscious plagiarism. This is passed over rather vaguely in a single paragraph and footnote.

Successful as Mr. Flower has been with the figure of Händel himself, he has been even more successful with certain minor personages, who are painted with astonishing vividness. Händel's father is a compelling portrait; Cuzzoni and Bordoni, Thomas Britton, Seresino, Bononcini, are all unforgettable. If the middle of the book fails to attain the elasticity of the account of Händel's youth, that is perhaps because one's mind flags in the attempt merely to appreciate the amount of intense labor accomplished by the Saxon. In his continual failure just below the very peak of success, Händel was a true Sisyphus; but he rolled his mighty stone over at last. The fact that it crushed original musical composition in England for a century is simply another proof of its

greatness. We venture to say that Mr. Flower's biography will have the same effect on future biographies of Händel. On this sword-hilt he has left an imprint which will endure.

BRUCE SIMONDS.

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LITERARY CRITICISM IN AMERICA

THE ROVING CRITIC, *by* CARL VAN DOREN, *A. A. Knopf.*

BOOKS IN BLACK OR RED, *by* EDMUND LESTER PEARSON, *Macmillan Co.*

THE FRIENDLY CLUB AND OTHER PORTRAITS, *by* FRANCIS PARSONS, *Edwin V. Mitchell.*

THE CRITICAL GAME, *by* JOHN ALBERT MACY, *Boni & Liveright.*

NATURE IN AMERICAN LITERATURE, *by* NORMAN FOERSTER, *Macmillan Co.*

THE LITERARY DISCIPLINE, *by* JOHN ERSKINE, *Duffield & Co.*

I FANCY that the history of American literary criticism is dimly suggested in these books of twentieth-century criticism. They represent so distinctly our tendency to make it a brilliant by-product; to relate it enthusiastically, if somewhat nervously, to our own intense life; or to delegate its more solid duties to the university tribunal. Most of all, they emphasize our impatience of the past as an entity; our refusal to reconstruct it as a whole. This sounds formidable, but so is the subject of criticism — the very devil of an art, declared one of Jeffrey's victims.

It must be remembered that American literary criticism is not overweighted by ancestry. To be sure, there was Lowell, sane, scholarly, good-humored — but others? Ticknor, Emerson, Longfellow, Poe — at once the list becomes a catalogue of novelists and poets who lent a hand at throwing the javelin. They had other literary hobbies, too; it is difficult to dub them critics. In fact, the remark of an English man of letters about this distinguished blank is just: "The history of American criticism appears, even more than that of other departments of literature, to be very mainly a history of the present."

Of course, we are used to having the existence of our past denied — in history, in political science, in literature. It really gives one quite an airy feeling, this notion of still being, after three hundred years in America, frontiersmen in culture. Some of us think this negation exaggerated, but if it is true the results are not all evil.

One of these is a vital sense of the present. I sometimes think that every American who writes has something of the feeling of Cooper when he gazed on the wilderness: the thrilling consciousness that the past will not help him here, that a new world is before him, where to choose. Therefore a denial of our past in criticism will not surprise us. It is like telling a lively modern school-boy that he has missed the joys of Greek syntax: he may ponder on the matter, but he will certainly not despair. Let us then admit the impeachment: we are new in literary criticism. We are new, but we are hopeful, and the literary criticism in the books before us is not without promise. Pegasus — let the beast stand once for criticism — was of the Gorgon's blood, but he was mastered by the youthful Bellerophon!

The life and spirit of American literary criticism of the present moment pulsate through the short essays of Mr. Carl Van Doren's "A Roving Critic." Fifty-four essays in hardly five times as many pages, like leaves from a note-book, are filled with detached, almost negligent, wisdom on, chiefly, books; but also on *Moby Dick* (the largest character in literature); the *Lusitania*; "the first and second members of the firm of Mencken, Nathan, and God"; and on moods of the vagrant and hungry mind. You may have read these papers before in an odd moment before dinner, in the train, over the bed-time pipe. When first assembled from their periodicals, they must have seemed, even to their creator, beads of many a color, hard to hang on a single thread. This, however, he has done well, conceding their casualness in the easy title, and in the pleasant grouping: Mr. Van Doren calls the essays notes or short-cuts or nooks and fringes.

I say that these charming essays have the life of American criticism because they reveal through this gifted critic the fine response of the best type of American literary mind to books and life: its keenness, its sympathy, its escape from the commonplace, didactic, sentimental smoke which chokes so much of our creative writing and criticism. Whatever faults our great critics have had, they have spoken sincerely. Poe did in his war against sentimentalism; Lowell did in the essay on "Dryden"; and in a recently published letter to John Sterling Carlyle finds in Emerson's criticism of life "a tone of *veracity*, an unmistakable air of its being *bis*." The life of American criticism is seated in self-reliance

— that quality recommended to us for centuries, from the Puritan Bradford down to the transcendentalist Emerson, and by more, many more — self-reliance spiced with a sense of youth and a rather insolent fearlessness.

So the roving critic creates in less than six pages his theory of "the fourth dimension" in criticism. In a few others he counter-analyzes the subtleties of Mr. Brooks's theories concerning Mark Twain. He plays brilliantly on creative reading, the worst American book, and a carnival of fire-flies in Cornwall. Later in "Broad House and Narrow House" and "God is Not Dead of Old Age" he enters the citadels of philosophy which we readers have built, in obedience to Marcus Aurelius, and speaks to us searchingly, movingly. Let me repeat that it is typical of the best American criticism that Mr. Van Doren can be witty, penetrating, even tender in a miscellany. For it is a miscellany. As its brilliance is typical of the life, its form, the brief essay, is typical of the spirit of American criticism. It is absurd to think that Mr. Van Doren could not write a sustained interpretation of the writers he illuminates so pithily. He could. But Americans wish vignettes.

Montaigne remarked several centuries ago what many a book-lover has echoed: there is pleasure in possessing books, even if one never opens them. Much of our criticism is over the gossip's bowl. "Books in Black or Red" talks entertainingly about the corners of book-shops, literary hoaxes, and collectors. It is mildly interesting to know that "The Cary Girls" may not mean the famous Alice and Phoebe; to look at the facsimile title-pages of penny dreadfuls with their captions: "Hold Captain Forrester! Surrender or you Die!" "God Above! You risen from the Deep, Mabel Mortimer!"; to potter around as it were, with a chuckle, in old books. This was a favorite game of D'Israeli's; D'Israeli must have foreseen that his "Curiosities of Literature" would itself become a curiosity. Mr. Parsons, in "The Friendly Club and Other Portraits," a pleasant volume of Connecticut literary gossip, includes a picture of Lydia Sigourney's home. A colonial mansion crowns a vast estate of lawns and lakes. Over the abode of the Felicia Hemans of America sets — take it in the Yankee vernacular, too — a huge sun, with seven tines blazing to heaven, but obviously *setting*. It is a symbol, nothing less, of the extinguished glory of the "Connecticut Wits." Historians of American litera-

ture must mention the little provincial group, but Mr. Parsons, also, has been playing with literature.

In "The Critical Game," however, we are back once more in the full current of American criticism, with more than two-score essays on literary subjects; Nietzsche, Tagore, Biographies of Thomas Hardy, Shelley, James Joyce are a few of the subjects considered. Mr. Macy has an eloquent contempt for what he calls "the professorial mind," and for "Boston-Harvard timidity," and also, I should judge, for anyone who takes criticism too seriously. He says that "criticism is one form of the game of writing. It differs from other forms only as whist differs from poker and as tennis differs from golf." "The function of the critic is to be readable, to make literature of a sort." He repeats, it is a game, "a great game."

Well, it is. Hazlitt thought so, sitting at the theatre night after night in his favorite seat. Lamb was as whimsical with Shakespeare as with dream-children. Macaulay played a game in his letters of eagerly ranking the poets in the order of achievement. And Mr. Macy finds it amusing. His essays are delightful; full of enthusiasm, observation, and stimulating comment. Yet Mr. Macy has omitted something in his definition. He carries the admirable self-reliance a little too far. Most of us share this author's horror of entering upon criticism in sackcloth and tears. Give us every time a boisterous, battering, slashing review from the blackguard Maginn or the scorpion Lockhart, rather than the leaden essays which Mr. Macy seems to associate with serious criticism.

But is it not strange, if criticism is to attain to the dignity of creative writing that it is merely "a game"? Or is all creative writing merely a game? Was criticism this to Taine? To Sainte-Beuve? Everybody knows, on the contrary, that the work of these men is as much the life-blood of the spirit, as so-called creative literature. Readable, yes. But first for the great critic comes study and thought concerning aesthetics, social backgrounds, psychology — life itself. The real charm of Sainte-Beuve's criticism is that he knows whereof he speaks. Dreadful as the word is in literature he had "principles." Hazlitt and Lamb did not, and judged by the masters, they are second-rate critics. Others besides Leslie Stephen have talked seriously of criticism as a science.

The reviewer cannot master aesthetics. No, but the difficulty (we have long since ceased to speak of a particular person) with American free-lance criticism to-day is that it will take no account of the lessons of past criticism. Reviewers cannot study Aristotle and Lessing before reading the last novel, but it would not injure them to learn something of the traditions in the art of criticism. Criticism hath its honor and its toil (and its standards) no less than creative writing — standards established long ago.

Meanwhile an excellent service to the literature of knowledge is that rendered by Mr. Foerster in his "Nature in American Literature," a series of essays on Bryant, Whittier, Emerson, Lanier, Muir, and others, touching their attitudes towards nature. Apart from the definite information concerning tree, flower, and meadow, in which Mr. Foerster has happily avoided the catalogic, the author carries on an interesting study, from chapter to chapter, in the development of the nature tradition in our literature.

Mr. Erskine's "Literary Discipline" is a more abstract, but no less special, study. He writes of the intangible laws which have arisen as the art of literature has left its stamp upon the human mind: "Decency in Literature"; "Originality in Literature"; "The Cult of the Natural"; "The Cult of the Contemporary"; "The Characters Proper to Literature."

Thus in the universities continues the tillage of the tiny plots of ground. In such there is usually knowledge, and sometimes, as in the studies of Mr. Foerster and Mr. Erskine real talent and power. But often in such writing knowledge comes, but flexibility, acuteness, and a host of other virtues linger. Much might be said of the contrasts between the critics of the world and those of the university. The fault of the former tends to be, briefly, disregard of the past, that of the latter, not the conventional charges of reaction or pedantry or futility but concentration, because of a certain system, on arid corners of the garden. Separating the two groups is a gap, and across the gap fly stones, pristine eggs, and shouts of recrimination. Mr. Erskine and some others incline to bridge the gap, but with no "Literary Academy" we are all, as readers, at the mercy of the two forces. On the *rapprochement* of these two forces depends in all probability the future of literary criticism in America.

Yale University.

STANLEY T. WILLIAMS.

NORDICISM AND THE CONFEDERACY

JEFFERSON DAVIS, *by* H. J. ECKENRODE, *Macmillan Co.*

WHATEVER else has inspired this singular book, part of its inspiration is a valiant determination to be unlike any previous life of Davis. The partisan but conventional point of view of Pollard, the pedestrian faithfulness of Alfriend, the historical carefulness of Professor Dodd, are all worlds away from Mr. Eckenrode. He has features, in common with them all; though utterly unlike Pollard, his interpretation is quite as lacking in sympathy; and he has much of Professor Dodd's tendency to slip out of biography into history, strictly considered. As to the colorless Alfriend, well, there let the comparison fail. With all of the three, Mr. Eckenrode differs as a workman in being enamored, one suspects, of later methods, doubtless conceived by him as more "artistic." It is as if he said to himself, "Go to, I will show those others the real thing."

It is very curious how little great biography English Literature possesses. To be sure, a high authority upon the subject has called Boswell the greatest long biography in existence, and who will question the dictum? But Boswell stands alone. And as to short biographies — books like Carlyle's "Sterling" — how pitifully few! This sets one guessing what has served Mr. Eckenrode as a model. If it was the "Sterling," he resembles his model, but as a Roman candle resembles the stars. There are features of his work that suggest Mr. Bradford, suggest his fixed belief in a formula as the unwavering basis of a man's nature, his mainspring. Or should one name, in this connection, that brilliant author who maligned Queen Victoria in somewhat the way Mr. Eckenrode has tried to compass with a widely dissimilar subject. Put together Mr. Bradford's belief in formula, Mr. Strachey's eagerness to be unusual, subtract the urbanity of the one and the deftness of the other, and you are on speaking terms with the present book.

It has negative qualities that are unfortunate, among them, inconsistency. Davis, though lauded many times as a "great character," is always displayed in action as controlled by his baser side, which was "sensitive, vain, egotistical, open to flattery." It is one or another or all these, that determined why Davis appointed this general or failed to appoint that; why he stood still as in 1861

when he might have gone forward; why he made blunder after blunder until at last he blundered away the Confederate cause.

That Davis did, in fact, throw away the cause of the Confederacy, is part of Mr. Eckenrode's basic assumption. This is a curious revival of a view of the Confederate President which few students to-day will accept. But for Mr. Eckenrode, it is a dogmatic certainty, and on this assumed certainty, he bases his view of Davis's historical significance. He invests him with a lurid, tragic atmosphere by reasoning thus: the movement to establish a Southern Confederacy was a crucial turning point in modern history; if the Confederacy had succeeded, it would have proved a blessing to the whole world; its failure was an unspeakable misfortune; hence Davis, assuming that his incapacity ruined the movement, is one of History's great ironies, one of the terrible, blind destroyers.

But how, pray, does Mr. Eckenrode reach this astonishing result? And now, the cat in the bag jumps out. It is Nordicism. Mr. Eckenrode has caught the infection and has the malady in an aggravated form. The word "Nordic" occurs in almost every one of his explanations, whether personal or general. The Southerners, we are to believe, were the quintessence of Nordicism, non-democratic, non-altruistic, supermannish, Nietzschean. If they had set up, as they planned, a tropical Nordic empire, Democracy might have been brought to a standstill; Modernism put to rout; an aristocracy of the Blond Beast re-established again upon earth. As that did not happen, Nordicism is doomed. How dark the fate of the man who was not genius enough to play its cards well. What strange fumes that work like madness in the brain, has Mr. Eckenrode inhaled? His American history is fairy tale, and his political science first cousin to that of the men who ravaged Belgium.

NATHANIEL W. STEPHENSON.

New York City.

"MAN" APOTHEOSIZED

THE SOUL OF WOMAN, *by* GINA LOMBROSO, *E. P. Dutton & Co.*

WOMAN: A VINDICATION, *by* ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI, *A. A. Knopf.*

LIBERATION of women could hardly have reached its present stage without giving rise to protest at least as emphatic as that ex-

pressed in these two books. The very shrillness of Mr. Ludovici's entertaining intemperatenesses, the strange complacency of Dr. Lombroso's simple dogmatisms, have an inevitable quality. There would have to be people who felt like this. All that surprises one is that the protests have so little effectiveness as argument, that their reference to actual conditions is so fantastically slight. To exhibit merely, as these writers do, strong emotional reactions to tendencies they make no effort to understand, is naturally to leave the theory of feminism quite unmodified.

"If a woman wants to write a book," remarks Dr. Lombroso, "she does not study, in the abstract, to find plots or rules, as a man would. She starts right in." The quotation tells almost all that is necessary about "The Soul of Woman—" which should more properly be called "General Characteristics of Woman—" and about its author. Dr. Lombroso is so passionately concerned with establishing the incapacity of her sex that one almost suspects her of trying to see how faulty a book she could write in order to provide support for her own theory. This holder of various university degrees has not considered it necessary to make a scientific study of her subject; neither does she rest her conclusions on the findings of followers of scientific method. When, on the contrary, she wishes to make a point more certain, she bethinks herself of a character in fiction with the air of one adducing a proof. But the book is not without a method. It is that of inventing an abstraction called "woman" and assigning to it a wide variety of inferior attributes, each of these being contrasted with a superior attribute accredited to an abstraction called "man." The purely inspirational and unintellectual character of this performance is apparent in the frequency with which the book quite unconsideredly contradicts itself, as well as in the style's total lack of energy. The translation cannot be entirely responsible for the tedium and puerility of these artless pages.

Yet not even Dr. Lombroso is entirely a pleader for things-as-they-are. She finds women incompetent even within the domestic range to which she wishes to restrict them, and she regards their general situation as unhappy, even tragic. Something is wrong in the world. She therefore offers, as substitutes for the unholy dangers of feminism, certain recommendations of her own. In her special vocabulary, in which such words as "intuition," "suffer-

ing," "sacrifice," and "mission," are excessively featured, she urges greater chivalry on the part of men, greater subordination on the part of women, and complete tolerance by women of any transgression by men of the common domestic code. Obviously, the author's name has secured an attention for this book that it would not otherwise have received.

More original in conception and livelier in phrase is Mr. Ludovici's personal document, as it must certainly be called, which, though alleged to be a telling of long untold truths about women, is really a breezily romantic treatment of the possibilities of man as hero and conqueror. To put the case briefly, the woes of the world, or rather of England, are due to the Englishman's decay in virility. Sharing the view of the later works of Mr. D. H. Lawrence, Mr. Ludovici insists that the only complete man is the one who can half-magically subjugate and control women, and that the complete woman is she who acknowledges that it is her supreme good to be thus controlled. To deny these half-mystical extravagances is to proclaim oneself a poor creature; but it is poor creatures, Mr. Ludovici believes, that abound.

For alas, woman, nowadays, is "out of hand." The expression is Mr. Ludovici's. And it is the mere fact of her escape from man's domination, rather than any use she may have made of her semi-freedom, that obsesses Mr. Ludovici as it does Mr. Lawrence and even, in a certain degree, Dr. Lombroso. The archaic notion of the desirability of male dominance is so fervidly expressed that parts of the book read almost like a chant. The writer has chosen to give no thought to what the women of his own day are doing, or why, or how they are doing it, since from his own point of view it couldn't possibly matter. Whatever impersonal effort woman may make must be considered, whether she makes it well or ill, as an attempt to compensate herself for the inadequacy of a life that should be purely personal. And if this purely personal life does not content her, it is because men are not numerous or magnetic enough. "Feminism is a phenomenon of male degeneration."

But this dreamer of solacing extravagances allows no one to suppose that if he could rearrange the world it would be a place of happy bourgeois marriages. He is contemptuous of monogamy for men, contemptuous of the idea that there can be companion-

ship between a married man and woman. The life he would induce or constrain all women to enter offers practically the single privilege of contemplation of the overshadowing male, and this he in so many words insists upon as sufficient. An instance, incidentally, of the unreality of the whole discussion is Mr. Ludovici's panegyric upon housework, designed to reconcile any incipient rebels to domestic confinement.

To so strongly defined a temperament as this, it is not of course the woman who enters into any type of conflict with men, the feminist, the wage-worker, the rebel against marriage conditions, who is beyond tolerance. It is the woman who achieves content without any such conflict, without any dependence upon men of any sort. The economically independent spinster is to Mr. Ludovici, amusingly enough, the unforgivable type. The knowledge that England contains large numbers of them rouses him to an irrational vindictiveness. So that in addition to urging state control of the "marriage market," he recommends that women with incomes and without husbands be forcibly though "honourably" "sequestered," their personal funds at the same time passing under judicious male control.

Women's sober struggle to realize themselves has produced no opposition more picturesquely extravagant, and at the same time more completely negligible, than this.

OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR.

New York City.

Tales of Three Nations

*. A Series of Historical Cartoons
of the Relations of England, France, & Germany
Since the Time of Napoleon*

by

Max Beerbohm



Supplement to The Yale Review, January, 1924

Yale Publishing Association, New Haven, Connecticut

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From “Things New and Old”

TALES OF THREE NATIONS



ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND GERMANY IN THE EARLY YEARS
OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

THE YALE REVIEW



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Tales of Three Nations

III.

England, France and
Germany in the
eighteen-forties



ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND GERMANY IN THE EIGHTEEN-FORTIES



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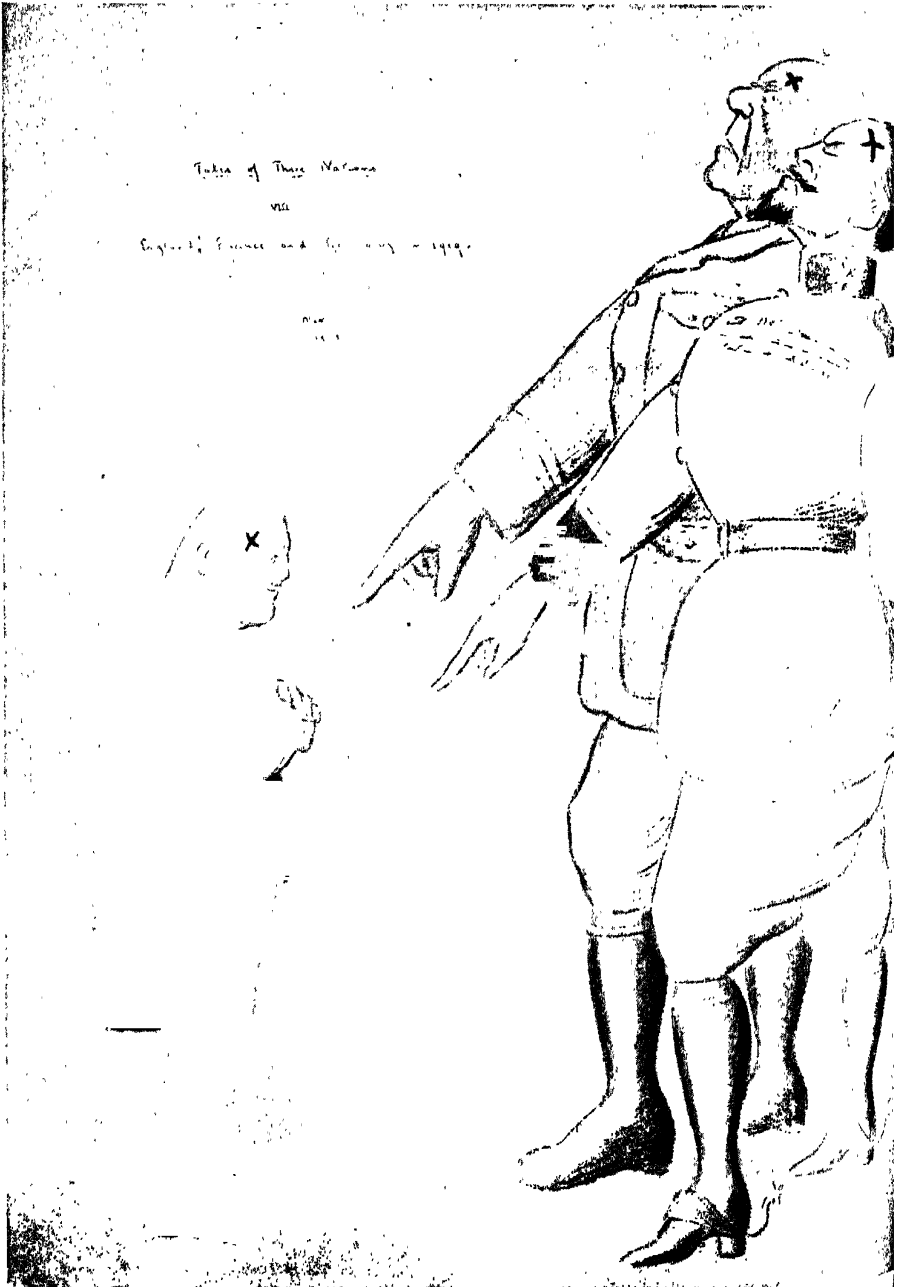
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ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND GERMANY IN 1919

TALES OF THREE NATIONS

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ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND GERMANY. JANUARY, 1923

THE YALE REVIEW

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER OF THE YALE REVIEW

Long known as a literary essayist, *Agnes Repplier* has of late years annexed to her field questions of social importance. The present essay, beginning and ending with a sharp national challenge, complements her picture of international psychology, "Allies in Peace," which we published in our January issue.

Sir W. M. Flinders Petrie, Professor of Egyptology in University College, London, has an established reputation as a discoverer and historian of the remains of ancient Egypt. Among his discoveries are the kings of the earliest Dynasties at Abydos, the city and palaces of Memphis, and the Treasure of Lahun. A new addition to his impressive list of scholarly works has just been announced under the title "Social Life in Ancient Egypt." Illustrations of the portraits of the time of Amenhotep IV, and other objects of art referred to in the essay here published, may be found in such recent books as Sir Ernest A. Wallis Budge's "Tut-ankhamen," Bishara Nahas' "Life and Times of Tut-ankh-amen," and Max Müller's comprehensive work on "Egyptian Mythology."

Robert Frost, one of the leading contemporary poets, has frequently contributed verse to THE YALE REVIEW, including the dramatic "Hill Wife."

In his article, "Towards World Association," *Wilbur C. Abbott*, Professor of History in Harvard University, interprets from the historical standpoint the foreign policy of President Harding and, in particular, the proposal which he made for the entry of the United States into the World Court.

Jacinto Benavente, the distinguished Spanish dramatist, is well-known in this country through the plays from his pen which have already been produced on the American stage, and through the three volumes of his plays which have been translated and supplied with critical introductions by *John Garrett Underhill* of New York City. For THE YALE REVIEW Mr. Underhill has also translated "The Playwright's Mind" — the first piece of non-dramatic prose by Benavente to appear in English.

The letters of Thomas H. Huxley and Alexander Agassiz, published here for the first time, recall vividly the personalities of the two scientists and a memorable stage in the study of evolution. The letters have been supplemented with biographical material by *Leonard Huxley*, son of Thomas Huxley, and now the editor of "The Cornhill Magazine."

Richard Aldington is an English writer, the author of "Images" and an interesting volume of war poetry — "War and Love."



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On the page opposite you will find a representative list of 1923-24 Yale publications. Ask your bookseller to show you those that interest you.

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William Ernest Hocking is Professor of Philosophy in Harvard University. His books, "Human Nature and Its Remaking" and "Morale and its Enemies," have drawn a large circle of readers to the consideration of the fundamental modern problems.

The author of two novels, "The Lost Valley" and "Conquistador," *Katharine Fullerton Gerould* is also well known for her finely wrought short stories and her stimulating critical essays on social and literary subjects.

Edwin Arlington Robinson published the first of his notable books of verse in 1896. Recently his "Collected Poems" have appeared, followed by "Roman Bartholow" and "The Man Who Died Twice." *Henry de Man* is a Belgian writer who has made a special study of the new currents of thought in Germany.

Clemence Dane is the pen name of an English woman who has published within a few years four volumes of fiction and three plays of very unusual quality. Of the plays, "A Bill of Divorcement" was highly successful on the stage in London and New York, and "Will Shakespeare" aroused a spirited discussion. "Wandering Stars," her latest book, contains two narratives of charm and delicacy, which we commend to our readers.

The twenty-three letters of the Irish dramatist, John Millington Synge, here for the first time published, were written to *Dr. Max Meyerfeld* of Berlin, who made a German version of Synge's play, "The Well of the Saints," afterwards produced in Reinhardt's theatre. *Dr. Meyerfeld* is the author of many essays on modern English literature. He has also translated the works of George Moore, Oscar Wilde, and John Galsworthy, and he has written a play, "Robert Anstey," dealing with the Oscar Wilde legend. *Elizabeth F. Coatsworth*, who lives in Hingham, Massachusetts, contributes for the first time to THE YALE REVIEW. She published last year a book of poems, "Fox Footprints."

A scientist of international reputation, *T. H. Morgan*, is Professor of Zoölogy in Columbia University. He has done a large amount of experimental work in the field of Heredity. *Howard Mumford Jones*, one of several young writers in this number of THE YALE REVIEW, teaches English in the University of Texas.

Harold Scott Quigley, Assistant Professor of Political Science in the University of Minnesota, has spent the last two years in teaching and research in Far Eastern politics at Tsing Hua College, Peking. The present article is thus the result of a first-hand study of China as it seems to a trained observer. A young poet, *Preston*



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Clark, who has contributed to several other literary magazines, appears for the first time in our pages.

Laura Woolsey Lord Scales, Warden at Smith College, has had special opportunities for observing the youth of to-day, to whom this paper on marriage is particularly addressed.

An English novelist and critic, *Michael Sadleir*, enters a plea for a revival of interest in the novels of Captain Marryat, author of "Midshipman Easy" and "The King's Own."

Charles Seymour, Professor of History at Yale, is an authority on contemporary European affairs. He is especially interested in the diplomatic history of the great war, a part of which he saw in the making as chief of a division in the American Commission to Negotiate Peace.

One of the most distinguished of American men of letters, *Henry A. Beers*, is Professor Emeritus of English at Yale. Among his books is the scholarly "History of English Romanticism in the Nineteenth Century."

Christopher Morley is known as a poet, a novelist, and a "colyumist." Of his many books perhaps the most widely read is "Where the Blue Begins," which took a prominent place in American fiction last year. Mr. Morley will continue his popular column "The Bowling Green" (originally a feature of the New York "Evening Post") in the new literary weekly "The Saturday Review," to be edited by Henry Seidel Canby.

Now a member of the Near Eastern section in the State Department, *H. G. Dwight* was once the unofficial literary representative of the United States in Persia and Turkey. Here he wrote his book of short stories "Stamboul Nights," which has been frequently praised — and is again praised in this magazine by Mrs. Gerould — and an engaging, if somewhat perverse, volume of sketches, "Persian Miniatures," which is not so generally known as it deserves to be. *Henry Ten Eyck Perry* is Assistant Professor of English at Yale and a special student of English comedy.

No one is better equipped to write of the discovery of Mr. Howard Carter and his associates in the Valley of the Kings than *Sir Flinders Petrie*, who received his knighthood last year in recognition of his long and eminent services as an excavator and scholar in Egypt. Founder of the British School of Archaeology in Egypt, he is at present Professor of Egyptology in University College, London. To his credit he has a series of over fifty books in his chosen field concluding with "Social Life in Ancient Egypt" published in 1923, an excellent outline intended for the general reader.

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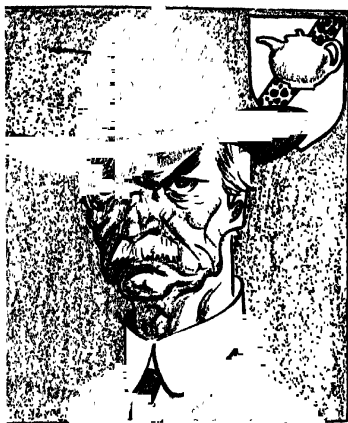
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